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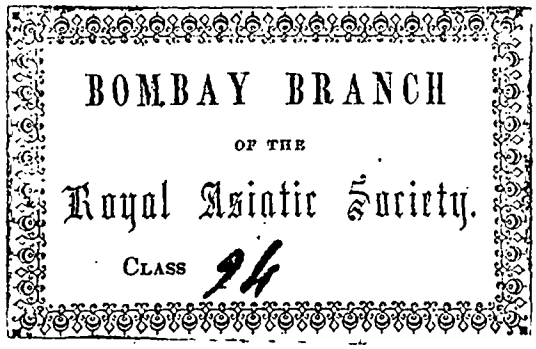
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CLASS 94

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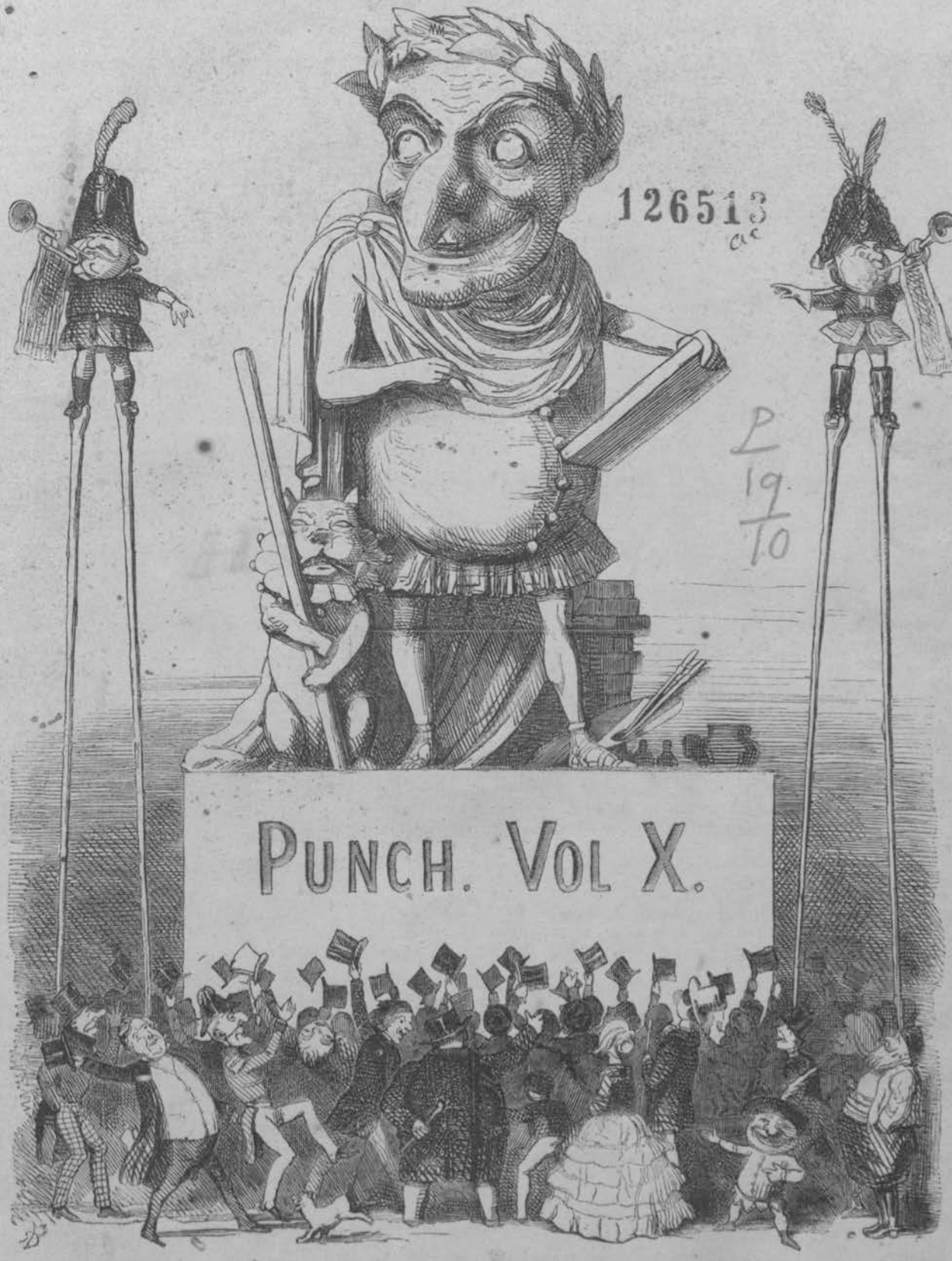
PUNCH. VOL X.

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1846.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PUNCH PRESENTING YE TENTH VOLUME TO YE QUEENE.

# PREFACE

Punch herewith enriches the world with his Tenth Volume. Writing, as he does, with the quill of an Eagle, which, sympathising with its living parent, continually renews its youth; for it is a "great fact" that Punch's quill, cut to the very stump at night, is whole again by the morning; it is not for him to guess, even within a few hundreds, the number of Volumes that Time, his shopman and publisher, will yet distribute to the Universe. All, prophet-like, he knows is—this: so long as English Midsummer and English Christmas endure, so long will a new Tome of Punch impart a sweetness and a beauty to the rose of June; endow with brighter greenness the holly of December. Great news this, for the present generation. Happy tidings for a yet unborn world! And while our heart expands with this conviction of typographic Immortality; whilst Punch, pitying the ousted mummies of Egyptian Kings, sees himself embalmed in decency for ever in printers' ink; he can afford to be compassionate of the few (the silly few!) who now and then are pleased to croak at him. Small frogs are they; noisiest, too, in dirtiest pools. But as no croaking, be it ever so vehement, can turn the silver moon into a copper pocket-piece, so cannot little frogs in the dregs of ink-bottles bring a shadow on the shining countenance of Punch. No: croak as they will, his only revenge shall be to wish them nightingales.

PUNCH has had his Midsummer Night's Dream. Sitting in his honeysuckle bower, his body drinking at every pore, as a sponge would drink honey-dew, the blessed balm of the season, he had a sort of vision; fell into that state of dreaminess when the soul sees earth in a new garment of beauty, and hears sweet new music, as from a far-off world. And then PUNCH saw trees, bowing with golden fruits; and flowers, such as only grow in the world of dreams. And the fruits became pictured, as though every fruit bore a *cut;* and in the million, million flowers grew syllables and words—(not woful words, that stain the classic hyacinth)—and from the cells of cup-moss, and half-unfolded buds, leapt a myriad of things—faithful likenesses, as our spirit then imparted to us, of kings, and queens, and lords, and law-makers, and little bullies, and great simpletons, all to people this world, in its spinning course, for the next handful of centuries, and all to make up the engraven pictures and the picture-writing of the future PUNCH.

And this was a dream, "but was not all a dream." PUNCH feels that his leaves will be multitudinous as the leaves of the roses of old Bagdad; and although in the course of time it will indubitably be necessary to build a new wing or two to the British Museum, to contain the many-volumed PUNCH, in his published bulk, that the hard students of life, the minute philosophers of the human heart, may patiently study every letter of him,—yet can PUNCH, lifting the curtain of the year 2000, see his leaves of centuries—like the roses of the East—submitted to the chemist, that his essence may be extracted, as a most enriching gift for the great and virtuous—or rather for the virtuous, for in that time virtue only will be greatness. The *attar* of PUNCH is—PUNCH knows it—destined to save and sweeten MR. CARLYLE'S "decadent generations;" to arrest them, by sweet intoxication, in their railway speed to "final perdition."

When a Hero is to be born, some tremendous event always foreruns the call of the midwife. And thus it is—and very properly—with the birth of every Volume of PUNCH. Corn-Law is dead—is a "clod of the valley." Already predictions of large-brained lords are about to be fulfilled. The joyous, jocund peasantry of Suffolk—RICHMOND'S own—are losing their native Doric, and (fast becoming like unto Polish serfs) already swear in pure Sclavonic! All landowners—save those who grow their own mignionette at their windows—are ruined. Pockets worn inside out will speedily be the only fashion for a country gentleman. The social evil would be tremendous, but—

BUT—PUNCH publishes his Tenth Volume. And a RICHMOND is reconciled to Britain; and, with a full belief in other volumes, a BUCKINGHAM wanly smiles, and more than half consents to live and die in desolate England!

# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1846

## SONG OF JANUARY.

(AFTER THE POET BURNS.)

When other months amid the range
Of Time's revolving year,
Exhibit symptoms of a change
From what they should appear;
Though April fails to bring her showers;
Though March is mild and tame;
Though May forgets her buds and flowers,
You 'll find me still the same.

They say that Janus sways my lot,
That I two faces wear;
But, let me ask them, who does not?
In this false world of care.
Oh! I'm a month that 's always cold,
And who shall dare to blame,
If they 're at such a moment told
That I am still the same.

## XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tu | Circumcis. | 17 | S | *Pris.O.T.D.* |
| 2 | F | Day 7h 50m | 18 | S | 2 S. AF. EPIF. |
| 3 | S | [long | 19 | M | |
| 4 | S | 2 SUN. AFT. | 20 | Tu | *Fabian* |
| 5 | M | [CHRIST. | 21 | W | *Agnes* |
| 6 | Tu | EPIPH. *Tw.* | 22 | Th | *Vincent* |
| 7 | W | *Day O. C.D.* | 23 | F | |
| 8 | Th | *Lucian* | 24 | S | Con.of St.P. |
| 9 | F | | 25 | S | 3 S.AF. EPIF. |
| 10 | S | (Hil. T. beg | 26 | M | |
| 11 | S | 1 S AF. EPIF. | 27 | Tu | |
| 12 | M | | 28 | W | Day 8h 54m l |
| 13 | Tu | *Hily.* C. T. b. | 29 | Th | |
| 14 | W | Oxf. T. beg. | 30 | F | K. Ch. I. MA. |
| 15 | Tu | | 31 | S | Hily. T. ends |
| 16 | F | | | | |

### LEGAL ASTRONOMY.

The Great Bear will sit in the Rolls' Court, and the motion of the terrestrial bodies will be distinctly visible in a series of motions, of course. Saturn will be perceptible over Westminster Hall, and Pollock's Star will be in the ascendant—without Castor—over the Exchequer.

### THE ORIGIN OF RAILWAYS.

The first idea of Railways is of very ancient date, for we hear of the Great Norman line immediately after the Conquest.

### WINE MEASURE.

Two glasses make a man lively, half a pint makes a man merry, one pint makes a man comfortable, one bottle makes a man fuddled, one bottle and a half makes a man drunk. Three bottles a day make one sot.

**Railway Miseries. No. I.** OUT WITH THE HOUNDS—MEETING WITH SOMETHING LIKE A CHECK.

## MR. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK.

### CHAPTER I.—HOW MR. CAUDLE MARRIED MISS PRETTYMAN, AND HOW HE "NAGGED" HER TO DEATH.

WHEN HARRY PRETTYMAN saw the very superb funeral of MRS. CAUDLE—PRETTYMAN attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed that above all men he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal; but quite like *that* PRETTYMAN. The same scoffer, when CAUDLE declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "He was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no; the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

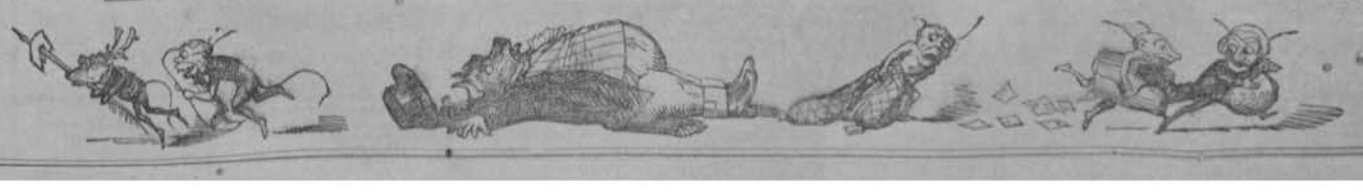
The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in PRETTYMAN'S words, nothing could be more satisfactory. CAUDLE spoke of a monument. Whereupon, PRETTYMAN suggested "Death gathering a Nettle." CAUDLE—the act did equal honour to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

MR. CAUDLE, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. PRETTYMAN said, jocosely poking his two fingers in CAUDLE'S ribs, that in a week he 'd look "quite a tulip." CAUDLE merely replied—he could hardly hope it.

PRETTYMAN'S mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, MISS PRETTYMAN presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence—a beautiful black swan. PRETTYMAN, by the way, whispered to a friend that there was just this difference between MRS. CAUDLE and his sister—"MRS. CAUDLE was a great goose, whereas SARAH was a little duck." We will not swear that CAUDLE did not overhear the words: for as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled, and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! MISS PRETTYMAN seemed as familiar with CAUDLE'S silver tea-pot, as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed CAUDLE his tea-cup. CAUDLE would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eye above the mantel-piece. There was MRS. CAUDLE'S portrait. Whereupon, MISS PRETTYMAN would say, "You must take comfort, MR. CAUDLE, indeed you must." At length MR. CAUDLE replied, "I will, MISS PRETTYMAN."

What then passed through CAUDLE'S brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, SARAH PRETTYMAN was CAUDLE'S second wife. MRS. CAUDLE, number two. Poor thing!



# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1846.

XXVIII. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | 4 S. Af. Epif. | 15 | S | Sexag. Sun. |
| 2 | M | Purif. Con- | 16 | M | Tweed. Fish. |
| 3 | Tu | Blaise [dion. | 17 | Tu | [begins |
| 4 | W | Day 9h 18m l | 18 | W | |
| 5 | Th | Agatha | 19 | Th | |
| 6 | F | | 20 | F | |
| 7 | S | [Sun. | 21 | S | |
| 8 | S | Septuages. | 22 | S | Quinq. Sun. |
| 9 | M | [1840 | 23 | M | |
| 10 | Tu | Q. Vict. mar. | 24 | Tu | St. Matths. |
| 11 | W | | 25 | W | Ash Wed. |
| 12 | Th | Day 9h 46m l | 26 | Th | |
| 13 | F | [Day | 27 | F | Hal. hunt- |
| 14 | S | Val. O. Cand. | 28 | S | [ing ends |

## SONG OF FEBRUARY.

(AFTER BYRON.)

There is a cheerful hooting from the owl,
The common hen sits happy on her nest,
The ringdove coos, the crow forgets to scrowl,
But takes a feathered partner to its breast.
Yes, February! thou bringest rest
To all that can thy soothing influence own;
But I can look on none of this with zest,
The world has fossilised my heart to stone,
And with its lead-like weight—I am alone, alone!

DERIVATION.

The word "Post" is taken from a Latin word which signifies "after." It is so called because the letters are invariably delivered two or three hours after their time.

OBSERVATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

This being about the time for the meeting of Parliament, the Stag begins to draw in his horns. The Railway-pigeon makes a deposit of its nest-egg, and the Lawyer-bird comes to carry it off with his long bill. The latter has been preparing all the season for feathering his nest, and now succeeds in doing so.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

The popular adage tells us to snuff a cold and starve a cough. How rare ought coughs to be in the workhouse; how scarce colds among Aldermen!

RAILWAY TIDE TABLE.

It will be low water-mark at Capel Court until the beginning of May, when the tide will turn, and after several fluctuations will rise to its level.

**Railway Miseries. No. II.** SCENE.—*A Villa, a convenient railway distance from Town. Enter a deputation.* SPOKESMAN. "If you please, Mum, would you have any objection to our little Mill coming off on your grass-plot?"

## CHAP. II.—HOW MR. CAUDLE BEGINS TO SHOW SOMETHING "OF THE FIEND THAT'S IN HIM."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in Heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I 'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water 's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That 's it. Let a man only speak, and he 's brutal. It 's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It 's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I 'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual; you 've given me the corner-roll; because you know I hate a corner-roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject—but it 's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that 's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she 's here no longer. *You wish she was?* Oh, I understand that. I 'm sure if anybody should wish her back it 's—but she was too good for me. 'When I 'm gone, Caudle'—she used to say—'then you 'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I *do* know it.

"Here 's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I 'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It 's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she 's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again; the old flag of truce: but it doesn't trick me. *A pretty honey-moon?* Honey-moon, nonsense! People can't have two honey-moons in their lives. There *are* feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There 's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I 've put up with your neglect long enough: and there 's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that 's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? *You don't know?* Of course not: you know nothing."

# MARCH

## SONG OF MARCH

(AFTER BRAHAM)

Arch March; daisies and buttercups
Put forth their petals in exquisite order.
March, March; crocuses springing up,
Give a gay aspect to bed and to border.
Little birds fly about; turkeys' eggs lie about
And the broad daylight gets broader and broader.
Boreas goes about; everything blows about;
Bonnets and hats are in dreadful disorder.
March, March; daisies and buttercups
Put forth their petals in exquisite order.
March, March; crocuses springing up,
Give a gay aspect to bed and to border.

## XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | 1 S. in Lent | 17 | Tu | *St. Patrick* |
| 2 | M | *Chad.* (*David* | 18 | W | *Edw. K.W.S.* |
| 3 | Tu | Day 10h 59m | 19 | Th | |
| 4 | W | *Emb. Day* | 20 | F | |
| 5 | Th | | 21 | S | *Benedict* |
| 6 | F | Emb. Day | 22 | S | 4 S. in Lent |
| 7 | S | *Perp. Emb.* | 23 | M | |
| 8 | S | 2 S. in Lent | 24 | Tu | Day 12h 26m |
| 9 | M | | 25 | W | Annuncial. |
| 10 | Tu | | 26 | Th | (Lady Day |
| 11 | W | | 27 | F | |
| 12 | Th | *Gregory* | 28 | S | |
| 13 | F | | 29 | S | 5 S. in Lent |
| 14 | S | | 30 | M | |
| 15 | S | 3 S. in Lent | 31 | Tu | |
| 16 | M | | | | |

HOW TO MAKE A RAILWAY.

Take a sheet of foolscap paper and a *Court Guide* for 1790. Pick your Lords and Right Honourables, add half a dozen ex-Members of Parliament, and season with a few Merchants and F.R.S.'s. Then throw in an Engineer, a Banker, and a Lawyer; garnish with imaginary advantages, and serve up in an advertisement.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

To comeliness of countenance the possession of a nasal organ is essential. How beautiful is the face of Nature; and yet we look in vain for her nose!

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.

Received of *Mr. Punch* his Almanack for the Year 1846, in full of all demands.

**Railway Miseries. No. III.** A Dumpy Leveller Outwitted. Dumpy *Leq.* "Why, if he hasn't put up a table-cloth."

## CHAPTER III.—SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE COULD GO OUT AND ENJOY HIMSELF.

"By the bye, Sarah, just put half-a-dozen shirts, and all that sort of thing, in my portmanteau. I'm going—There you are with your black looks again! I can never go anywhere, just a little to enjoy myself, but you look like thunder. What! *I might sometimes take you out?* Nonsense; women—that is, women when they're married—are best at home. What can they want to go out for? It's quite enough for them to go out to hunt for husbands: when they've caught 'em, let 'em sit at home, and sing with the kettle and the cat; their best place is their fireside.

"Half-a-dozen shirts, I say, and my shaving-tackle. Do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle? Perhaps, when you've done counting the legs of that fly on the ceiling, you'll attend to me. Eh? *I think you never want to go out?* Quite the contrary; it's my belief you'd always be out. If you wanted to go about like a June-fly, why did you marry?

"I should have told you where I was going; but as you've shown your temper, I won't tell you a syllable. No; nor I shan't tell you who I'm going with, or when I shall be back. When you see me, then you may expect me; and not before. And mind all the buttons are on my shirts—that's all.

"*It's miserable always being left by yourself!* Yourself, indeed! Arn't there books in the house? There's capital company on the shelves, if you'd only get acquainted with them. I'm sure you'd be none the worse for 'em. Besides, there's the Cookery Book: read that. A wife can't study anything better.

"The fact is, Mrs. Caudle, I've indulged you too much. I've made a fool of you. *No, I hav'n't?* Well, then, who has? If I hav'n't, somebody has, it's plain. Going out, indeed! I've no opinion of any woman who wants to go out at all. Women were never intended to go out; only the fact is, we've let you have your own way. Ha! they manage these matters much better in the East.

"I'm generally a pretty quiet man, Mrs. Caudle, and you know it. Nevertheless, I have a little of the lion in me; just a little. Don't rouse it, that's all.

"There you are, with the pocket-handkerchief again. Always hoisting that signal of distress. No, no; I'm not made of sugar, like a twelfth-cake image: I'm not to be melted with tears: let them be as many and as hot as they will. Besides, as I say, you can all do it when you like—every mother's soul of you. But I'm not to be washed off my legs by any river of the sort.

"All I say to you is,—stay at home. You've a needle and thread haven't you? and I'll be sworn for it, plenty of things to make or to mend. And if you haven't, cut holes, and sew 'em up again.

"Now, see when I come home that my portmanteau's ready. What's o'clock? *You want five minutes to* ——? No doubt: the old story; you're always wanting something."

# APRIL

XXX. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | Day 12h 58m | 16 | Th | |
| 2 | Th | Term ends. | 17 | F | |
| 3 | F | *R. B. Ch. C.* | 18 | S | |
| 4 | S | *St. A. Ox. T.* | 19 | S | [*Alph.* |
| 5 | S | Palm Sun. | 20 | M | Low Sun. |
| 6 | M | *Old Lady Day* | 21 | Tu | [beg. |
| 7 | Tu | | 22 | W | Ox. & Ca. T. |
| 8 | W | | 23 | Th | *St. George* |
| 9 | Th | *Maunday Th.* | 24 | F | [Pks. Al. B. |
| 10 | F | Good Frid. | 25 | S | St. Mark. |
| 11 | S | | 26 | S | 2 Sav. East. |
| 12 | S | Easter S. | 27 | M | |
| 13 | M | | 28 | Tu | |
| 14 | Tu | [beg. | 29 | W | |
| 15 | W | Easter Term | 30 | Th | Day 14h 46m |

## SONG OF APRIL.

(AFTER MOORE.)

April's charms we sing,
Twine your harp with posies,
Garnish every string
With the stems of roses.
Strike the softest lyre,
With fingers fair and taper,
Write upon a quire
Of the pinkest paper.

Wreath the laughing bowl
With smiles that dart and flicker,
Then dissolve the soul
In your favourite liquor;
Every tear that flows
Makes your heart more easy,
Tho' trickling down your nose,
It makes that organ sneezy.

### SIZE OF LONDON.

London, as viewed at the Colosseum, covers a superficies of twenty yards of canvas. The Thames is three feet wide, and five yards long. London contains 30,000 roofs and 200,000 chimneys—for these are the most remarkable objects it is distinguished for. London took two years and ten days in building. Mr. Bradwell laid out the plan, and has left his mark upon this mighty monument of his genius; for if you look in the corner of Ludgate Hill, you will be able to see "Bradwell, fecit."

### STILTON CHEESE.

An eminent Chemist has analysed a piece of Tavern Stilton Cheese, and has found it to be 99 parts curd-soap and one part Prussian blue.

### TAXES.

Bachelors who keep only a dumb-waiter, do not pay the usual tax upon servants

**Railway Miseries. No. IV.** SCENE.—*Wolverton Station.* PASSENGERS (*all together*). "Hallo! There's the bell! Very hot—very shabby—very shameful—very—very." *Exeunt* PASSENGERS.

## CHAP. IV.—SHOWING HOW CAUDLE, HAVING LOST MONEY AT CARDS, DETERMINES TO ABRIDGE THE HOUSE EXPENSES.

"I DON'T know how it is, my dear, but when I remember that there 's only you and myself—just two of us, and I eat and drink next to nothing—and when I see what other people do with half our money, I do think you might be a little more careful. I 'm sure I spend no money on myself—none. Nobody can be more watchful of every sixpence; but, of course, a man can save but little when he knows—or, that is, when he fears he knows that everything 's going to waste at home. Besides, it 's a woman's place—particularly a woman's place—to save. Women were designed for it. Economy is one of the noblest virtues bound up with matrimony. There can be very little real love, MRS. CAUDLE, where economy 's neglected. A woman can't truly care for a man's heart, unless she has an equal regard for his pocket: the things go together, and always did from the first.

"No, MRS. CAUDLE, I did not lose at my whist club last night—that is, only next to nothing; in other words, nothing to speak of. Now, that 's like your sex. You always set about hunting for some foolish, shabby motive for whatever your husbands complain about. Because I lose at cards, I *don't* want to get the money back out of your cupboard. No: I want to save money, that, should I be taken from you—and life at all times is uncertain, MRS. CAUDLE—you might be left snug and comfortable—that 's my object. But I never knew any woman yet—except one, rest her sainted soul!—who had the mind or the generosity to allow a truly noble motive to what her husband should do; that is, if it went against herself. You can't help it—poor things!—nevertheless, when a man is depriving himself of every little enjoyment that he may lay by something for a rainy day, it *is* hard—a little hard, I think—to have a woman spend what you do in housekeeping.

"Now, MRS. CAUDLE, be rational; and, for the thousandth time, let me beg of you not to cry. You only waste your trouble and your TEARS. Both are thrown away upon me: I 'm not one of the people, I tell you again, to be melted with a little soft water. My expenses, that is, *your* expenses are dreadful. Your grocer's bill—and when I never taste sugar in my tea—is preposterous; enough to ruin a man of ten thousand a year. What? *I take sugar in my grog, and so do my friends?* Scarcely any—nothing to speak of; not worth naming.

"And then look at your butcher for the last fortnight. Well? I know I won't eat cold joints. I had enough of them with my first—that is, I can't bear 'em. Besides, with half the money you have, a cold joint 's an insult to any man.

"And finally, MRS. CAUDLE,—for you know I hate this talk at breakfast, it 's a meal, of all others, I like to enjoy when I can,—finally, I have made a calculation, and in the next month, come what will, your cupboard must do with ten pounds less. It 's for your good, I tell you, when I 'm gone, and ten pounds I must have of you."

# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1846.

## XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | St. Ph. & Jas. | 17 | S | Rogation |
| 2 | S | *Beltane* | 18 | M | [Sunday |
| 3 | S | 3 S. ap. East. | 19 | Tu | *Dunstan* |
| 4 | M | [*In of the Cr.* | 20 | W | |
| 5 | Tu | [P. L. | 21 | Th | Ascension |
| 6 | W | *John Evan. d* | 22 | F | *Corp. Christ.* |
| 7 | Th | [ends | 23 | S | [Tr. Trin. b. |
| 8 | F | Easter Term | 24 | S | S. after Asc. |
| 9 | S | | 25 | M | [Qu. Vict. b. |
| 10 | S | 4 S. ap. East. | 26 | Tu | *Augustin.* |
| 11 | M | | 27 | W | *Vener. Bede* |
| 12 | Tu | Day 15h 24m | 28 | Th | [Chas. II. |
| 13 | W | *Old May Day* | 29 | F | Restor. K. |
| 14 | Th | | 30 | S | Oxf. T. T. c. |
| 15 | F | | 31 | S | Whit Sun. |
| 16 | S | | | | [C. T. d. |

### SONG OF MAY.

Oh, May's a month when everything
In verdancy is seen ,
The sooty Jack then doff'd his black
For Nature's leafy green ;

But, oh ! the Ramoneur so grim,
With scraggy, pointed hand,
Has coldly swept the merry sweeps
From out our father-land.

I care not what a heartless world
Shall either think or say,
But oh ! to me the little sweeps
Were half the charm of May.

### RAILWAY GARDENING.

With a view to standard fruit, cultivate good trunks, but keep clear of all unprofitable branches. Take care that the stock is of the right sort, or it will not be worth putting in, and will not pay for the outlay.

### THE MOON'S AGE.

The moon, like certain politicians, changes every thirty days, when she looks at things in general with quite a new face. If a fact were wanting to determine the sex of the moon, it would be found in her obstinacy about her age. Like most ladies, she is never more than a day *l*der than thirty.

Chops.—The best place in the world for chops is China, where persons of the highest rank have alone the privilege of serving them.

**Railway Miseries. No. V.** Scene—*Fleet Street.* Time—*7 min. to Starting Time.* Policeman, *loq.*—"Brighton Station? You can't come this way—you must go round by Holborn."

### CHAP. V.—SHOWING HOW CAUDLE CAME HOME VERY LATE, AND VERY VINOUS: HE COMPLAINS OF WANT OF SYMPATHY.

"The old story, Mrs. Caudle! Sulky again! But so it is with women of no intellect; they can never properly sympathise with a man. You make the tea as if you were making poison, and all because I kept you up—just a little last night. Ha! I only wish you had half what I have upon my mind. What? *You wouldn't have half what I had in my head?* Indeed? I know what you mean; but I only wish you had. You'd have a little more sympathy for what I have to go through; as I say, you don't know what's on my mind. Women, who have to sit quietly basking before the fire all day, doing nothing whatever, except perhaps a little sewing—women, in their snug homes, know nothing of what their husbands have to go through in the world; slaving and wearing, as I may say, their very souls out. Ha! I only wish I'd been a woman. Oh, you needn't sigh, Mrs. Caudle, you've all the best of it from the beginning.

"For how can you tell, when your husband is doing all he can to seem happy and delighted at home—What? *You never see him in such a state!* You might, if you'd eyes like any other woman. I say, how can you tell at the very time that he's full—running over I may say, with smiles, and affability, and good temper—how can you tell that his brain isn't being torn into bits, and all to make his wife happy and comfortable at her own fireside? I must say it; I only wish you 'd my anxieties, sometimes; just for half a day, that's all; you 'd have more sympathy, Mrs. Caudle; a little more sympathy. There you go on again—with your woman's arguments. *If I have so much on my mind, I needn't stay out so late!* How can you possibly tell what it is that detains me? If I chose, like some men, to tell my wife everything, and so worry you and make you unhappy with all sorts of anxieties,—then, indeed, I dare say I might have a little more tenderness from you. But, precisely because I wish to keep you in clover—precisely because I won't let you be worried by worldly matters—you think I've nothing to contend with. Ha! Mrs. Caudle—I can't help saying it—if you only knew what was on my mind!

"What do you know what wine *will* do, or won't do? Besides, I 'd taken but a poor half-pint of the very weakest sherry last night! Only half-a-pint. But when I 'm harassed you ought to know how a little tells upon me. I was *not* intoxicated, Mrs. Caudle; I was merely intensely anxious. And if you 'd any sympathy you 'd know it. Yes, a woman with sympathy would have felt for me; would have turned a face upon me—a face beaming with love and comfort—and not have been all night making up looks of thunder to come to breakfast with.

"I 'm going out, now, and I shall take the key; so don't sit up again. I promised to sup at Doubleday's, to-night; and you don't know what 's on my mind."

## SONG OF JUNE.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

The Bombyx—'tis a kind of moth—
  Is active in the candle's glare,
And Nature spreads her greenest cloth,
  To give the butterfly his fare.
The wings with little spots of grey,
  Are open'd out at all their length,
As if the larvæ would display,
  In such a month, their utmost strength.

I knew a miller in my youth,
  He was too keen a man by half,
For when you thought he spoke the truth,
  'Twas ten to one he gave you chaff.
And I have watched his fortunes sink,
  Because his pride he would not prune;
But this has nought to do, I think,
  With my poor song—the song of June.

## XXX. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | M | *Nicomede* | 16 | Tu | |
| 2 | Tu | Tr. Term b. | 17 | W | *St. Alban* |
| 3 | W | *Ess. Day.* Ox. | 18 | Th | |
| 4 | Th | *Boniface.* | 19 | F | |
| 5 | F | | 20 | S | Qu.Acc.1837 |
| 6 | S | *Ember Day* | 21 | S | 2 S.AF.TRIN. |
| 7 | S | TRIN. SUN. | 22 | M | |
| 8 | M | | 23 | Tu | [*Mids. Day* |
| 9 | Tu | Day 16h 26m | 24 | W | NAT. J. BAP. |
| 10 | W | [*Corp. Chris.* | 25 | Th | |
| 11 | Th | ST. BARNAB. | 26 | F | |
| 12 | F | Trin.Term e. | 27 | S | |
| 13 | S | | 28 | S | 3 S.AF.TRIN. |
| 14 | S | 1 S.AF.TRIN. | 29 | M | ST. PETER |
| 15 | M | | 30 | Tu | |

### OPERATIONS IN THE BOUDOIR.

(*The London Season.*)

Now cultivate carnation on cheeks with oriental bloom, and lilies with pearl powder. Gather up and dress carrots with infallible dye. Remove tan, freckles, pimples, with emollient lotion. Use SNOOKS's dentifrice, and take WALKER's pills for the complexion.

### SUMMER RETREAT.

If you find London too hot to hold you, you cannot choose a better retreat than Boulogne for the purpose of taking it coolly.

### DIRECTIONS TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

If the seat *opposite* yours be vacant, rest your feet upon it, especially should your boots be muddy. The elbows make capital scrapers, and the back-cushions answer very well for mats. As you pay first-class fare, you have a right to first-rate accommodation.

**Railway Miseries. No. VI.** SCENE.—*Grand Hotel, Bath Road.* TRAVELLER. "What! are these the horses?" OLD BOY. "E—es, sir; and I be the Po-ast Boy."

## CHAP. VI.—SHOWING HOW CAUDLE BROUGHT HOME SOME "GOOD FELLOWS" TO SPEND THE EVENING, AND FOUND MRS. CAUDLE WITH SOME FEMALE FRIENDS AT TEA.

"I DIDN'T choose to say anything to you last night, MRS. CAUDLE—no: you needn't tell me that; I know I didn't open my lips; don't I say so, woman?—I didn't speak, because indeed I was too tired. But I *do* think it hard that I can't leave the house for a few days, but I must find it swarming with petticoats when I come back. Your friends, as you call 'em! as if women could ever be friends! It 's rather hard, with what I 'm charged for housekeeping, that I must find the place like a fair. *You didn't expect me home till to-morrow?* Oh, no! Else I should have found you alone, and as mute as a mouse; and not a word would you have said to me about the pack of gossips you 'd had about you!

"NOW, MRS. CAUDLE, for the future just remember one thing. Never think to expect me; for you shall never know the exact time when I shall come home. No: I shall always take you by surprise; as every man who 'd know what his wife's about should do.

"Well, I think I may guess now where the housekeeping money goes to! Now, I can account for the grocer's bills—and I can't tell what other bills beside—when I see the people you have to eat me up. And then when I bring home a few friends that I find aboard the steam-boat—good fellows, I know, every one of 'em; though I never saw 'em before—when I come home, I find my house full of silks and satins—a mountain of bonnets on my bed—and nothing fit for Christians to sit down to. And after such conduct you 'll expect me to keep my temper? Yes: you 'll open your eyes and affect to stare at me, if I only swear the smallest in the world—when, if you 'd married some men, MRS. CAUDLE, the house wouldn't have held you! Now, I should like to know what my friends thought of me last night—what they thought of you? Why, of course, they looked upon me as a fool, for putting up with your conduct as quietly as I did—whilst for you, but—I 'll respect your feelings—I won't say what they must have thought of you.

"For an hour and a half, at least, did we wait for supper—if supper, indeed, you could call it; for I blushed at everything upon the table. An hour and a half. *There was nothing in the house; everything was to be got.* Why, that 's what I complain of, woman. That 's the very fault. I bring home a few friends to supper, and there 's nothing in the house. But I come home, and I find you with I don't know what cotton-box acquaintances, and the house smelling of toast and tea-cake enough to ruin one.

"Now, MRS. CAUDLE, if we wish to continue happy together, understand that I won't have it. If I can't give a little supper to friends at my own home, I 'd better give up housekeeping altogether.

"Where 's my hat and gloves? I dine out to-day."

# JULY

XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | | 17 | F | |
| 2 | Th | Day 16h 28m | 18 | S | |
| 3 | F | *V. B. V. Mary* | 19 | S | 6 S. AP. TRIN. |
| 4 | S | Dog days b. | 20 | M | *Margaret* |
| 5 | S | *Tr. of St. Mar.* | 21 | Tu | |
| 6 | M | 4 S. AP. TRIN. | 22 | W | *St. M. Magd.* |
| 7 | Tu | [C. Com. | 23 | Th | |
| 8 | W | Oxf. Act and | 24 | F | |
| 9 | Th | | 25 | S | ST. JAMES |
| 10 | F | Term ends. | 26 | S | 7 S. AP. TRIN. |
| 11 | S | Camb. East. | 27 | M | [*St. Anne* |
| 12 | S | Oxf. Tri. T. e. | 28 | Tu | |
| 13 | M | 5 S. AP. TRIN. | 29 | W | |
| 14 | Tu | | 30 | Th | |
| 15 | W | | 31 | F | Day 15h 28m |
| 16 | Th | *Swithin* | | | |

## SONG OF JULY.

(AFTER BARRY CORNWALL.)

July is a rare old fellow,
He 's a month when the Sun does shine;
He makes the pear quite mellow.
SAGITTARIUS is his sign.
Hurra, hurra! though we don't know why,
For that rare old month—a hot July.

The Quail, that ne'er deceives us,
Now makes his morning call;
The fickle cuckoo leaves us,
But that 's the way with them all.
Then hurra, hurra! though we don't know why,
For that blazing month—a hot July.

### DIRECTIONS FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

Never enter a first-class carriage without your largest carpet bag. The porters will, perhaps, oppose this; but if you give them a knowing wink, and make a playful allusion to the late MR. WALKER, they will see that you are not to be done. You may then thrust it in between the knees of some passenger who has already comfortably arranged himself.

### A CURIOUS FACT.

You never called to a waiter, when he was *leaving* the room, but he answered, "Coming, sir."

### CONSUMPTION OF MILK.

The great dairy for the milk of human kindness is Somerset House. Seek an interview with the Poor-Law Commissioners, and they will show you how deliciously they strain it.

**Railway Miseries. No. VII.**

BILL *loq.*—"Hollo, Jim! yer looks out o' sorts.—Vot's the matter now?"

JIM.—"Why yer see, Bill—jist as I'd laid out my garding—built my summer 'ouse—and got all my traps about me—blow 'd if the Great Diddlesex Junction aint a comin' right through my property. It 's enough to break von's 'art."

## CHAPTER VII.

### SHOWING HOW CAUDLE HAS BROUGHT HOME A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, INSISTING THAT "THE POOR ANIMAL CAN'T ADD TO THE EXPENSE."

"OH, no! I know what the objection is, MRS. CAUDLE. It isn't that the poor faithful animal will add to the butcher's bill—not a bit of it. No: it is only because the creature is fond of me, that you object to it. 'Tis only because of its love for its master—and it 's well I can get somebody about the house that does love me—that you make an excuse of the expense. You can keep your canary-bird—that 's rattling away all day like a whistle in hysterics—and I never complain of the expense of that. You can keep your half-a-dozen gold-fish too, and do I ever murmur at what they cost? I think not. And yet when I bring home a dog—a fine fellow as high as the table—instead of admiring the noble animal as any other wife would do, you begin to talk about what it will eat! But that 's like you, MRS. CAUDLE: that 's the rock we 've always split upon. You never had any sympathy—not an atom. True marriage ought to melt two hearts into one piece. Ours—I 'm sorry to say it—have only been tacked together. There *was*, indeed, a woman—but, sainted darling! why should I name her?

"I repeat it; if you thought of me as you ought, you 'd be delighted with the animal. A true wife would love even a crocodile or a boa-constrictor, if her husband brought it home. But my wife 's like no other woman—never was. *You don't object to the dog, if I chain it up?* I think, MRS. CAUDLE, you ought to know my principles a little better by this time. No, madam; liberty—though it 's quite above the female intellect to understand its beautiful essence—but liberty I wouldn't deny even to a dog. The poor beast shall have the run of the house all day, and—noble fellow—sleep at my bedroom door all night. I 'll have somebody near me that loves me—I 'm determined!

"What are you whimpering about? *The beast will kill your cat?* Perhaps he may; and what if he does? Cats are plenty enough, I suppose. I 'm sure there 's more in my house than catch mice; I know that. Not that I see the noble fellow need kill her unless you choose. *What do I mean?* Mean! Why, lock her up in the cellar, or cupboard, or coal-hole. He won't kill her, if he can't get at her, I 'll answer for him. Eh? *And yet I talk of liberty?* To be sure I do. But there 's your great defect again, MRS. CAUDLE; you 've no sympathy—none, or you 'd know what I mean directly. Liberty for dogs is one thing; liberty for cats is another. There 's what I call a moral distinction! Entirely."

# AUGUST

XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | *Lammas day* | 17 | M | DUCHESS OF |
| 2 | S | 8 S. AP. TRIN. | 18 | Tu | [KENT B. |
| 3 | M | | 19 | W | |
| 4 | Tu | | 20 | Th | [Shoot. beg. |
| 5 | W | [AL. BORN | 21 | F | Black Cock |
| 6 | Th | *Transf. Pa.* | 22 | S | |
| 7 | F | *Name of Jes.* | 23 | S | 11 S. A. TRIN. |
| 8 | S | | 24 | M | ST. BARTHO. |
| 9 | S | 9 S. AP. TRIN. | 25 | Tu | |
| 10 | M | *St. Lawrence* | 26 | W | PR. ALB. B. |
| 11 | Tu | Dog days end | 27 | Th | |
| 12 | W | Gro. shoot. b. | 28 | F | *St. Augustin* |
| 13 | Th | Pow. Q. A. B. | 29 | S | *St. J. Bap. beh.* |
| 14 | F | [*Old Lam. D.* | 30 | S | 12 S. A. TRIN. |
| 15 | S | Day 14h 33m | 31 | M | Day 13h 36m |
| 16 | S | 10 S. A. TRIN. | | | |

## SONG OF AUGUST.

(AFTER SERJEANT TALFOURD.)

When the old Roman senate sat
Amid the forum's pile,
Indulging in rich classic chat,
The moments to beguile,—
They thought upon a way to spread
Augustus Cæsar's fame.
"'Tis not a bad idea," they said,
"To give the month his name."

A'loud approving classic shout,
The ample forum fills;
They ask the question round about
Of all the neighbouring hills.
To permeate the balmy air,
A grace and glory came;
The Senate cried, "Aye, aye, we swear,
The month shall have his name.

### A NEW RAILWAY NURSERY SONG.

"Tinker, tinker, sue tailor; tailor, tailor, sue cobbler; cobbler, cobbler, sue doctor; doctor, doctor, sue captain; captain, captain, sue colonel; colonel, colonel, sue parson; parson, parson, sue Board of Directors, to get back money paid for shares not worth one halfpenny."

### SUGAR!

According to DR. URE sugar may be got from any vegetable, so that the experiment may be tried of sweetening tea or coffee with sweet per but we will not answer for its answerir.

### A GREAT CURIOSITY.

Shortly will be exhibited, at the Egyptian Hall, a young man, 24 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, and a native of Middlesex. Although this wonderful young man writes an excellent hand, he has never applied for a Railway share.

**Railway Miseries. No. VIII.**

SCENE—*A Terminus.* SHERIFF'S OFFICER. "You are, I believe, the Hon. Mr. Stag, Provisional Director of the West Diddlesex?" HON. MR. STAG. "Ahem,—Ye—is." SHERIFF'S OFFICER. "Off to France, I believe, sir?" HON. MR. STAG. "Ye—is." SHERIFF'S OFFICER. "Sorry to trouble you, but you must come with me, sir."

## CHAP. VIII.—SHOWING HOW CAUDLE THOUGHT "THAT BILL" SETTLED A LONG TIME AGO.

"IF now I were to leave you, MRS. CAUDLE,—if I were to do what I really ought to do as a husband—break up the establishment and go myself into chambers, just giving you enough to live upon—of course, the world—the world that never *can* judge between man and wife, but always will poke its nose in between 'em whenever they separate—the world, I've no doubt, would begin to abuse me. *What's the matter?* Matter enough, I think! I 'm called out, from my breakfast too, and this, MRS. CAUDLE, this little bit of paper put into my hand. What have you the face to ask, MRS. CAUDLE? *What of it? Don't I know I owe it?* Why, ofcourse not! I could have laid my life that *that* bill was paid long ago! I could have sworn it!

*How was it to be paid?* You ask that! Why, with money, of course. *But I never gave you the money?* Nonsense! You're enough to drive a man mad, MRS. CAUDLE. I must have given you the money; of course, I must. Else where can all the money go to? *When did I give it?* Well, if you are not the most outrageous, perplexing woman! When did I give it, indeed! As if, with what I have on my mind, I can exactly recollect the day, and the hour, and the place when I gave you the money for that bill! I, who am always giving you money for bills. Do you think I 'm a calculating machine, MRS. CAUDLE—to remember everything, and with what I have in my head? All I know is—and that 's enough for any reasonable man—all I know is, I must have given you the money. The bill 's been delivered a month ago, the man told me: and you 're not the woman, I know, to let me remain quiet for a bill so long. No, indeed; for if there 's anything in the world that gives you pleasure, it is continually coming to my pocket. And you must think I 've a gold mine there; to dip as you do into it.

"There you are! Crying again! That 's the mean advantage you women always try to take of your husbands. *What! You wish I 'd common feelings, and you wish you were in your grave?* Of course. A man can't open his mouth, can't make the slightest remonstrance, when a woman let's money matters go all wrong, but he wants feelings. Ha! He 'd better want a few feelings than want money. And I'm sure, MRS. CAUDLE, that 's your opinion if you spoke the truth. And then again, you must always be scratching your grave up before me! And only because I just speak about a bill. Of course, you 've paid away the money for something else—some new gowns, perhaps—and forgot it.

"However, MRS. CAUDLE, it 's not worth quarrelling about—certainly not. Besides, I hate quarrelling. However, this I have to say: as I 'm convinced that I've given you the money for the bill once, I'm not going to pay it a second time. You must save it out of something else. *What are you to save it out of?* Anything: cat's-meat and canary seed!—but I don't pay twice.

# SEPTEMBER

XXX. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tu | *Giles.* Part. | 16 | W | *Ember Day* |
| 2 | W | [sh. b. | 17 | Th | *Lambert* |
| 3 | Th | Day 13h 20m. | 18 | F | *Ember Day* |
| 4 | F | | 19 | S | *Ember Day* |
| 5 | S | *Old St. Barth.* | 20 | S | 15 S. A. Trin. |
| 6 | S | 13 S. A. Trin. | 21 | M | St. Matth. |
| 7 | M | *Enarchus* | 22 | Tu | |
| 8 | Tu | *Nativ. B. V.* | 23 | W | |
| 9 | W | [*Mary* | 24 | Th | Day 12h 4m l. |
| 10 | Th | | 25 | F | [*Rood* |
| 11 | F | [Tweed clos. | 26 | S | *St. Cyp. Old* |
| 12 | S | Fish. N. of | 27 | S | 16 S. A. Trin. |
| 13 | S | 14 S. A. Trin. | 28 | M | |
| 14 | M | *Holy Cross* | 29 | Tu | St. Mich. |
| 15 | Tu | | 30 | W | *St. Jerome* |

## SONG OF SEPTEMBER.

(AFTER AINSWORTH.)

What ho! my gun, my gallant boys,
September 's always jolly;
I love the sportsman's pleasant noise,
Yoicks! Forward! "Nix my dolly."

The partridge on its tender wing,
Is up by break of day,
But down the bird my gun shall bring,
Bang! fizz, boys! "fake away."

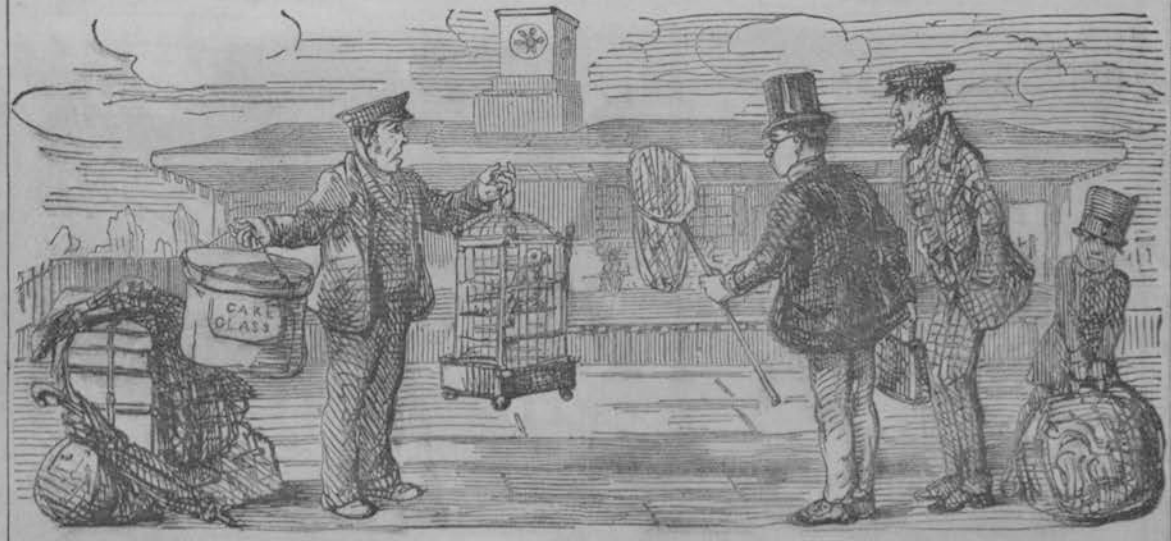
The evenings quickly drawing in,
Assist the cracksman sly,
And gallant boys may now begin
At eve to "fake the cly."

### TO DRESS A DUCK.

This may be done in various ways, but it is rather an expensive process. The quickest way is to take the Duck to Swan and Edgar's, and let her choose her own mode of dressing. The Duck may sometimes be dressed in the feathers, or a *garniture* of ribbons may be substituted. If the Duck is very tender, the dressing may be extremely rich; but when the Duck is old, it may be served with common sauce, and left quite plain.

### AGRICULTURAL.

Now lay down your copper wires, and commence galvanising barren fallows. In chalky soils turn on your sulphuric acid, and dress with carbon. Stimulate slow vegetation with alcohol, and repress redundant growth with lunar caustic.




**Railway Miseries. No. IX.** SCENE.—*Maidenhead Station.* PORTER. "Is this your luggage, sir?" PISCATOR. "Confound it, No! We want some fishing-rods, a can of live-bait, and a hamper." PORTER. "Oh—do you, sir? Why they're gone on to Bristol."

## CHAP. IX.—SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE OBJECTED TO MRS. CAUDLE'S FEMALE FRIEND, A VISITOR FOR A MONTH.

"WHEN a husband comes home to what he expects to find a comfortable house, it is a little—I say a *little* annoying for him—to break his shins over a heap of portmanteaus in the hall, and find, too, he 's saddled with a visitor,—some stupid Miss or the other, with all her boarding-school starch about her. Eh—what? *You told me you 'd invited dear Miss Loveday?* You took an advantage of me, then; and told me when I was asleep. I don't recollect it. And now I shall be stunned to death by her for three months—for of course she plays the piano; and I shouldn't wonder if she 's brought a guitar besides with her. For three precious months! What? *She 's only invited for one month?* Humph! Then she 'll stay three, of course: they always do.

"Nice breakfasts I shall have now—for she 'll not always stay in her own room; she won't always be tired travelling. Nice breakfasts I 'm doomed to! What? *How will the dear soul hurt me?* Oh, in the gentlest way possible—I know. She 'll always be reading the play-house advertisements in the paper, and always be wanting to go to the Opera, or a concert, or fireworks, or some show of that sort. I know the sideway talk of such girls very well. But understand, Mrs. CAUDLE, I 'm not hampered with her. As you say she was your schoolfellow once—I suppose I shall have all Minerva House here in their turn—you alone must be troubled with her. I shall behave as civil as I can—but don't expect that I 'll take her out, or spend money upon her; that 's your affair, not mine.

"No, I *don't* forget when I 'd my three friends here all together: not at all; I was too happy ever to forget it. JACK STOKES—noble fellow! What a song he sang, and what punch he made: TOM RYDER—the best fellow he, at whist and a chorus: and SAM SLAR, who gave such a licking to the coal-heaver. Ha! they were something like people to have in one's house. What? *You never complained of them, and why can't you have a friend?* That 's quite a different thing. Besides, as I say, women never have friendship one among another—they don't know what it means. No, indeed; I *don't* think friendship 's a thing of cigars and brandy-and-water—not but what all three are a very pretty mixture. They were something like nights we had. *You never got to sleep till four while my friends were here?* What 's that to do with it? Is that any reason you should bring a lot of visitors to my house who can't say "bo" to a goose? And when you know, too, how I like to enjoy the comfort of my fireside alone! How I hate that we should have anybody to disturb us! And if you loved me really, you 'd hate it too—but it 's a bad business to have all the love of one side; I feel *that*."

# OCTOBER.

XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tu | *Remigius.* | 17 | S | *Etheldreda* |
| 2 | F | [Ph. s. b. | 18 | S | 19 S. A. TRIN. |
| 3 | S | *Old St. Matt.* | 19 | M | [ST. LUKE |
| 4 | S | 17 S. A. TRIN. | 20 | Tu | |
| 5 | M | | 21 | W | |
| 6 | Tu | *Faith* | 22 | Tu | Day 10h 10m |
| 7 | W | | 23 | F | |
| 8 | Tu | D☞ 11h 4m l | 24 | S | |
| 9 | F | *St. Denys* [b. | 25 | S | 20 S. A. TRIN. |
| 10 | S | Ox. & C. M. T. | 26 | M | |
| 11 | S | 18 S. A. TRIN. | 27 | Tu | [ST. JUDE |
| 12 | M | [*Conf.* | 28 | W | ST. SIMON & |
| 13 | Tu | *Tr. K. Edw.* | 29 | Tu | [begins |
| 14 | W | Tweed net | 30 | F | Hare hunt. |
| 15 | Tu | [fish. ends | 31 | S | *All Hal.'s Eve* |
| 16 | F | | | | |

## SONG OF OCTOBER.

(AFTER LEIGH HUNT.)

October, month of bird and song,
And ivy on old walls,
Trailing some dreary pile along,
From which hard mortar falls.

Come hither, spider, you and I
Have long been friends together;
Approach, old brute, and tell me why
You love October weather;

Perchance, old spinster of the grove,
You come in autumn days,
To spin your yarn, as if to prove
Life is a webby maze.

### RAILWAY GARDENING.

Do not scatter your money broadcast, but sow in good regular lines, unless for immediate use, when you may plant anywhere: but you must take care to be prepared for clearing out and getting in the crop as quickly as possible.

### TO CAREFUL HUSBANDS.

There is no more frequent cause of catching cold than standing about. Bear this in mind when walking with your wives down Regent Street; and with affectionate solicitude persuade them not to loiter at the shop windows.

### INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

So great is the veneration of the Horse for the Inventor of the Wood Pavement, that he scarcely ever crosses it without going on his knees.

**Railway Miseries. No. X.** THE WRONG STATION. POLICEMAN.—"No, sir—this aint the Great Western. This is the London and Birmingham."

## CHAPTER X.

### SHOWING MR. CAUDLE AGAIN PERPLEXED WITH DOMESTIC FINANCE.

"Is it not a most extraordinary thing that I can't sit down to enjoy a bit of breakfast, but under my nose there 's a paper for taxes? *It 's just been left, and it 's Susan's fault?* No!—it 's your fault, MRS. CAUDLE: you know that such things at such a time always affect my appetite, and it 's my belief that you have 'em put there to save your cupboard. Taxes—taxes! What? *You don't make 'em?* No: but what 's quite as bad; you 're always plaguing me about them. I can't help saying it, MRS. CAUDLE, but what a much nicer wife you 'd be, if there was no money.

"But I know it: when a woman likes to be extravagant, let a man do what he will he 's no match for her. I see that every day. Only yesterday I saw an old coat of mine—a very good coat too—on old Digges. Ha! my dear first wife used to turn my left-off clothes into beautiful mugs. But then to be sure she had some respect for my exertions. She used to calculate how and where the money came from. But, I must say it, I've no confidence in what 's spent here.

"No, indeed, MRS. CAUDLE, I 'm not a cruel, unjust man—nor have I anything of the tyrant about me,—not a bit. But when women happen to be a little younger than their husbands—and that, I knew it to be sure, was your fault when I married you—they are apt to indulge in expenses and—I must say it—that last hosier's bill that came in, I don't at all understand. I 'm sure by the socks that 's down for me, anybody would think I was a centipede. Well, I can't help sometimes suspecting—I should be glad if I could be disabused—but I can't help now and then thinking that what I 've paid for hosiery, you 've worn in velvet and silk.

"If I could only be sure of this, I should know very well how to act. *Then* my course would be plain enough. What? *If I 'm not sure, why do I accuse you?* Oh, there can be nothing lost by that. For if a woman is blamed when she doesn't deserve it, she 's sure some time or the other to escape when she does, so there 's nothing thrown away, blame her when you will."

With this liberal axiom, CAUDLE took his hat, observing to his weeping wife that "he might be home to dinner, and he might not."

NOVEMBER

XXX. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | 21 S.A.Trin. | 16 | M | [Machutu |
| 2 | M | *All S.* M.T.b. | 17 | Tu | *Hugh, Bp. Li.* |
| 3 | Tu | | 18 | W | |
| 4 | W | Day 9h 23m l | 19 | Th | [*Mart.* |
| 5 | Th | *Gunp. Plot* | 20 | F | *Edm. K. and* |
| 6 | F | *Leonard* [en. | 21 | S | Pss.Royl.b. |
| 7 | S | Tw. rod fish. | 22 | S | 24 S.A.Trin. |
| 8 | S | 22 S.A.Trin. | 23 | M | *St. Clem. O.* |
| 9 | M | Ld.May.'s D | 24 | Tu | [*St. Mich.* |
| 10 | Tu | [Pr.of W.b. | 25 | W | *Cath.* M.T.e. |
| 11 | W | *Martin* | 26 | Th | |
| 12 | Th | Ca. M.T. div. | 27 | F | Day 8h 14m l |
| 13 | F | *Brit.* [mid. | 28 | S | |
| 14 | S | | 29 | S | 1 S. in Adv. |
| 15 | S | 23 S.A.Trin. | 30 | M | St. Andrew |

### SONG OF NOVEMBER.

(AFTER ELIZA COOK.)

That gridiron by the mantel-piece,
Its look gives every nerve a thrill;
That thing of home begrimed with grease,
Whereon our sprats we learn'd to grill.
November—month to childhood dear,
Old month of Civic feasts and sights,
To see that gridiron so near,
Fills my sad heart with home delights.

November—I remember well
The day when I to market hied,
In search of one with sprats to sell—
Sprats in which childhood might confide.
I bought them, and the savoury fish
On yonder gridiron then were broiled.
Experience is a bitter dish,
I had it then—the sprats were spoiled!

### RAILWAY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

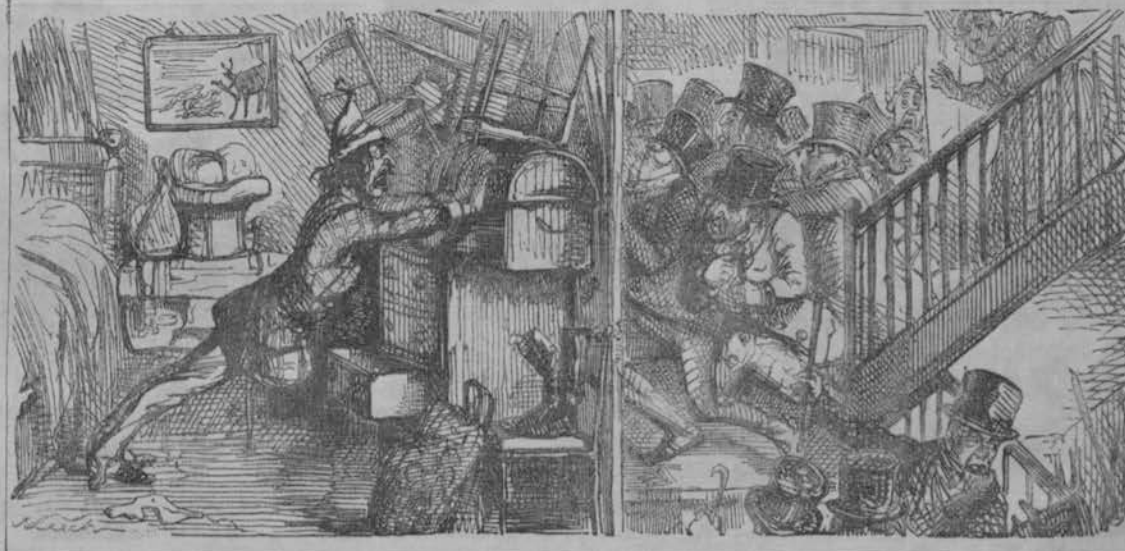
Steeple-chasing will be destroyed by the Railways; but for those addicted to that hazardous amusement, let a certain number of the lines be left in their present condition, which will still place the sport of risking life and limb at the command of all gentlemen who are fond of it.

### THEATRICAL.

The very general investment of money in Railway concerns will necessarily affect the theatrical currency. Salaries will consist of so many shares a week; and benevolent Princes will make poor families happy by saying, "Here, take this scrip."

### PALPITATIONS.

Palpitations of the heart, occurring in young ladies, may often be cured by sending for the Doctor; but it is frequently necessary to call in the Captain, and, in some instances, the Parson



**Railway Miseries.**
**No. XI.**

The Stag at Bay.—"Never! I'll bolt or conquer!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE THOUGHT SOMETHING "VERY ODD."

Anything particular, my dear, in the paper—I mean anything in the military way? *What do I mean?* Oh, nothing. Ha! ha! A little joke of mine—just a little joke. What do you think of the cavalry regiment? *What am I driving at?* Nothing at all. I thought you might have seen 'em. They go by the window, you know, twice a day. *What of it?* Nothing, to be sure. Only, it is odd—I must say it is odd, that one of 'em—a young fellow with sandy mustachios—always turns his head towards this house. I say it's odd—slightly odd. Now, you can't say, he's looking for Miss Loveday. She's gone—thank heaven! at last. I waited till she went before I spoke; because I know how women will stand by one another.

Well, Miss Loveday is gone—do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle?—and still that fellow with the sandy mustachios looks towards this house. Now, I think that's something very odd. And I should like to know what he's looking for? What? *I'd better ask him?* I shall take my own opinion as to that, Mrs. Caudle: but allow me to say this much—that—ha! there *was* a woman,—who never, never caused me the finger-ache. That I had never lost that woman! Eh? *You wish I never had?* Ha! *She* never gave herself airs about her beauty. What? *She couldn't?* Mrs. Caudle, I don't wish to say a harsh thing of you—far from it. But permit me, in all good temper to say, that you are not fit to stir the tea of that blessed woman. She never looked about her—never stared at anybody but her own husband when she went out. She never thought there was another such in the world. But I deserved to lose her—I didn't think enough of her then.

"If any soldier had dared to look twice at any house she was in, she'd have shown what she felt as a wife, and closed every shutter. But she *did* know her duty—I wish other people did!"

Upon this, the second Mrs. Caudle—poor ill-used soul!—simply remarked that "she knew he was a brute," and left him with his own bad thoughts, and his own bohea.

# DECEMBER

XXXI. DAYS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tu | Day 8h 6m l. | 17 | Tu | Oxf. M. T. e. |
| 2 | W | | 18 | F | *Ember Day* |
| 3 | Th | | 19 | S | *Ember Day* |
| 4 | F | | 20 | S | 4 S. IN ADV. |
| 5 | S | | 21 | M | ST. THOMAS |
| 6 | S | 2 S. IN ADV. | 22 | Tu | Day 7h 44m l. |
| 7 | M | [Mary | 23 | W | |
| 8 | Tu | *Concep. B. V.* | 24 | Th | [DAY |
| 9 | W | | 25 | F | CHRISTMAS |
| 10 | Th | | 26 | S | ST. STEPHEN |
| 11 | F | | 27 | S | 1 S. A. CHRIS. |
| 12 | S | [*Lucy* | 28 | M | INNOCENTS |
| 13 | S | 3 S. IN ADV. | 29 | Tu | |
| 14 | M | | 30 | W | |
| 15 | Tu | [*Ember Day* | 31 | Tu | *Silvester* |
| 16 | W | Cam. M. T. e. | | | |

## SONG OF DECEMBER.

(AFTER MACAULEY.)

The Saturnalia now prevail;
The white and classic foam
Soars high above the porter pots
Of proud and ancient Rome:
Upon the Capitol at night,
There is the cry of "beer,"
As the pot-boy, in his toga,
Salutes the vulgar ear.

And from the seven hills of Rome
There is a festive shout
Of youths who ask each other, "If
Their mothers know they 're out."
Then hail the Saturnalia,
The toast, the ale, the flip,
For many a nose, a Roman nose,
In many a jug will dip.

### GARDEN BEDDING.

It is not true that the asparagus-bed should be a four-poster; but that, and other beds, sometimes require blankets of matting; and, during cold weather, are better for a counterpane of snow.

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD.

Bath Bunns are generally considered much richer than the ordinary bunns, and as certain loaves are called bricks, it is possible that Bath Bricks may be resorted to in the event of bread rising in price very materially. The suggestion seems, at least, as good as that of DR. BUCKLAND, who proposes Peas as a means of appeasing hunger.

### THE ENGLISH EMPIRE.

"The sun," it is said, "never sets on the Queen's dominions." A Frenchman says, the reason is because the sun is never seen in England at all.

**Railway Miseries. No. XII.**

RAILWAY DIRECTORS REDUCED TO DRIVING THEIR OWN BROUGHAMS AND CABS FOR HIRE.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE LEFT HIS WIFE A WIDOW. HIS DEFENCE OF HIS TYRANNY.

MR. CAUDLE, ere he left this world, had much more "Breakfast Talk" with his unfortunate wife; but it is believed that we have given the principal heads of his discourses: for his topics were like the church bells, they nearly always rang the same morning peal. To the reader who believed in the declaration of the first MRS. CAUDLE that her husband "was really an aggravating man," with her prophecy that "the world would at last know him as well as she did," the conduct of the individual towards the ensnared and unfortunate MISS PRETTYMAN may not afford surprise. CAUDLE himself, however, set up an ingenious if not a credible defence. PRETTYMAN, his brother-in-law, had now and then remonstrated with him. "I don't mean it—upon my life, I mean nothing. I'm very fond of your sister—extremely fond; it's only a habit, my ill-treatment—nothing but a habit."

"A habit!" cried PRETTYMAN, "why that 's what we complain of! That 's what we want you to get rid of."

"Impossible, my dear boy—quite impossible. Having lived so many years with the late MRS. CAUDLE—though I believe her to be a sainted woman notwithstanding—how was it to be expected that I shouldn't make a natural use of my liberty. You don't suppose I was going to suffer MRS. CAUDLE the second to be only another MRS. CAUDLE the first,—so you see I bent the bow the other way."

"And this is your defence?" cried PRETTYMAN.

"My excellent friend," said CAUDLE, "bad temper 's catching. Therefore, let folks beware how they come together. If I 've been a little bit of a tyrant in my second marriage, 'tis only because I was a slave in the first; and all tyrants, my dear boy, are only slaves turned inside out."

"I can make nothing of that figure," said PRETTYMAN, "but this: that in most marriages there are faults on both sides."

"Exactly so," answered CAUDLE, "and both I 've known."

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

## JEAMES'S DIARY.

N acount of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfimus FITZWARREN, I kep my roomb for sevral days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeble twilike; and a light-bloo satting shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observs 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

"It was MARY HANN who summind the House and put an end to my phisty-coughs with FITZWARREN. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting ADOLPHUS, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

"MARY HANN and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. LADY HANGELINA was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, LADY BAREACRES (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by HANGELINA. Now it was a cooling hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of HANGELINA could dispose about the chamber of the hinvyleed. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they *will* give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies, and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beaf or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless HANGELINA brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

"I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old LORD B. and his son, I had mayd my propoasls for HANGELINA, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent. in Hengland.

"'You must break the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father. 'You have my warmest wishes, my dear MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and those of my LADY BAREACRES; but I am not—not quite certain about LADY ANGELINA's feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make ANGELINA understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

"'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me!' says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

"'She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

"'Recklect, gents.' says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging 's a barging—I 'll pay hoff SOUTHDOWN'S Jews, when I 'm his brother—as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—I wouldnt take such *a libbaty*. When I 'm your suninlor I 'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I 'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the noble ouse of Bareacres to its herly splendor. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss imployed by JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire.'

"And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevral thowsnds richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to recrlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new famly of DELAPLUCHES, and to alie myself with the aristoxy of my country.

"These pints I reprasented to pore MARY HANN hover and hover agin. 'If you 'd been LADY HANGELINA, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you: and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I 'm a marter to dooty; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

"There seamd to be a consperracy, too, between that SILVERTOP and LADY HANGELINA to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, PLUCHE,' says he (he was rayther more familliar than I liked), 'in your fight with FITZWARREN!—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous folsood: I should have finnisht FITZ in 10 minnits), for the sake of poor MARY HANN! That 's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy!'

"'CAPTING S.,' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afrayd of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I 'm a British Lion, I am: as brayv as BONYPERT, HANNIBLE, or HOLIVER CRUMMLE,

and would face bagnits as well as any Evy drigoon of 'em all.

"LADY HANGELINA, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. 'MR. DE LA PLUCHE (seshee) why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me!'

"'I adoar you, charming gal!' says I, 'Never, never go to say any such thing.'

"'You adored MARY ANN first;' answers her Ladyship; 'you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*.'

"'Break yours, you adoarible creature! I 'd die first! And as for MARY HANN, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and er. It 's a pang to part with her, (says I my fine hi's filling with tears), but part from her I must.'

It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, LADY HANGELINA, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so dismI—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"'What a sacrifice!' says she, 'it 's like NAPOLEON giving up JOSEPHINE. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

"'It does, says I—Hagnies!' (Another laff.)

"'And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!'

"'I don't know what you 're eluding to about JOSEYFEEN and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he 's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I 'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that 's* what I know, LADY HANGELINA,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, 'Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe, and smoke it.'

"And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

"'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.

## THE CONSTELLATION JONATHAN.

WE hasten to congratulate the scientific world on the discovery of a new constellation, in reference to which the late message of President POLK to Congress contains the following piece of fine writing:—

"Towards Texas, I do not doubt that a liberal and generous spirit will actuate Congress in all that concerns her interest and prosperity, and that she will never have cause to regret that she has united her 'lone star' to our glorious constellation."

The constellation JONATHAN is one to which Astronomy furnishes no parallel, unless, indeed, one of the signs of the Zodiac, Sagittarius the Archer, may be regarded as its representative. JONATHAN, no less than Sagittarius, is an Archer, being a notable shot with the long-bow. "Honour bright" is a saying which is by no means an Americanism. Till America adopts that saying as a maxim, Texas had better let her "lone star" remain alone in its glory, to which it will derive small addition by a connection with the constellation JONATHAN.

### A WEAZEL ASLEEP.

WE can scarcely believe there has been "a Crisis," for LORD BROUGHAM has not come to town.

## ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A DUET.

Out late, *incog.*, but not in grog;
This fact for mention calls—
*Punch* heard, one night, this dialogue
'Twixt the Abbey and Saint Paul's.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ever since I was an Abbey, or, so to speak, a little baby, I never knew anything so shabby, no, not excepting a superannuated tabby!

ST. PAUL'S.

To whom are you alluding? on what wrong may you be brooding? thus on the silence of the night so remarkably an abrupt exclamation intruding?

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the Dean and Chapter's doing, to the course they've been pursuing; which, if they don't abandon it, I fear will prove my utter ruin.

ST. PAUL'S.

And pray how have they ill-used you? mismanaged or abused you, disfigured you, or due repairs and fit and proper maintenance refused you?

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Why, old fellow, don't you know that they 've made me quite a show, which is not at all the purpose I was built for long ago, and is one that I consider exceedingly mean and low?

ST. PAUL'S.

You suffer not alone, your grievance is my own; I, too, have to bemoan that like a curiosity-shop I am daily shown.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I 'm reduced to the condition of the Chinese Exhibition—though that will shortly close—when I shall, goodness knows!—or of the Egyptian Hall, which I don't like at all: I feel, with deep dejection, that I 'm open for inspection, like BURFORD'S Panorama, or MADAME TUSSAUD'S collection.

ST. PAUL'S.

My case is just the same, and I say it is a shame; I am like the Industrious Fleas, or any sight you please; and I 'm sure you will agree, a Cathedral Church like me ought never to have been converted into a sort of WOMBWELL'S Menagerie.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

May I ask you, by the way, how much the public pay to behold your various wonders, hear your whisp'ring gallery's thunders, and listen to your verger's monstrous Cockneyisms and blunders?

ST. PAUL'S.

Four and six, or thereabout, to see me out-and-out, is the sum the showfolks charge ye—by them I mean the clergy—a price my visitors may justly groan at. Now, in return, tell me what are you shown at.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

'Tis but a sixpenny touch, but that's sixpence too much for working-men and such; the nation's church should be, like the British nation, free, for high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple, without money, without price, without reward or fee.

ST. PAUL'S.

That 's exactly what I say, 'tis a monstrous thing to pay to see a church, as if it were a concert or a play. How deplorable our state is! There's the National Gallery *gratis*: so is the British Museum; and here are we, no better than the Colosseum!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

There 's one thing that I know, we are very much below *Mr. Punch's* popular show, to which any one may go; pay if he likes, and if he don't, dispense with doing so.

As plainly heard *Punch*, word for word,
As he ever heard "Marble Halls,"
This grand duet, which he won't forget,
'Twixt the Abbey and Saint Paul's.

## A Prize Peasant Show.

THE custom of stuffing cattle to an unnatural degree, is, we are told, desirable, for the purpose of improving the character of stock, and we should be very glad to see the experiment tried of improving the characters of peasants and agricultural labourers by feeding them. We should very much like to have an annual show of prize poor got up in the numerous districts where the "friends of the working man" are so very busy in cramming cattle with all kinds of herbaceous luxuries. If a good quantity of fat stock is a sign of their owner being a good farmer, surely a good quantity of plump, portly-looking labourers would be a testimonial to the goodness of their employer.

We fear, however, there is no chance for any experiment being made which would involve the necessity of generous dieting. There is a much greater probability of a competition between the NORFOLK and BUCKLAND principles, by a show of rival peasants, fed respectively on peas, starch, and mangel wurzel, or the celebrated promoter of warmth lately introduced to the notice of the poor in the shape of curry powder. We can fancy what a capital catalogue could be made up from the materials of such an exhibition.

No. 1. A short-legged Norfolk labourer. Fed on boiling water and curry powder. Walked thirty miles to the exhibition. Bred in the Norwich workhouse. 1st Prize.

No. 2. A Hampshire labourer. Supported entirely on starch. Brought in a cab half a mile to the exhibition, by Dr. BUCKLAND. 2nd Prize.

No. 3. An old bankrupt thimble-rig proprietor, who since the abolition of gambling at races has been living entirely on his remaining stock of peas, with a slice of mangel wurzel twice a week, and a little starch on Sundays. 3rd Prize.

We think that in order to make the rivalry complete, the Union workhouses should be allowed to send in a limited number of paupers for competition.

## POLICEMEN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

MR. NATHAN, of the Masquerade warehouse, begs to inform the Commissioners, Superintendents, and Inspectors of Police, that, in consequence of the prevailing practice of dressing up policemen in plain clothes, he has added to his wardrobe an extensive stock of disguises suited to every class of society. He undertakes to turn out any letter of the alphabet, or any number in the numeration table, in first-rate style, at the shortest notice. For the purposes of political spying, MR. NATHAN has a variety of fustian jackets of all sizes, with working-men's aprons and brown paper caps *en suite*. Baskets of tools can also be had if required. The Force may also be accommodated with dress coats, Young England white waistcoats, and patent leather highlows, for political meetings. Sporting suits always ready for race-grounds.

N.B. Twenty Policemen can always be got ready as Quakers at five minutes' notice.

## A CARD TO M.P. CANDIDATES.

LORD ALFRED SPENSER CHURCHILL having been recently returned for Woodstock, in opposition to the proposed HENRY MORGAN, Esq., chimney-sweeper, begs to inform any aspiring candidates with equal parliamentary pretensions to his own, that he is willing to give them, for a consideration—the House of Marlborough doing nothing for nothing—practical lessons in the art of addressing a free and independent constituency. The following brief example will indicate LORD A. S. C.'s peculiar mode:—

"Gentlemen, electors, and brother freemen. In presenting myself before you———inseparable union of Church and State———hallowed institutions———wisdom of our ancestors———infamous and unprincipled Anti-Corn-Law League———no surrender———in every sense a Conservative———glorious and matchless constitution———rally round the altar and the throne———three cheers for the QUEEN!"

LORD A. S. C. confidently puts forth the above as the skeleton of a very admirable speech, the breaks to be filled up by a sturdy set of shouting, independent patriots, with voices to be hired at two-and-sixpence per day, exclusive of beer. For further particulars, apply by letter (post-paid) to his Lordship, Windsor Barracks.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN THE CITY.

Y sad mismanagement this inveterate struggle for dominion is still proceeding, and CAPTAIN PHILLIPS of the *Waterman, No.* 6, is now generally regarded as the ABD-EL-KADER of the Thames, while the Pier-keeper has declared himself the EL HYDER of Bridge-street, threatening to hide all that stand in the way of his authority by blocking up the gangways. We have but just returned from the seat of war, and it is with a heavy heart we proceed to relate the result of our visit to the scene of action. As we drew near to the spot, everything seemed to speak of war, forming an awful contrast to the peaceful character of the adjoining districts. The place we had quitted was brimming over with the fruits of tranquillity and commerce. Fleet-street was gay, laughing, and animated. The tea-marts were decked out with their red Christmas berries, telling of quiet homes and all that sort of thing; and the polite arts — which always flourish in peace—the polite arts were being practised at the linen-drapers' shops with their usual effect, by the young men, the *jeunesse dorée* of the city.

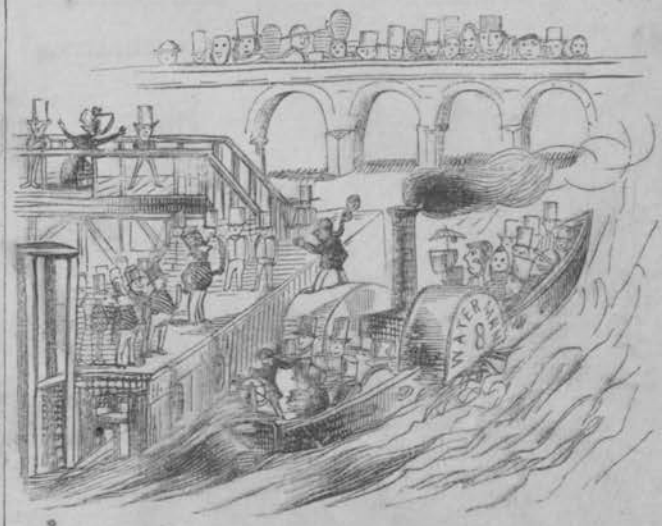
Everything breathed of tranquillity till we turned the corner into Chatham Place, when it became clear that we had got into a country torn by internecine struggles. We found the outposts—consisting of a wooden barrier—in the hands of two of the City cohorts, numbers 6 and 7, to whom we declared ourselves in the character of neutrals. We found 6, a determined but humane man, disposed to cheerfulness, but prepared for the most serious resistance to the invading forces. He seemed to us to be rather a strange compound of the cavalier of CHARLES THE SECOND'S time and the Fine Old English Gentleman of the present day; for he was very cavalier in his treatment of stray boys who approached, probably in the character of scouts, while he tendered to us every information that we desired. 7 was evidently of a more serious turn of mind, but not less ready for action than the mercurial 6; and, altogether, the outpost could not be in better hands.

We ascertained the plan of the campaign to consist of a concentration of all the land forces under a tarpaulin until the arrival of the enemy. A picket of two was to be stationed behind a bill-board, ready to rush out upon any invader who should succeed in passing the first barrier, when he would have been immediately routed.

It will be remembered that this is copied from the beautiful *ruse* of WELLINGTON at Torres Vedras; but as 6 himself magnanimously owned, "No commander need be ashamed to walk in the same shoes as WELLINGTON'S." An enormous breastwork had been thrown up at the outer verge of the dummy; and at the back of the barrier, hidden from the sight of the foe, was planted the flower of the civic raw-lobstery. Nothing could have been more complete than the preparations for giving the foe a warm reception, and the men along the whole line, as well as under the whole of the tarpaulin, were full of spirits, occasionally singing snatches of the "Dashing White Sergeant" and other military melodies.

But now let us look what was passing in the camp—that is to say on the paddle-box—of the enemy. CAPTAIN PHILLIPS called a council of war, which met on the binnacle at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was attended by all the officers. At this meeting a resolution was come to declaring Blackfriars Pier in a state of siege, and a proclamation was issued, dated from the Watermen's *depôt*, offering to take passengers for a penny, on condition of their being able to effect their embarkation or disembarkation at the disputed Pier. This piece of policy puts PHILLIPS on a par with MEHEMET ALI, SHEER DOOLAH, RAMO SAMEE, and other crafty characters, who owe no less to their natural ingenuity than they owe to the sword—RAMO SAMEE, by the way, used to swallow his—and PHILLIPS will go down to posterity with IBRAHIM PACHA, Mr. T. P. COOKE, and other heroes of modern times.

As was expected, the offer of a penny passage drew tribes of passengers to the Waterman's standard, and PHILLIPS left Woolwich with his heart flattering in his bosom and his flag fluttering in the breeze. Our account must here terminate, for the wind was so high that we could not wait any longer on Blackfriars Bridge to wait the arrival of the invaders, who were at least half an hour behind their time.



There was a report that PHILLIPS had become a prisoner at Blackwall, having fallen into the hands of a foraging-party from Greenwich. Later advices said that he had struck his flag, but we afterwards heard that there had been no striking on board the vessel, except on the part of the fifth lieutenant, who had struck the second cabin-boy. It is, of course, utterly impossible to vouch for the accuracy of any of these statements. From the preparations that are made it is to be feared the war will last, and the *lutte* will be undoubtedly of the most *acharnée* kind.

We shall visit the seat of war at least twice a week till further notice, and have made arrangements for establishing a telegraphic communication between the Mansion House and the *Punch* Office.

## NOBLE RESOLUTIONS.

AT a select meeting of British landholders, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That the appetite for food and drink, unfortunately implanted by Nature in the agricultural labourers, is the great cause of their distress and discontent.

2. That for the security and quiet of the landowner, it is expedient that some measures should be taken for allaying this craving for sustenance.

3. That for the better attainment of this object it is advisable to excite competition by the encouragement of ingenuity; and accordingly that prizes, varying in amount, should be awarded by the Aristocracy to the inventors of the best succedaneum for bread, beef, bacon, potatoes, beer, and other eatables and drinkables.

4. That rewards should further be offered for contrivances for superseding fire and clothing, the deficiency of which, no less than that of food, is productive of dissatisfaction amongst the labourers.

5. That thanks are due to His Grace the DUKE OF NORFOLK for his suggestion of curry powder as a sedative to the stomach.

### Examination in Fortification.

VAUBAN'S FIRST SYSTEM.

*Master.* What is external fortification?
*Pupil.* Two great-coats and a woollen night-cap.
*Master.* What is internal fortification?
*Pupil.* A rump-steak and two glasses of brandy-and-water.

## TO PIRATES AND OTHERS.

In consequence of the readiness with which the property of *Punch* is pilfered and appropriated by other parties, who have seized on the Nelson Column, the Hungerford Bridge, the Exeter 'Change Beadle, &c.:

This is to give Notice, that the one volunteer of Brook Green has entered himself at Stationers' Hall, and he will resist any attempts that may be made to drag him into any other service than that to which he is at present devoted.

### DOUBLY HAZARDOUS.

IN the event of the Chelsea Pensioners being called out, a new company will be started to insure their wooden legs against fire.

## CHRISTMAS BOXES.

AS the tradesmen who supply us with goods send round for Christmas-boxes at this festive season of the year, those individuals who supply *Punch* with jokes have been to us for their annual boon. *Punch* always does everything very handsomely, and he has, on the present occasion, behaved with his customary munificence. The following have applied for Christmas-boxes, and received them :—

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who has lately served us pretty regularly with jokes.

LORD BROUGHAM, who has not lately found us such a regular customer as we used to be, and as, when the Parliamentary Session commences, we dare say we shall be again.

MRS. HARRIS has received a Christmas-box, for having undertaken the office of fishwoman, or fishfag, in which character she has brought us something fresh from Billingsgate nearly every day.

PEEL has richly deserved his Christmas-box, for he has been very useful to us by going his rounds.

Little JOHNNY RUSSELL has come to us with his Christmas-piece. He has made a sad mess of it; but we have given him a trifle, nevertheless.

There are a few other well-known characters who have received Christmas-boxes from *Punch*, who kindly acknowledges their readiness to serve him with fresh jokes; and he trusts they will be as punctual in providing him with food for satire and merriment during the ensuing year.

## THE LOVELY GAME LAWS.

STILL game is a sacred thing, and still we must sacrifice to it. Our religion towards hares and pheasants demands supply of victims. News from the Shire-hall, Worcester, assures us that the magistrates of that locality have a faithful, a pious eye towards what they hold to be the vested interest of partridges. One JAMES PALMER, a cowman, has been fined 10*s.* with 13*s.* 6*d.* expenses (sweet is that same expense to the palate of revengeful law), for that he, having shot at a lark

> "Merely for the purpose of discharging the gun, he having taken it out to shoot the rooks which had been picking up his master's newly sown wheat,"—

a covey of partridges rose from the ground, and took wing, leaving behind neither killed nor wounded. The wicked man, we say, was fined: a warning this to all who would shoot at larks, first to take heed lest they disturb the repose of partridges. All the iniquity, however, is not told. A man named PRESTRIDGE was also fined 10*s.*, with 13*s.* 6*d.* costs. His story was this: "He had been sent by his master to shut a gate on the farm, and on his return to the farm he had met the defendant." This meeting of a man with a gun was, in the opinion of the Worcestershire magistrates, a clear offence against the law, and PRESTRIDGE must be punished. According to the old Roman superstition, it was thought bad luck to meet a hare—how much worse the fate of the Englishman who meets another Englishman with a gun thought to be loaded for a hare! The culprit PRESTRIDGE has a wife and three children, and—think of the sum, ye BERKELEYS, ye chivalrous "punchers of the head"—9*s.* a week wherewith to support them. He, however, begged for mercy, and obtained it. Yes, the blessed quality that "falleth like the dew from heaven" descended from the Worcestershire bench on the culprit head of PRESTRIDGE, for he was granted "time to pay it." And with this grace, time of course, and precious opportunity to teach his children due veneration for the wise, the humane Game Laws. For instance, with 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* to be saved from 9*s.* a week, for having met a man with a gun—the sole witness, be it known, was the gamekeeper—many, many slices of bread (butter we do not even dream of) must be saved from the hungry bellies of the young cormorants. Is Mr. BERKELEY an arithmetician? If so, will he work us the subjoined sum?

Given,—A man with wife and three children, at 9*s.* a week, with bread at 10*d.* a loaf!

In what space of time, short of absolute starvation, can 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* be saved from the expenses of the family?

And when this sum shall be satisfactorily worked, will any other admirer of the Game Laws—any clergyman, for instance—resolve us this other, scarcely less important problem?

What—the money being pinched from the bellies of the aforesaid—what amount of respect for the Game Laws, and for those who vindicate them, will remain to the punished?

# THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

SHOWMAN. On your right you will perceive a Prime Minister a Bolishing of hisself. And over your left is another Prime Minister a Bolishing of the Corn-Laws.

MASTER JOHN BULL. But which is the Prime Minister?

SHOWMAN. Which ever you please, my little dear. You pays your money, and you takes your choice.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

COUNSEL. A barrister, whose duty it is to manage the causes of his clients, and get rid of their effects. Some are called Common-law Counsel, to whom law is not common at all, for they are seldom employed; and there are also Chamber Counsel, who sit in their chambers, doing nothing, and so far deserve the name. Counsel are punishable for malpractice by being prohibited from addressing the Court; but that which prohibits Counsel from addressing the Court is not so much malpractice as no practice at all.

COUNT. A foreign title, which may be purchased in Austria or the Papal States at a very low figure. In the new tariff the duty was not expressly taken off foreign Counts, but they probably came under the head of "other live animals." The English title of Earl corresponds with the foreign title of Count, and it is called Earl because it is of early origin.

COURT-MARTIAL. A tribunal for trying military or naval offences, such as the abandonment of posts and fortresses. Thus, if the guard at Storey's-gate were to be thrown off his guard, or if a soldier in command of a fort were to come to the conclusion that soldiering was not his *forte*, and he were to desert, each would be liable to be tried by a court-martial. Behaviour unbecoming an officer or a gentleman is punishable by a court-martial; and it will be observed that an officer and a gentleman are regarded as two distinctly different personages. A court-martial always consists of a number that is uneven, which accounts for the members conducting themselves frequently in a very odd manner. In a trial by jury, all must agree to the verdict; but in trial by court-martial, the major part will bind the rest; and there is a case of a Major who, though differing in opinion from all his brother officers, insisted that, as he represented the major part, his verdict ought to be received. A General who deserts his post may be tried by court-martial, unless he be a general postman who deserts his post, in which case he will not have another trial allowed him.

COURTS, from the Latin word *curia*, because, as some say, people find in courts a cure for their grievances, though the better opinion is that a court is called *curia*, from the curious proceedings that go on within its limits.

CREDIT, signifies the trusting or lending one man's property to another; and my tailor, when he sends me home a coat, gives me credit and does himself credit at the same time if the coat is a good one; so that the obligation is really mutual. Some political economists say there can be no credit without capital. But the absence of capital is the very essence of credit; for when a man has not the capital to pay a bill, it is necessary to give him credit. In a case of credit, the party to whom credit is given is generally called the consumer, though the other party often consumes much time in running after the original consumer without being able to lay hold of him.

### THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

IT would seem that the genial soil of America had a wondrous effect upon some English actors. We are continually reading of its miraculous power on theatrical mediocrity. For instance, we ship a walking gentleman at Liverpool, and at New York he becomes a sparkling light comedian. A melo-dramatic ranter bursts into a first-rate tragedy genius. We have heard of a soil so fruitful that, drop a tenpenny nail in it over night, and it will have grown to a crow-bar in the morning. In the like way, the merest sticks from the English stage, planted in America, blossom and (for themselves) bear golden fruit.

### Singular Exhibition.

THERE has been lately exhibiting at numerous public meetings a Mammoth Ass of the most gigantic kind, far exceeding anything that ever yet was seen in the way of asinine development. The Mammoth Ass is of the Norfolk breed, and has been fed partly on curry powder. It has all the peculiar characteristics of its tribe, and is undoubtedly the greatest donkey of the present day.

## A Trew and ryghte Edyfyinge Balladde;

SHEWING HOW A SEELY YONGE MANNE WOLD SELL HYS SOULE TO SATAN, AND WHAT FOLLOWED THEREFROM.

A YOUTHE there was of changefulle lotte,
Now bryghte, now seedie broune;
Hee called hymselfe "a kiddie swelle,"
And lived upon ye toune.

Hys youthfulle pryme hee waisted alle
In synne and godlesse revell;
And oft played hee unlawfull gaimes,
And oft hee played ye devill.

Atte length a frende, who oft before
Hadde counselled hym to wronge,
With trecherous pitie, acted welle,
Thus wagged hys wilie tongue:

"Thou knowst my garbe how sere before,
Thou seest its bryghtnesse now;
My tinne is flushe: alle this I gayned
By boldnesse, as mayst thou."

"How?" eager eryed ye seedie one;
Thus answered hee of bronze:
"My frende, I maide alle this and more
By Diddelsexe Junctionnes."

"Who may hee bee," thus asked hys frende,
"Who hath such wondrous poure?"
"A necromauncer strange," quothe hee,
"And dwelles in secret boure."

Fulle soone hee stoode within ye roome
Where ye oulde sage dyd dwelle;
Strange lynes around and mystic schryppe
Sette forth a dismalle selle.

"What woldst thou here?" in awfulle voice
Thus asked ye manne of synne;
Ye seedie raskalle wynked hys eye,
And brefely answered "Tinne."

"Sygne here thy naime:"—ye youthe complyed;
"Ere Sol hathe kyssed ye floode
Seven tymes, brynge thou to mee ten droppes
Of humanne heartis bloode.

"And shouldst thou fayle dire shalt thou rue;"
This checked ye youthe hys lauffe;
And straighte hee soughte a potte-house neare,
And called for halfe and halfe.

Daye rolled on daye, hys frendes hee prayed
To aid hym in hys neede;
Each after each, hee tryed them alle—
But not a soule wold bleede.

Soe, when seven sunnes had rase and sette,
Hee fayld hys tryste to keepe,
And recklesse soughte hys lowlie couche,
But not, alas! to sleepe.

When mornynge came, oh dire to telle!
He was hymselfe no more;
On handes and feete of hornie hoofe
He ranne along ye floore.

From heade to foote was shaggie hayre;
Hys brow encyrclynge wragge
O'ertopped a payre of antlers hyghe:
In shorte—he was a stagge!

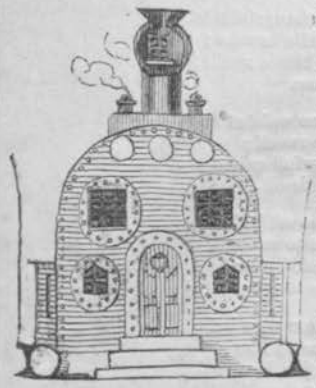
But aye hee mourned hys deadlie synne,
Unpityed and unseene;
And, myndefulle of hys former lyfe,
Still preyed upon ye greene.

MORAL.

Take solemne warnynge ye who hope
Withouten toyle to fattenne,
Lest when ye sygne some mystic schryppe,
Ye sygne yourselves to Satan.

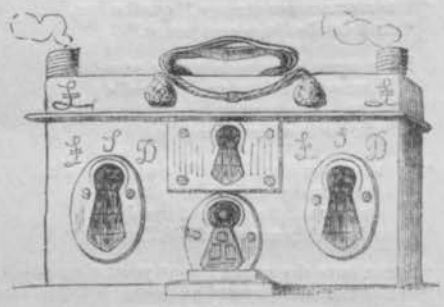
## STREET ARCHITECTURE.

THERE has been a vast improvement of late years in Street Architecture; but we do not think the art has yet reached anything like the perfection of which it is capable. We are of opinion that houses should be built after designs appropriate to the particular classes that are destined to inhabit them. Let us take a Railway Director. What reason can there be for locating him in a structure like that at Albert Gate, with nothing in its appearance to denote the quality of its inhabitant? It is true there are a couple of stags below, but these unhappy animals would not be tolerated in the presence of the Railway King, who should at once drive them from his threshold.

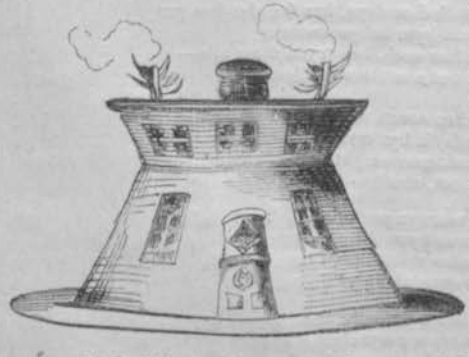


Something in the annexed style would be an admirable design for a Railway Director's residence:—

The abode of a merchant ought surely to be in some way characteristic of its inmate; and the form of a strong box might be adopted, as being not only suited to the subject, but because many modern erections might be easily transformed into the shape suggested. A little external ornamental work would very speedily convert the long pile of mercantile buildings in King William or Moorgate Street into the following chaste design of a strong box; and as home is or ought to be the centre of the affections, there could not be a centre to which the affections of the merchant would fly so naturally as to the object which is here represented:



A few years ago, one would have been thought mad to talk of building houses for authors; but as in these days a literary man is permitted to live somewhat as well as his inferiors, and to have an establishment of his own, we may be pardoned the presumption of offering an architectural design for an author's residence. The shape of an inkstand strikes us, as being at the same time appropriate and convenient. The widening of the structure towards the top affords an opportunity for a good range of garrets, to which early association may have accustomed the literary occupant; and as the "ruling passion" is sometimes strong in prosperity, he may prefer the attic, in conformity with the custom of early years, to the first-floor or basement. The annexed design is at the service of any architect who is bold enough to speculate in erecting half-a-dozen entire houses, with the view of getting authors for his tenants:—



We hardly know whether we are justified in proposing a design for an astronomer's residence. Such people, like winter cabbages, thrive better in the open air; and it would be probably better to plant them out comfortably in hot-beds—as hot as the exposed position of the beds would allow—from which they might watch the stars much more effectively than if they were in doors.

That they may, however, occasionally enjoy a gaze at the stars under shelter of some sort, we would suggest a telescope as a design for an astronomer's residence.

A farmer's residence—now that small farmers have given place to large, and compact healthy cattle have been superseded by monsters fit only for a tallow-chandler in his melting moments—a farmer's residence ought, under these circumstances, to be on a very gigantic scale. Something in the style of the accompanying engraving would make a very characteristic abode for a British agriculturist of the present day.

## CROWNS IN DANGER.

AT the present time the English crown is shown (we think) at sixpence a peep. If the *Frankfort Journal* speak truly, the price must very speedily run down to twopence: and for this reason, diamonds will very soon become nothing better than shining vulgarities. A letter from Rio speaks of diamond mines recently discovered in Brazil. "Hats full of the stones have been picked up, and brought away. Two-thirds are of a yellowish tinge, and do not possess the usual hardness of the diamond, but many of them are very fine." What follows is really alarming: "Every one who has diamonds on hand is endeavouring to sell them at the best price they can obtain, fearing a great reduction in the value." We are assured from persons in the confidence of the editor of the *Morning Post*, that that distinguished individual looks upon the circumstance as one calculated to bring many imperial crowns into great contempt. The matter is really serious. For only consider, how much some sort of nobility owes to its diamonds. Like a very ill-favoured picture, set with brilliants, it hardly becomes worth the keeping, when the stones are picked out. And then again for stars and orders! What, for instance, would be LORD LONDONDERRY and other kindred spirits, without diamonds to make them sparkle in the eyes of the vulgar? They would, we fear, pass for very little better than the common; whereas now, they are jewels of folks. Imagine the revolution in high life, if we are to have diamonds for the million! It is to take the dearest, noblest privilege from the rich. Strange as the story from Rio may appear, we incline to believe it; from the fact that several English peeresses (no, we will not give their names,) have already disposed of their brilliants, whilst there is anything like a market for them, with the benevolent intention of dividing the proceeds among the poor. It is their noble intention to turn their diamonds into potatoes.

### It's Never Too Late.

IT is never too late to begin anything. JULES JANIN was not ashamed to learn English after he had translated the "Sentimental Journey."

It is never too late to finish anything. JOSEPH HUME confessed it took him ten years over his first joke.

It is never too late to go home. The SPEAKER of the House of Commons has often been taken in with the milk.

It is never too late to retract anything offensive. MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH most handsomely stopped his *Revelations of London* at the 39th chapter.

It is never too late to give up a bad habit. An old lady, aged 92, ceased taking in the *Standard* last week, after having been addicted to it for upwards of five months!!

### SOMETHING IN A NAME.

THE second title of the NORFOLK family is that of EARL OF SURREY. We understand the present head of the illustrious race intends to change Surrey into Curry; for he insists that the latter was the original title, of which the former is merely a corruption.

## THE DELAPORTE TESTIMONIAL.

It is the prime excellence of goodness to beget what is good. Truth engenders truth. Our readers are already aware that a testimonial is about to be presented to LIEUTENANT WAGHORN—that he is only a Lieutenant, should, we think, call a faint blush into certain faces at the Admiralty—for his having shortened the overland route to India. Merchants are grateful, and are resolved to reward the indefatigable man accordingly. Well, a distinguished knot of dramatic translators have taken the hint, and have resolved to present a testimonial to MR. DELAPORTE, the enterprising importer of French Vaudevilles and Melodramas. By taking the route from Boulogne *viâ* Folkestone, and by then starting direct west from the Bricklayer's Arms Station instead of going to the London Bridge Terminus, MR. DELAPORTE has hitherto distanced by at least half-an-hour all other dealers in French plays; and the consequence is that the English dramatist subscribing to MR. DELAPORTE, may be at least half an act in advance of his translating competitor who buys at any other shop. We have heard of a recent instance which proves the value of this speed. For on one occasion, a translation by one of DELAPORTE'S men was absolutely in rehearsal at the very time that three other translations, by men patronising the other route, were presented at the stage-door. We have heard that the Testimonial is to be a small, but very elegant, bed-candlestick and extinguisher, originally of French metal, but appropriately translated into the very best Britannia.

## DR. BUCKLAND'S EATING-HOUSE.

AN eating-house on a novel, economic, and scientific principle, is about to be established, to be called the "Dr. Buckland's Head;" the dishes at which establishment will be prepared on the principle recommended by the Reverend DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, who has identified himself with a new plan for feeding the people. The Doctor's favourite dishes of starch, peas, and mangel wurzel, will be served up in every variety, to tempt the public appetite. There will be an ordinary at one, consisting of three courses, the first of which will consist of—

FALSE COLLARS *A LA* BRUMMELL,

which will comprise a very strong starchy soup, the nutritious qualities of which will be quite indisputable. This will be followed up by

MOUCHOIR DE POCHE *A LA* TUTBURY,

consisting of a delicious *entree* of fricasseed pocket-handkerchiefs, starched to the same degree that was found so beneficial in prolonging the existence of the old lady of the place alluded to. This will be followed by a third course of

SPLIT PEAS *AU NATUREL*;

and for the benefit of those who prefer it, there will be the alternative of BURNT BONES. There will of course be

MANGEL WURZEL *A DISCRETION*,

which will render the eatables complete, while the drinkables will consist of

*EAU CHAUDE A LA* POLAR PARTY.

We have very little doubt that a few eating-houses established on these principles in different parts of the town, would be eminently successful as speculations; and we strongly recommend some enterprising individual, with capital enough to buy a pint of peas, a pound of starch, and a bunch of mangel wurzel, to try the experiment.

## SPEECH RESTORED TO "THE UPPER CLASSES."

THE "down-trodden aristocracy of England" have, at last, found a voice. Farmers have their *Mark Lane Express*, Free Traders their *League*, Political Economists their *Economist*, Milliners their *Belle Assemblée*, the Masses their *Weekly Dispatch*, Licensed Victuallers their *Morning Advertiser*, Footmen their *Post*, the World its *Times*; but "the upper classes of society," it seems, have hitherto struggled on silently, their sufferings unrecorded, their acts of beneficence unchronicled, their ideas untyped. Much pondering these things, JOHN BURKE, author of the "Peerage and Baronetage," has undertaken to edit the *Patrician!* which, "unbiassed altogether by politics and party, will be especially devoted to "the upper classes of society:" so says the advertisement.

Some may suggest that, since the pulpit, the magisterial bench, the artist's studio, the milliner's work-room, the saloons of Crockford's, the drawing-rooms of Baker Street and Bloomsbury, are "especially devoted" to the upper classes, they might, perchance, have found a voice without calling in the aid of the Fourth Estate. But not so—there are agricultural dinners given in which his Lordship's speech, or his Grace's sentiment, are ruthlessly curtailed—nay, by irreverent reporters' hands reduced to accordance with vulgar rules of grammar. There are speeches of baronet or lordling, which the "gallery," not being sufficiently "devoted to the upper classes of society," burks outright,—there are midnight sprees, which common newspapers call "ruffianly," though baronets be the heroes of them; ducal or lordly prosecutions, which a levelling press has ventured to style "tyrannical." One Honourable's verses have been branded as twaddle; a Marquis's travelling journal held up aloft to laughter; and not even royal *battues* held sacred from the lash of journalism. Thanks to the author of the "Peerage and Baronetage," these revolutionary blots will no longer deform the fair face of society. The upper classes have found a voice. "*Orson* is endowed with reason," and the world stands a-tiptoe for the oracular utterance.

How grateful the world should be to the *Patrician!*—we, *Punch*, especially. We shall no longer have our insight into the life of "the upper classes" bounded by what of it JENKINS could snatch, with a fearful joy, from servants' halls or through area railings. We shall no longer form our judgment of noble *battues* from the prejudiced reports of gentlemen of the press, or our notions of aristocratic eloquence from the unsatisfactory specimens in the *County Herald*.

## THE FARMER'S CORN LAW SONG.

I REMEMBER—I remember—when the price was very high,
I 'd my hunters for December, and my racers for July;
On my brow, PEEL, on my brow, PEEL,
There are sad signs of care;
For the prices are not now, PEEL,
What once the prices were.

I was merry—I was merry—when the 'lectioneerers came;
And the Squire, he said the prices would always be the same!
Now I 've no one, now I 've no one,
To say a word of cheer;
For the Squire and 'lectioneerers
They never come anear.

## Jullien's Comic Quadrilles.

M. JULLIEN having resolved on continuing his Promenade Concerts for one month, has given his reasons for doing so. The first reason he alleges is the early meeting of Parliament, but as his month will have expired just as Parliament opens, there is something of the *non sequitur* in this part of his reasoning. However, we must not look too closely into M. JULLIEN'S logic, and we congratulate him on the prolongation of his series. He advertises several novelties for his extended term, and we understand that he intends getting up "Those Evening Bells," with a band of two hundred performers, introducing the real muffin-bell and postman's-bell, with solo parts for street-door bells, to be rung *ad libitum* by any of the sporting young gents., who after the shop-hour frequent these concerts. The grand national air of "Walker the Two-penny Postman," is also in preparation, with all the celebrated double-knock effects, and a terrific *larghetto* played upon one hundred real knockers. The "Light Guitar" is in rehearsal for a band consisting of one thousand guitars; and the "Arab Steed" is to be done for JULLIEN'S own benefit, with the whole of BATTY'S stud of horses.

## A PERSECUTED CLASS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Knot avvin bin tant too rite Eye get a frend too right for me too tell U of migh murssyless purssycooter man, hoo Eye am Surry too say, robs me of haf the clothin natcher has givin too us, and leaf us in wimther eggsposed too coald and whet. Pray speke for us and oblige all our race.

"Yours very Affeckshunately,

"*Portman Square.*" "A. POODLE.

## CALLING OUT OF THE MILITIA.

THIS splendid band of veterans, who distinguished themselves at all the great metropolitan fires during the war, and gave an undying reputation to Wormwood Scrubs by several field days and quarterly reviews, will be called out into active service, in conformity with an order from SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Lancaster and its two corpulent serjeants are already up in arms. The *dépôt* has been searched, and a sabertash has been discovered, which the two old serjeants are disputing the possession of. Military enthusiasm is not yet dead in the North, for the two serjeants have often fought their battles over and over again in the tap-room of the public-house, and they have written a round-robin to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, to state that Lancaster will do its duty,-if it may have its regimentals repaired, the handles of its swords re-lacquered, and its muskets newly mounted with percussion locks, instead of the old triggers.

At Brook Green the same spirit prevails. The one volunteer has purchased some gunpowder, and is going through the whole of the platoon exercise, by firing at an old plaster-of-paris cast of the head of NAPOLEON. He also rushes in among the geese, brandishing a walking-stick, and exclaiming, "Up, guards, and at 'em," after the manner of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. This looks well for the prospects of the country. It is cheering to know, that if America declares war, she must cut her way through the heart and flannel waistcoat, the shirt, the bosom, and the surtout of the one volunteer of Brook Green, before she can take a permanent footing in our native land. Hip! hip! hurra!

## BETWEEN THE PRINCE AND THE "POST."

THE *Post* speaks of a rumour that PRINCE ALBERT is desirous of the office of Commander-in-Chief: the principal claim of his Royal Highness being, we presume, on his number of portraits as Field-Marshal. Certainly, no man has oftener had his sword drawn for the benefit of his country. The *Post*, however, will not believe in this, as we think, laudable ambition of the PRINCE CONSORT. No: the *Post* has a most intimate acquaintance with the Royal ALBERT'S thoughts and opinions:

"The Prince is not an ambitious man. He is satisfied—and *he has good reason to be so*—with domestic endearments."

Good reason to be satisfied! Of this pleasing fact the *Post* is, of course, well assured. Its habits of intimacy with the illustrious couple renders it an undoubted authority. The Prince, according to the same source, is also satisfied—

"With the position he so deservedly holds as the *liberal Mæcenas* of the Fine Arts!"

If this be really true, then is his Royal Highness the most easily satisfied Prince we ever heard or read of. He is moreover satisfied—

"With the pleasure he must derive from giving a laudable example to English country gentlemen *as a master of hounds*, and to English agriculturists as a successful breeder!!

And therefore is it likely that the Prince, blessed as he is with *placens uxor*; with the profound gratitude and high admiration of all professors of the arts; with the treasures of his kennel; and his prizes at the cattle-show—is it likely that he would forego the true glory associated with these things, for the noisy, vapid honours of the Horse-Guards! The DUKE OF WELLINGTON has a hundred orders and medals, commemorative of victories bought with human blood: but what are they to the medals distributed at the Bazaar, significant of the triumphs of oil-cake, mangel-wurzel, and good swedes!

## PANICS *versus* POLITICS.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"We, the undersigned, make this appeal to your benevolence, in the confident hope that it will not be disregarded. We earnestly entreat you to use your powerful interest to restore us to that notoriety of which we have been wrongfully deprived. But a month ago the whole interest and attention of the public was divided between us two; and we now keenly feel that we are altogether neglected, and, if we may use the expression, "snubbed." Then we were in everybody's mouth; now nobody thinks, talks, or cares about us. We owe this loss of importance and consideration to that odious Ministerial Crisis, which has—we were about to say fairly—most unfairly snuffed us out. We know that you are a friend to Free Trade: now, the Ministerial Crisis is a monopolist, and has no right to be the all-engrossing topic. Pray, therefore, exert your vast influence to put the Ministerial Crisis down—at least a peg or two—and to reinstate us in our position with the public.

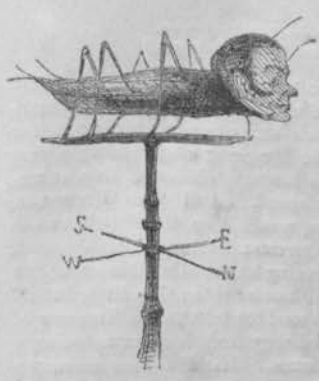
"We are, SIR, your obedient Servants,

"THE RAILWAY PANIC, and
"THE POTATO PANIC."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1846.

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER ON THE LATE CRISIS.

[*From the "Kelso Snuff Mull."*]




THE following manly and straightforward letter has been addressed to our respected townsman, MR. MACFARLANE, by a gentleman holding a distinguished public situation in London. It is the testimony of a person whose means of information cannot be questioned; and when we name the writer, MR. MACPUNCH, of Fleet Street, the public will agree with us, that the composition (like every other by the same pen) does honour to the head and heart of our countryman:—

"We are out of office, and LORD GREY has done it all. For my own part, I told LORD JOHN that, provided he would go for a total Corn Law repeal, I was his man. We all said so. MACAULAY said so. LORD JOHN agreed. At the eleventh hour in comes GREY, and says he will not act with PALMERSTON as Foreign Minister; and the embryo Cabinet is destroyed by that ill-timed objection, and the pangs and travail of a week end in bitter disappointment.

"You will, perhaps, be anxious to know, my dear MACFARLANE, how this interposition of my LORD GREY could ruin the just-formed Administration. You will ask, is it possible that the world could not go on without LORD GREY and with LORD PALMERSTON, or without LORD PALMERSTON and with LORD GREY? Is each of these noblemen absolutely necessary to the welfare of the empire, and can't we survive unless we have both of them in a Whig Ministry?' You picture to yourself Death intervening—you fancy that though GREY should perish, or TEMPLE be carried off to ancestral vaults, or both eat each other up and expire: yet the kingdom would survive, the sun would rise pretty much as usual, and the stocks (after a period of mourning) would rally.

"In this, my dear MAC, you are in gross error. You do not seem to understand that the Whigs are our natural leaders—appointed by Heaven and the Red Book to rule and govern us. There are about a dozen of this privileged class of noblemen—set apart from the rest of the world—having government vested in them, as priesthood is in the Brahmins, or was in the tribe of Levi. Read the *Court Circular* about these Whigs—these great irrevocable rulers of ours. They see nobody else; they keep aloof from the world which they govern. It is LORD JOHN goes to Minto House, or MINTO to LORD JOHN; or LORD PALMERSTON gave a dinner to LORD MINTO and LORD LANSDOWNE; or, the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE entertained at Bowood, LORD MINTO, LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, &c. They see only one another, these great Signors. They decide in their conclaves what is good for us, no doubt. The working people, headed by your COBDENS and VILLIERS's, work, and toil, and strive—organise the forces of the country against the Corn Laws—beat it down; and then LORD JOHN comes nobly in, and says, 'Well done, my heroes; you have conquered in this battle, and I place myself at your head. I have been opposed to your measures for a long, long time; but you have fought your fight so well, that I condescend to lead you. I am your natural aristocracy, I and PALMERSTON, and GREY, and the rest of us. Our services are priceless. We intend to come into the Ministry upon your shoulders.'

"It was in this way that LOUIS-PHILIPPE walked into Paris after the three days' fighting and revolution in 1830; and blessed the people; and took the profits, and has ruled ever since as Managing Director of the French Nation. PHILIPPE was always a Whig. He lived in England, and profited by our institutions. There are forty Articles in the Whig faith; the thirty-nine we know of, and the fortieth is:—'It is ordained by Heaven, and decreed by the laws of Nature, that the Whig Lords should have governance and authority over the people of England.'

"LORD JOHN is not a proud man, very likely, but he has these convictions before-named, and acts upon them. There you have a proof how honest he is. He conceives the Country can't be governed without LORD PALMERSTON and LORD GREY. They must rule, or Downing Street has no charms for him. So he doesn't hesitate a moment: Office he resigns; it is impossible without LORD PALMERSTON—the country may go to the deuce; he can't preserve it without LORD GREY.

"I tremble to think, my dear MACFARLANE, that some desperate atheists may be even now thinking of denying this old dynasty altogether, and asking, 'Suppose GREY goes, and RUSSELL afterwards, and PALMERSTON the God of War, and all the race of MINTO? Suppose, when one lord can't agree with t'other lord, the third lord finds it necessary to break up a Government: is all England to be balked because their Lordships are so squeamish?'

"I, for my part, however, must not speak. I was looking forward to the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office as *my* berth, and may be considered an interested party. In my opinion the Whigs are so necessary, that——that I don't happen to know anybody else to take their place. But, O my dear friend! why—why wern't GREY or PALMERSTON out of the way?

"Ever yours, truly,

"To P. MAC FARLANE, ESQ., *Edinburgh.*" "T. B. MACPUNCH.

## INFIDEL TURKEY AND CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.

WE gather from a writer in *Blackwood*, that we might learn lessons of wisdom and humanity even from the barbarous Turks. In Turkey, the Criminal Code has been so much amended, that—

"The extreme repugnance of the present Sultan to sign death-warrants, even in cases which in this country would be considered as amounting to wilful murder, has rendered capital punishments extremely rare."

Hence, we much doubt whether benighted Constantinople would offer such ghastly exhibitions, as have this week edified the population of Christian London. The Divan does not shed blood in revenge: the Council of St. James's still demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, after the good old Jewish way. The English Minister hangs according, as he says, to the Bible; whilst it would seem the barbarous Turk legislates in the benevolent spirit of the New Testament.

## Seeing the Old Year Out and the New Year In.

THERE has been so much "seeing out" and "seeing in" for the last few weeks, in a ministerial point of view, that it was quite a relief to have a change, in the "seeing out" of the old year and the "seeing in" of its successor. The poor old year made his exit very gracefully, but an immense number of parties were given upon the occasion, as if everybody was really very glad to get rid of him. There is one peculiarity about the farewell of an old year; namely, that however popular a performer he may have been in his time, there is no calling him on again or prevailing upon him, as the Manager does upon SIGNOR RUBINI, to undertake at least eight or nine positively final engagements.

The year 1845 made his positively last appearance on the terrestrial stage and went through his day with as much freshness and energy as if he had been just commencing his career, instead of quitting it. There was perhaps a little too much tendency to rant and bluster, for he puffed and blew very terrifically in several parts of his concluding performance. His exit was however remarkable for finish; and when he heard the first stroke of twelve, his descent through the trap of Time into the fathomless abyss of the Past was truly magnificent.

In order to give every aid to the situation, several families had prepared snapdragons, which diffused a blue glare over the whole scene, and bathed it in a lurid light that was quite in character with the incident to which it was an accompaniment. Our own view of the grand *tableau* was rendered still more effective by the sudden and ingenious removal of a lamp from the apartment, as the old year went out; while the accidental upsetting of a tea-tray by an awkward domestic on the staircase was a little unrehearsed effect, that enhanced the solemn interest of the scene amazingly, by giving the idea of a gong which is inseparable from all the recognised notions of things of this description.

### THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION.

ALDERMAN GIBBS has been elected—that is to say, has elected himself again—Churchwarden of Walbrook. He proposed himself, seconded himself, voted for himself, and declared himself elected. He then returned thanks in a neat speech to himself in the glass, and concluded by giving three cheers for himself. In the evening the honourable gentleman dined with his constituents. Covers were laid for one.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

CURATE, PERPETUAL. A poor parson, who gets a curacy of fifty pounds per annum; who, never getting any preferment, finds himself a perpetual curate and nothing beyond.

CURATOR. From the Latin *cura*, care. A Roman public officer. There were *Curatores viarum*, who were classical Surveyors of the Roads; *Curatores operum publicorum*, who comprised the Roman Board of Works; *Curatores Tiberis*, equivalent to our Conservators of the Thames; and who, probably, went annually swan-hopping up the

Tiber. We must not, however, confound the dignified office of Roman Curator with that of the curator at a museum; who is responsible for the safe custody of the polished oyster-shells, filed butterflies, and stuffed sparrows, of which a museum frequently consists.

CURRENCY, from *currere*, to run, is a term applied to money, probably on account of the tendency which all money has to run away.

CUSTOMS, or USAGES, are old habits of which no one can recollect the origin, and which, when recognised by judicial decision, have the force of law. The commencement of the custom must, however, be buried in oblivion before it becomes dark and obscure enough to be admitted to an equality with the law of the land. One of the customs recognised by the courts is called the law of the road, which is chiefly entitled to be considered as a law because of its paradoxical nature; for "if you go right you go wrong, and if you go left you go right" has been the rule of the road from time immemorial. This custom is, no doubt, as old as CÆSAR and CASWALLON, who, when they fought in their chariots, drove to the left that their right hands might be left free to give each other battle—or, to speak more familiarly, to pitch into each other with the greater freedom. Some customs which are inconvenient to a few, but afford recreation to the many, are tolerated if no one can remember their commencement; such as the custom of playing at cricket on a common, which, though occasionally involving the bowling out the eye of a passenger, will be permitted if no one can call to mind who was the first to have his eye pitched into. Reiterated user will not make a custom; as if a boy uses himself repeatedly to knock at my door and then run away, it is not a good custom, but he may find me an ugly customer when he least expects it.

### A GOLDEN RULE FOR CERTAIN WRITERS.

IF an Earl makes a speech for the Abolition of the Corn-Laws, call him "an itinerant spouter." If, on the other hand, he holds forth for monopoly, write him down "a truly eloquent and enlightened lord."

## NICHOLAS SNUBBED.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS has been to Rome, to see the Pope. The meeting began with great civility,

> "And so between his Darkness, and his Brightness,
> There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness."

In a short time, however, the Pope took his Emperorship in hand, as our correspondent assures us, dealing the knout upon the Emperor's soul, as lustily as the Emperor's executioner ever knouted a Polish matron. Some aver that the Emperor shed tears; a fact borne out by the discovery of certain small globules of iron subsequently found where the Emperor stood. And then NICHOLAS, taking the good old man by surprise, would kiss the Pope's hand; whereupon his Holiness, turning to CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI, quoted, in a low voice, from SHAKSPEARE, glancing at the tainted member the while—"All the spices of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

And then the Pope had the hardihood to talk to the Emperor of death and judgment: it must be owned very free, very extraordinary subjects to be broached to imperial ears. His Holiness even suggested to NICHOLAS that he might some day be called on to "render an account of his government;" whereupon, we learn that the Emperor turned a little pale, and shook somewhat,—possibly, seeing for a moment the blood of mangled Poland—possibly hearing her multitudinous shrieks. And the end of all this was, a promise on the part of NICHOLAS that he would not treat his Roman Catholic subjects like oxen, but really allow them some liberty of soul. And with this promise, and crest-fallen like an eagle with the pip, he departed from the Holy Father.

And then the Emperor tried the old Imperial way. He gave money to Roman charities: he bought statues and pictures; but the stale trick did not succeed. The Romans treated NICHOLAS with marked contempt; in which they certainly showed higher morality than many of the English aristocracy. They would not forget his wholesale robberies because he gave a few thousand scudi to the poor—they would not forget his hourly cruelties practised on ten thousand images of breathing humanity, because, forsooth, he may have bought Mercy in marble, and the Son of Mercy on canvas.

## WANTED—A YOUNG MAN.

WANTED, A YOUNG MAN! How frequent a heading is this to advertisements! How numerous are the reflections which it engenders! For how many purposes a young man may be wanted! Policemen occasionally want a certain sort of young man. Recruiting serjeants are continually in want of young men. But the young man assumes a more interesting character when we consider how often he is wanted to go shopping, to escort to exhibitions, to do the agreeable at pic-nics.

In what request is the young man, if nice, for the small tea-party! How often is the young man in request for the Polka! How frequently, if rich, is he wanted for a partner in a commercial house! How much more often,—and if rich, even yet more so,—as a partner of another description! From the area to the drawing-room, the young man is constantly wanted.

SIR ROBERT PEEL wants young men to attend Railway Committees. We thus see that young men are wanted everywhere; and yet the guardian, the uncle, the parent, are constantly complaining that young men have nothing to do!

### Nuts for Joinville.

MANY other appointments at the Admiralty have been made as well as LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S, and they promise to be equally conducive to the interests of the British Navy. The waterman at the Charing Cross cab-stand, in consideration of his many years of active service, has been made an Admiral of the Blue, whilst the command of the Mediterranean Fleet has been offered to one universally pronounced to be in every respect qualified to undertake it. We need not say we mean LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

### NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *Times'* Commissioner writes thus of the cottages of Derrynane Beg:—"The cottages inside were almost invariably quite dark, and filled with smoke." Why, of course. How otherwise could MR. O'CONNELL gather the Repeal Fund from poverty and ignorance, if he did *not* keep them "quite dark, and filled with smoke"!

## THE POLITICAL WHITTINGTON.

"Turn again, Bobby! Three Times Prime Minister."

## THE LORD MAYOR AND BABY THIEVES.

It has not, for some time, been our good fortune to be called upon to eulogise a Lord Mayor. We have now exceeding pleasure in acknowledging the wisdom and philanthropy of his present Lordship (the late never gave us a chance). A few days since, three boys—mere children—were brought to the Mansion House, charged with stealing a few peas, whereupon his Lordship eloquently bemoaned the condition of the helpless creatures who, flung in want and idleness upon the streets of London, became, of course, the vilest thieves. It is their natural growth. They are as much reared for Newgate as many of the beautiful babies, taken their morning airings in the Parks, are reared for hereditary legislators. Some are born for the House of Lords and some for the House of Correction; and a wise, paternal Government, looks placidly on the infant starveling of the street, seeing it grow into a thief, and then—with a most virtuous wrath—visiting upon the offender imprisonment, and final slavery. We are quite ready to hear all this called Quixotism—a foolish attempt to make the world better than it is. We only ask, what would society have been, had there been no men with pens in their hands, to put down the manifold wrongs committed by society—that society might be shamed into amendment? Hear the Lord Mayor of London on this theme:—

"Society became responsible for the contamination to which poor children were subjected. There was a total absence of restraint or good example, and the very ingenuity displayed in the little acts of dishonesty perpetrated by those of tender years, was encouraged by the laughter, and in some cases by the approbation, of the lookers-on. There was no calamity in his mind comparable to that which sprang from the bringing up of youth in habits and practices of idleness and vice. The Legislature spent hours and days in discussing *the principle of education*. Could the minds of the representatives of the people be more admirably, more benevolently employed *than in devising the means* of correcting the awful evil which was always before the eyes of the magistrate, and was almost as frequently encountered by men concerned in the ordinary transactions of town life."

Quite true, your Lordship. The Legislature has talked so long about the principle of education—has so long debated on the theory—that it has quite overlooked the practice. To be sure, Parliament has voted money for the schoolmaster. On one occasion it absolutely gave 10,000*l.* for the education of the people; yes, the magnificent sum of 10,000*l.* in the very session, if we remember truly, it voted 70,000*l.* for Windsor stables. Ten Thousand *versus* Seventy! People *versus* Horses! How much better would it have fared with the three destitute children brought before the Lord Mayor, had they only had the good luck to have come into this world as Windsor colts!

## TESTIMONIALS FOR THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S CURRY.

"Sir,—I have been for years subject to apoplectic attacks. A friend recommended me to try your celebrated curry powder. I persevered, against considerable nausea, for ten days, and I am so reduced now, that my medical man assures me that I shall never have another fit of apoplexy as long as I live.

"I remain, Sir,
"Your altered Servant,
"Anthony Gawge."

"Benevolent Sir,—I have thirty little boys entrusted to my matronly care; and wishing to add to their comfort, I have given them, every morning and evening, a large mixture, compounded of the materials so kindly suggested to you by a lady, for whom I shall always feel the greatest gratitude. The boys like it much better than the milk-and-water they used to have before; but I am sure they cannot be so grateful to you for the suggestion as their affectionate mother and mistress,

"Deborah Birch.

"*Dove's Nest,*
"*Preparatory School for little boys from* 3 *to* 20."

"Sir,—I like your curry very much. I tried it yesterday with a rabbit, and it is astonishing how it improved it. It was exceedingly warm and comfortable.

"Hoping you will believe me,
"I remain, worthy Sir,
"Your obedient Servant,
"Ebenezer Foguet.

"P.S. You may make any use you like of this."

"Honourable Sir,—I was at a loss to know how I could reduce the expenses of the workhouse of which I am the Master. Your recommendation, however, has helped me out of the difficulty. I have prescribed it in all manner of ways, both in hot and cold water, and can safely say it goes a very great way. I give each pauper a pinch, and I never knew the instance of one asking for more.

"Every workhouse in the kingdom and every pauper in it should thank you, Sir. At all events, you may depend on the gratitude of

"Your obedient Servant,
"Thos. Flint Hardy.

"I expect to save 40*l.* a year by it."

"Sir,—Two months ago,—*i. e.* before the Panic,—I was a Railway Director, with a fund of 2,000,000*l.* at my disposal—on paper. I was then luxuriating on all the delicacies of the season, from Champagne to Carrara water; but now I am living on your inestimable curry. You cannot imagine, with plenty of boiling water, how warm it is; and I am sure it must be very healthy, because I always leave off eating it with an appetite. Besides, I am no longer subjected to the dreadful headaches I invariably had after eating and drinking in the days of my credit and prosperity. Another recommendation for your curry is, that a little of it is as good as a feast. One pinch always satisfies me.

"Yours, anything you like,
"Reginald Pentonville.

"*Whitecross Prison.*
"Please send me fifty boxes."

"Generous Sir,—You will mightily oblige me by sending me a shipload of your beautiful curry. I wish to distribute it to my tenantry at this time of the year, when famine and disease are running over the country like a regiment of Saxon soldiers, killing everybody they meet. I cannot bear to see my poor tenants crying for food over an empty pot, as long as I have the means to buy them something to put into it, which will make their hearts warm and comfortable. Sure a few pinches of curry will not be the less welcome to them because they are offered by the liberal hand of their Regenerator and Liberator,

"Daniel O'Connell.

"Direct them to *Derrynane Beg.* There are hundreds who will bless the day they get it!"

## MRS. HARRIS'S EXPRESS.

The fuss Mrs. Harris is making about her one express reminds us a good deal of the cackling of the old hen over her one egg. She has been at considerable pains to show the public how she managed to accomplish this feat, probably fearing that unless it can be shown in detail how it was done, no one will believe that she ever contrived to do it.

For our own parts we are inclined to think, that, to accomplish this great achievement, there must have been some witchcraft at work, and we suspect that our engraving throws some light on the means by which the affair was carried into execution. We believe that Mrs. Harris rode over the Channel, on her umbrella, in the style in which the witches of old were accustomed to travel about across the backs of their broomsticks. We shall perhaps be able, in our next, to give some amusing details of the difficulties the old lady had to encounter in the course of her one exploit.

## THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am one of the persons who take the twopences at the door of St. Paul's. I might, I know, have made common cause with the Whispering Gallery, the Ball and Cross, the Library, and the Vaults; but I choose to write by myself, representing as I do the body of the Church. I stand upon my own individual twopence!

"Well, Sir, I have read in the *Standard* (and therefore know it can be no joke) the following disastrous news:—

"'Her Majesty the Queen having been graciously pleased to command that for the future no fee shall be taken from any person visiting the state apartments at Windsor Castle, we are authorised to give notice, that from the 1st of January next, in accordance with regulations issued by the Lord Chamberlain, tickets for the admission of visitors to the state apartments may be obtained, *gratis*.'

"And then follows a list of printsellers, of whom the aforesaid tickets are to be had.

"Her Gracious Majesty being the head of the Church, it is my special wish to speak of her with becoming reverence. But, Sir, when the Church is put in danger, it is my duty, as a subject and a Church money-taker, to speak out.

"Well, then, is it not plain that if the Queen allows her subjects to see all her state rooms for nothing—if she once gives her people a taste (I must with all respect say it), a low and vulgar taste for *gratis*—is it not plain, I ask, that folks will refuse to pay to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey?

"Consider, Sir, the tremendous influence of Her Majesty's high example. When people can see all the pictures, and all the golden furniture, and the satins, and velvets, and tapestries of Windsor Castle for nothing, is it likely that they will out with their twopences and their testers to see a show at a Cathedral or Abbey? Will John Jones and family, having acquired the depraved taste of seeing the Queen's cabinet *gratis*, put down ready money for a peep at Nelson's coffin? I need scarcely say to you,—it isn't in human nature to do so.

"Foolish, short-sighted people, who can't look deeper than an inch at most into a millstone, may see nothing in this but at the most a loss of fees. But I, and my brother money-takers, know that with the fees are tied up—tight as the strings of a bishop's apron—the interests of true religion. What people see for nothing, they soon learn to care nothing for. It is this amazing truth, Sir (it cannot be otherwise), that has made Deans and Chapters solemn show-folks. For people to have a true notion of the Ball and Cross they must pay for 'em. It is this very fact that makes the Bench of Bishops so very interesting—so very dear to the public. I will suppose, for instance, that the Bishop of Exeter hadn't above a thousand a year. I will suppose him without Bishopstowe, and his town house, and his carriages, and everything that surrounds him with a glorious halo of money—they paint the halo about early Saints after a different fashion;—well, do you think that the ignorant world would love him, just as they do at the present time, and for nothing but his humility, and gentleness, and loving-kindness to all men? I fear not.

"Therefore, it behoves the Clergy to be up and stirring—it behoves the Bishop of London and the folks of Westminster Abbey to look about 'em. The Abbey wax-work is in danger—the Henry the Seventh's Chapel may—so to speak it—be snuffed out by the Queen's boudoir.

"As I know that the Bench of Bishops, to a man, read your inestimable pages, I appeal to them through you. Let a meeting of the Clergy be called immediately; and let a most respectful, but withal firm address, be voted to Her Majesty—to be presented by the Bishop of London—an address praying our Sovereign Lady to recall her command of *gratis*; otherwise, there will, there *must*, be a speedy termination to the existence of your humble servant,

"The Twopence of St. Paul's."

A Father's Feeling.—The Thames has been rising for several days past. We are sure it must be in indignation against Lord Ellenborough's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty.

# THE ARTFUL DODGER.

"Oh, how jolly green you must be to think you could form a Ministry!"

## OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

HERE are sometimes entertained doubts of our being prepared to offer effectual resistance to a foreign enemy, but it is refreshing to feel that we are really a great deal more secure than we are occasionally led to imagine. It is only by a crisis that great facts come out; and the Christmas Box crisis has elicited some very valuable statistics on the subject of the defences of the Temple, which appears to be protected by a phalanx of force that, considering the size of the place, must be considered utterly invincible. It will hardly be believed that a staff of officers night and day is kept up in the Temple, which, in what is termed the "war time," had scarcely any parallel even in the strong fortified towns and inland garrisons. The Templars may sleep over their law-books with the consciousness that there is a body of men taking care of the place, whose numbers, judging from the long list of applicants for Christmas-boxes, are sufficient to give them an ascendancy over all casual enemies.

In the first place, there are two gate-keepers to open one gate, which is always wide open from morning till night, and never kept at all as a gate, except during the night, when, no doubt, two officers are necessary to guard against surprise from without, as well as to enable the gallant fellows to pass a portion of their time at cribbage before a good fire underneath the gateway. In addition to these gate-keepers, whose duty it is to die at their post—the gate-post—though such a sacrifice has never been required of them, yet,—we have two watchmen who in case of an attack on the gate, would give the alarm to the whole Temple, though, by the way, it often happens that a couple of nervous old watchmen will give the alarm to each other by mutually frightening one another out of their wits. There is also an efficient corps of under-porters, whose nominal duty is to take in letters during the day, and sleep during the night; but who, of course, would be ready in case of an unexpected outbreak.

In addition to these, there are two local troops who sometimes call themselves beadles, and sometimes warders, from the mixed nature of their occupation, which is to walk up and down with canes in their hands, as a terror to little boys, which savours of the beadle, and occasionally to stand still and gossip, which smacks of the warder. In addition to all this array of power, the Temple is further guarded by a dustman and a lamplighter, who, in case of an emergency, would lay down their lives—that is to say, their lanterns and their dust-baskets—in defence of the Temple and its liberties.

We are indebted for the discovery of all these statistics to the happy occurrence of Boxing-day, which has developed the official force of the Temple in the fullest manner. We quite approve of this large standing army being kept up, and cheerfully contributed to its support on the festive occasion of Christmas; but we should like to suggest that, with all this power at the disposal of the Temple, it seems rather unnecessary to allow chambers to be robbed in the way that sometimes happens. We merely throw this out as a hint for the great standing army of porters, warders, and beadles to act upon, if they approve of the suggestion.

## LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

IT is not generally known that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT was advised to take counsel's opinion on the demand that had been made upon him for poor-rates in the case of the Flemish Farm. His Royal Highness's solicitor drew up a case, which was despatched to MR. BRIEFLESS, the Standing Counsel Extraordinary and Deputy Sub-assistant Attorney-General to the inferior departments of the Royal Household. The case was endorsed with the words, "MR. BRIEFLESS, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Clerk's fee (or Christmas Box) 2*s.* 6*d.*" A pen had been drawn through the customary words "*With you,*" and "BY YOURSELF AS USUAL" had been substituted in long-primer capitals, which looked to the eye of BRIEFLESS longer and primer than they had ever done before. The following was the

"CASE FOR OPINION.

"A. B. has a farm, and C. D. calls for poor's-rate. Your opinion is required whether A. B. should pay the poor's-rate or not, and what steps, under all the circumstances, you think proper to advise."

After due deliberation, MR. BRIEFLESS returned the following opinion, which does our learned *protégé* much credit, for it abounds in those beautiful complications that are the life and soul of legal science:—

"OPINION.

"This is a nice point (*Smith's Leading Cases, passim*). A tax is not in the nature of a trust, for there can be no trust where ready money is required; and every one will remember the rule in SHELLY'S case, which is not imperative here (*Puffendorf*, 6). If there is a distress, there must be a sale (*Abbott on Shipping*). If A. B. really be tenant of the freehold, and not tenant by courtesy, it would be common courtesy to pay the tax-gatherer at once, and give him no further trouble (*Adams's Roman Antiquities; chapter* 1). Gavelkind is no answer to this case, and if it were I should not advise it to be put in (*Beaumont and Fletcher*). If A. B. has got the money, he had better pay it at once and get rid of it (*Swan and Edgar*); but if not, let him put it off as long as he can (*Comic Blackstone Fly-leaf*).

"This is my opinion, "J. BRIEFLESS.

"Witness, JOHN THOMSON, Clerk."

## Forty-Six putteth Forty-Five through a Catechism.

'46. "COME, answer me, answer me, old 'Forty-Five,
As an old man a young should answer;
I 've much to learn; so, while you 're alive,
Just resolve me this point, if you can, sir.
What 's the *coolest* thing that you 've seen, 'Forty-Five?
What 's the *coolest* thing that you've seen?"

'45. "Why, PEEL, when he said to Commons and Peers
That the Income Tax should end in three years—
That was, p'raps, the *coolest* thing."

'46. "What else have you seen that was cool, 'Forty-Five?
What else have you seen that was cool?"

'45. "Why Jonathan threatening that he 'd annex us,
If we grumbled about his annexing Texas—
That struck me as rather cool."

'46. "What 's the *strangest* thing that you 've seen, 'Forty-Five?
What 's the *strangest* thing that you 've seen?"

'45. "Why, the opening of Hungerford Bridge, with a profit,
As the newspapers say, obtainable off it—
That, p'raps, was the *strangest* thing."

'46. "What else that was strange have you seen, 'Forty-Five?
What else have you seen that was strange?"

'45. "Why, a Duke's discovery (misnamed Surry)
That a labourer can live on a pinch of curry—
That struck me as rather strange."

'46. "What 's the *cruellest* thing that you 've seen, 'Forty-Five?
What 's the *cruellest* thing that you 've seen?"

'45. "Why, the Arabs roasted by '*the* great nation,'
In their novel process of civilization—
That was, p'raps, the *cruellest* thing."

'46. "What else that was cruel have you seen, 'Forty-Five?
What else have you seen that was cruel?"

'45. "Why, PEEL'S going out to set Whigs in a bustle,
And then coming back to sell poor LORD JOHN RUSSELL—
That struck me as rather cruel."

'46. "What 's the *saddest* thing that you 've seen, 'Forty-Five?
What 's the *saddest* thing that you 've seen?"

'45. "Why, Dukes pooh-poohing a nation's famine,
Their oxen and pigs to plethora crammin(g)—
That was, p'raps, the *saddest* thing."

'46. "What else that was sad have you seen, 'Forty-Five?
What else have you seen that was sad?"

'45. "Why, plough and loom array'd 'gainst each other,
And Corn forgetting that Cotton 's his brother—
That struck me as rather sad."

OF NO USE TO THE OWNER.

WE read in the French papers that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has made a present to the PRINCE BUTTURA of a church at Venice. We suppose His Imperial Majesty gave away that which he knew he had the least occasion for.

## THE MILITIA MOVEMENT.

THE announcement of the intended calling out of the Militia has raised a mixed feeling among the people at large, who are divided, like *Desdemona*, between love and duty. Some love the fine regimentals, and hate the duty; while other, conceiving the duty to consist chiefly in assembling at large fires, and getting a good view of them by being placed in the front row of a crowd, have no objection to be called into what they believe to be active service.

Some, who are really of a pacific turn, are running frantically about, asking what will exempt a man from serving if he is drawn for the Militia, and a superstition appears to exist, that a lot of children—say half-a-dozen—will release an individual from the liability to be called out on duty as a militia-man. This rumour has created an unhealthy demand for infants, who are being adopted in all directions by people who hope to defraud their country of their valour by assuming a paternity they are not entitled to.

We regret to say that we have consulted the Act of Parliament, and find the supposed exemption on the score of an enormous family to be a mere popular error, like the notion that you may eat a cart-load of turnips, provided you sit down in a field and devour them. There is a rumour that MR. DISTIN and his four sons, the distin-guished horn players, have all been drawn for the militia; but they declare they will see their trumpets blowed before they will go.

## JEAMES'S DIARY.

"CONTRY to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming!) MARY HANN didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with HANGELINAR. I was raythor disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit seeks: & betwigst you & me, there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I'd been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, whereas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

*Shalloon, R.A.* [*Jour à Gauche.*

"Meanwild every-think went on very agreeble betwigst me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd MR. SHOWERY the great Hoctioneer to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quallaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Mawning* Erald—no no, I'm not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms & pedigry.

"I horderd in Long Hacre, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated MR. SHALLOON, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to HANGELINA. Its not considered flattring—here it is—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's *one* young lady (a thousnd times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi."

"Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost me! It was bought in by MARYHANN, though:—'O dear JEAMES,' she says often, (kissing of it & pressing it to her art) 'it isn't ½ ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshn of your dear dear i's.'"

"HANGELINA's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse, I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Bewty* this year: and here is a proof of the etching:—

"With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, is very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and her brother SOUTHDOWN, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

### LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, KING WILLIAM was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
ST. WILLIBALD for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet ST. WILLIBALD! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted BAREACRES has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with PLANTAGENET, with EDWARD at Poitiers,
The pennon of the BAREACRES was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O! grant me, sweet SAINT WILLIBALD, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
SAINT WILLIBALD for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my ANGELINE! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

"All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle. They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young chaps; but

the ideer of SOUTHDOWN in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is rayther too good; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as a babby, with a vaist like a gal,—and, though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I 'd back my smallest cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io! *my* cab-days is over."

## THE RICHMOND WAR-TRUMP.

A CIRCULAR has appeared in the *Post*, signed by the secretary of the Agricultural Protection Society, calling a "special meeting of the aforesaid society," in the front parlour of No. 17, Old Bond Street, for the 12th instant. We have every reason to believe that our much respected man-milliner contemporary has been imposed upon. We are enabled to give a true copy of the circular in question.

"17, *Old Bond Street, London, Dec.* 31, 1845.

"SIR,—I am directed by his Grace, the excellent and unflinching President of the Agricultural Protection Society, to inform you that the present awful state of affairs requires an early meeting; say, the 12th of January. You will remember that, on a memorable occasion, his Grace threatened, on certain provocation being given, to turn out SIR ROBERT PEEL. His Grace is quite ready to keep his word! Backed and strengthened by the "agricultural mind," his Grace looks forward to the place of Premier with the liveliest satisfaction.

"His Grace, however, cannot blind himself to this fact: the Protection Society is very low in cash! It is necessary to knock down COBDEN, BRIGHT, and all the lot of the League with a huge money-bag. Now, all the funds of the Protection Society might, in gold coin, be comfortably placed in the smallest watch-pocket. In this dilemma, his Grace calls upon you to come with a cheque for——but he will not dictate to you: he will merely state the amount that his purse is prepared to *bleed*.

"His Grace proposes to head the subscription list with a sum of three thousand pounds. There is nothing like money to persuade the world that you are in earnest: no sort of writing so convincing to mankind as the writing on a bank-note.

"His Grace is also happy to inform you that he has secured the advocacy of his noble relative, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX, author of *The Tuft-Hunter*, and a distinguished contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*. His Lordship has made a most brilliant hit at Chichester, having recited six lines of verse in favour of the Corn Laws,—verse warranted to be his own. LORD WILLIAM has promised to attend with a bran-new speech, culled with his Lordship's well-known taste from fifty other speeches, but here and there with certain particles altered (after the approved manner of his *Tuft-Hunter*), and from this oration Monopoly may look forward to the greatest support. Yes: LORD WILLIAM'S speech is confidently expected to be a bulwark against the attacks of the League.

"The proceedings of the 12th will terminate with a grand conflagration of the *Times* newspaper—fire, after the manner of the good old days, being considered the most powerful answer that can be applied to an opponent. Smithfield, it will be remembered, is rife with such historical arguments. The burning of the *Times* went off very well at Chichester: but to give Monopoly another lift, it is proposed by His Grace that on the 12th, an effigy of the Editor (after the manner of Guy Fawkes) shall also be devoted to the flames. It is sagaciously believed by the Duke that no argument can answer argument like this.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"HENRY BYRON.

"P.S. Don't forget the cheque."

## FLUCTUATIONS IN THE CAB MARKET.

THOUGH the numerous fluctuations in the Money Market are made the subject of acute comments in the public journals, we do not remember having seen any notice of the fluctuations in the Cab Market, which are upon a very wide and extensive scale. During the gloom that prevailed for a portion of the past week, HANSOM'S Patent Safeties without the coupon—or blind for wet weather—were done at a shilling a mile, and the reduced fives—or old clarences that will hold five at a cram—were buoyant at eighteen-pence, with a prospect of improvement. Open cabs during the rain were steady at nothing, and the list shows no transaction.

There was a rush of bears from the Adelphi Theatre, which caused the Cab Market to assume a very active appearance for a short time; and fathers of families, with their children, were done at a very high figure, with a prospect of an advance at the settlement.

White handkerchiefs and polished boots were freely taken at lower rates than those demanded in the earlier part of the day, when it was understood that they had made bargains for time, and they were accordingly made to pay for the accommodation somewhat heavily. In one concern there was a breaking down, and a consequent failure in making the deposits at the time and place appointed. This is the only smash in the Cab Market that came to our knowledge, and in this the getting out was ultimately arranged in a satisfactory manner.

## ONCE MORE OUR PORTRAIT.

WE wished to present a New Year's Gift to all and every of our readers. We were puzzled what to select that should sufficiently mark our regard for them, when dear HARRISON AINSWORTH helped us out of the dilemma, by suggesting to us that *Punch* should follow his example, and give to the world another portrait. Well, we felt that, with AINSWORTH, we had given ourselves in every way; full-face, profile, three-quarters. At length, it struck us that the world had not as yet a correct portrait of the back of our head. Here then it is:

NOT BY MACLISE.

It will be seen that our organ of philoprogenitiveness is very large; a fact indicating that we take a most prodigious conceit in the children of our brain. Whether *Punch* and AINSWORTH agree in this particular will be proved next January, when Mr. A. will, as in duty bound, give to the world a view of *his* occiput.

### DESCRIPTION OF A THIN GENTLEMAN.

WE overheard the following definition in Tottenham Court Road. The author of it was a cabman:—"I say, BILL, look at that 'ere thin 'un. I 'm jigger'd if he isn't in training to go down a gas-pipe."

### HALF A WISH.

SIR ROBERT PEEL returned to Downing Street just in time for Christmas Day. In wishing him a Merry Christmas, we wish we could add, "and many happy *returns* of the day."

## THE CLASSICAL GERMAN MANIA.

THERE is just now a rage for everything German; and though we have no objection to the Germanising of shop-boys and lawyer's-clerks, we cannot tamely submit to see the operation performed upon the cherished nursery-tales of our infancy. A linendraper's assistant may, if he pleases, Germanise himself by allowing his hair to hang in greasy profusion down his back, by which arrangement he not only gives himself a classical aspect, but saves the various threepences that are requisite for occasionally getting his hair cut.

But while, as we said before, we have no objection to the Germanising

of a gent., we protest against the application of the principle to those objects which we have garnered up, and put away in our hearts as closely as the four-and-eightpenny mixed tea in its six-pound packages. We have caused a few sketches to be made for the purpose of showing what might be expected if some of our nursery rhymes were illustrated after the Classico-German style which is at present so popular. Let us take, for instance, that venerable *Mother Hubbard*, and see how some of the most remarkable passages in her career would bear illustration after the German style of art, which every one now appears to delight in.

How, for instance, would RETSCH—or, as the lovers of simplicity have styled him, WRETCH—how would he have treated, in one of his outlines, the incident where *Mother Hubbard*, having "gone to the baker's to buy him (the dog) some bread," when she comes back finds that death has put a period to his hunger? We fancy we see *Mother Hubbard* letting fall the loaf, brought, alas! too late; while the figure of the dog might be thrown up into frightful relief by the German mode of treatment.

To take another passage from the same fine work, let us look at the powerful situation in which, after going to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin, she came back and found him laughing.

We are quite sure that no German artist could render a dog's laugh with the fidelity that is shown in the annexed engraving. The whole air that surrounds the dog is *riant* in the extreme; but we object to the classicalising of *Mother Hubbard* in the way in which she is here depicted.

Every one is acquainted with the fine old healthy legend of "Tom, Tom the Piper's son," who is supposed to have been an immediate descendant of a flute-player in the 82d regiment of Highland Lancers. The exploit of the piper's son consisted in this—namely, that he

"Stole a pig, and away he run."

If we were to reproduce this little incident as a piece of art-poetry in the German style, we should get the following extraordinary picture:—

Talking of pigs naturally sets our head running on porcine affairs, and brings up to our imagination the celebrated narrative of the two pigs, one of whom went to market, while the other little pig stopped at home. It is true that the relative fates of the two animals would afford a fine opportunity for contrast, in which a true artist delights; but who could contemplate without tears the reproduction of the idea of the two pigs, round which his childhood memories have clung, in the following German fashion:—

But we cannot continue this subject without emotions too strong to bear at the mere supposition of the cruel treatment which our nursery tales may be destined to experience.

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### A BAD DAY'S WORK.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH is to be First Lord of the Admiralty. What a shame he was ever sent back from India!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1846.

# THE "MORAL LESSON" OF THE GALLOWS.

Thousands of breasts beat horrid hope;
Thousands of eye balls, lit with hell,
Burnt one way all, to see the rope
Unslacken as the platform fell.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

WITHIN these few days, the majesty of the law—as the Moloch is called—has on two occasions asserted itself by the hands of the hangman. A great moral lesson has been preached to the multitude—the preachers a dead, law-slaughtered man and woman. MARTHA BROWNING and SAMUEL QUENNELL—suffocated carcases!—have been hung to a beam to illustrate the sacredness of human life. The law, to show its horror of the bloodshedder, has shed blood. The rope and the knife were the death-dealing instruments of the murderers: but the homicides themselves were killed with all the solemnity of a statute. The first victims were smitten suddenly, secretly: but the bloodshedders, to expiate their crime, were strangled for a national sight. Lessons of Christian love and charity were thought to issue from the dead, distorted mouths of the law-killed malefactors. The hangman was made the schoolmaster; and the priest preached the loving-kindness and forgiveness of CHRIST to miserable creatures, to be in an instant slain by the law's revenge.

And there is no mockery in this—none! In many foolish phases, under many wicked forms, appears the wonderful knowledge of the legislature; but if the great Enemy and Mocker of man would show the fiends the greatest and foulest example of human folly and wickedness in the guise of justice, surely he would point to the hanging carcase of a man, killed according to law, and, with a chuckle, cry, "Behold, the Wisdom of Parliament!" True; he may mourn the good old faggot times, when he snuffed the sweet odour of roasting flesh—of law-burnt men and women in Smithfield; nevertheless, there still remains for him neighbouring Newgate; and still Sir James Graham sits paramount—Justice in granite—at the Home Office! What double lessons of morality did the wisdom of the Secretary set the contemplative populace of London last Monday week! How cunningly, too, were the practical themes ordered—that the half-taught of the Old Bailey might, following the hangman, be completely edified in Horsemonger-lane! Should Parliament, in its growing tenderness for the multitude, some day appoint a national Master of the Revels, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, above all other claimants, must fill the post. His unwillingness to deny the mob the execution of MARY FURLEY must ever be gratefully remembered by the visitors of the Old Bailey.* And there again, thoughtful SIR JAMES did all he could: he at least whetted the appetite of the multitude with the sweet death-warrant; though only eight-and-forty hours afterwards it was recalled,—the woman having suffered only eight-and-forty hours of needless agony. Nevertheless, it was a fine thought to threaten her, just in solemn sport, with the hangman—even it may be at the time it was determined only to expatriate her. Now and then a wise, benevolent statesman may permit himself to play with heart-strings, even as NERO played upon the fiddle.

But a great reform has taken place. The press is excluded from the interior of a prison on killing days. This tremendous sagacity of SIR JAMES will very soon render turnkeys reporters; for somehow anecdotes of the condemned cell will find their way into print. We have full evidence of this. For instance, we gather the subjoined glad tidings from the newspapers:

"In the course of some conversation she (MARTHA BROWNING) had with the chaplain, she has expressed an opinion that the spectacle of her being publicly executed would be calculated to have the effect of preventing others from committing a similar crime, and there is very little doubt she will meet her dreadful fate with the utmost firmness."

Now, did the Reverend MR. DAVIS himself furnish our brethren with this intelligence? On the other hand, did the enlightened chaplain—the mouth-piece of mercy, as the preacher of the New Testament—did he himself first suggest such an opinion to the culprit, to be afterwards blazoned as her own penitent conviction? We more than suspect this of MR. DAVIS; and for this shrewd reason: we well remember his funeral discourse to HOCKER; in which the chaplain took it upon himself to answer the opponents of legal man-slaying, by dilating on the great moral example afforded by public hanging; it was so awful, so tremendous a lesson to the depraved and thoughtless.* And can this really and truly be the solemn conviction of MR. DAVIS, minister of the Gospel? And if it be, we ask of the man, is he blind—is he deaf? Has he no perception? What—in the acting of his dreadful functions, when he issues from Newgate door, what does he see—what hear? Does he behold an awe-stricken multitude; a mass of ashy human faces, smitten with terror—eyes flowing with tears, lips moving with prayer against temptation? Does he listen to a low yet fervent murmur of devotion? No—no. He sees around him horrid looks—cannibal eyes, whetted with a foul appetite, nurtured by the gallows. And he hears a cry of "Hats off!" that the public killing of a man or woman may be as fairly seen by all, as by the expectant gazers of an opening pantomime. And yet with these sights and sounds—things, we should think, apt to disturb the rest of holy men—with these horrors acted about him, MR. DAVIS translates hanging into a moral example. The dreadful, curious looks of the Old Bailey, are the looks of penitence—and the savage oaths of blasphemy are muttered prayers.

But to return to the double horror of Monday week—to a consideration of its moral efficacy. What was the scene in the Old Bailey on the previous Sunday? Let the *Globe* answer:

"During the whole of the day, a vast number of idle and dissolute girls and boys continued loitering in front of the prison, uttering the most disgusting and ribald jests."

Hanging, however, imparts advantages to some people; namely, to the householders of the Old Bailey; for on the Sunday evening—

"If any respectable person was passing, his ears were assailed with the following questions by the persons above noticed:—'Do you want a room, sir? A fine view of the scene, sir. You can have every accommodation and plenty of refreshment already provided; a good fire, sir, so that you will not feel the cold.'"

And so pass the night with brandy and cigars, awaiting the advent of the great moral teacher, hangman CALCRAFT. At an early hour the mob assembled, and according to the papers, brawled and fought.

The killing at the Old Bailey perpetrated, the *Chronicle* tells us—

"Soon after the great bulk of the crowd began to disperse, a great portion of whom, we regret to say, proceeded with great speed to the next sad scene of action at Horsemonger-lane."

And thus had the benefit of a twofold moral lesson; a lesson whose efficacy was shown in fights at the gallows' foot, and was most impressively declared by the subjoined paragraph in the same copy of the *Times* that narrated the two acted moralities.

"GUILDHALL.—JOHN ASBURY and HENRY LEE, two lads, were committed to Bridewell for a month for attempting to pick pockets at the execution in the Old Bailey."

What says the Reverend Ordinary to this? Is it not clear that the Old Bailey gallows is too often the half-way post to Bridewell—the seeing a Newgate exhibition merely preparatory to an abiding in Newgate walls?

And now, a final word to Mr. DAVIS. We doubt not that he, and every other gaol chaplain appointed to preach love and mercy to the culprit while the law waits to kill him, do conscientiously fulfil their duties: we make no question that they can reconcile together the function of a minister of the Gospel, who preaches forgiveness, with the duty of the heathen priest who assisted at the slaying of the victim. WE CANNOT. To hear the peaceful words of the Redeemer breathed in the ear of a man about to be strangled, is, to our mind, to listen to a most awful State hypocrisy—a most appalling mockery of the greatest attribute of JESUS. We speak as the ignorant laity; but we speak our honest thinking. According to our view of Christianity, it ought to be as difficult in a Christian State to find a Christian clergyman to assist at the deprivation of human life, as, thanks to the humane instincts of the common mass, it seems difficult to obtain a wretched mercenary to do the killing. Is it to expect too much, to hope that some day the chaplains of the gaols will vindicate their Christianity; and, as one man, petition Parliament against death-punishment? We throw out this suggestion to Mr. DAVIS; let Newgate begin the work. Let the chaplains learn the lesson set them by the excellent LORD NUGENT at Aylesbury, and show with him, that even the Bible, which is now made their great argument for the hangman, does not, truly translated, command man-slaying. We say again, let the gaol chaplains, with one accord, lift their voices in solemn condemnation of the barbarous, the ignorant practice of judicial man-killing; nor will their appeal to the wisdom of Parliament be less benevolent, less Christianlike, if assisted by the dulcet accents of, here and there, a bishop.

Still, have we this comfort: whether the men of God assist the goodly work or no, the gallows is doomed, is crumbling, and must down—overthrown by no greater instruments than a few goose-quills.

* In *A Plea for the Abolition of Capital Punishment*, by the REV. MR. PYNE, of Hook, Surrey, he states, on the authority of the REV. MR. ROBERTS, that in one instance it was proved that "out of 167 criminals 164 had been themselves spectators of executions!" Yet the Ordinary of Newgate argues for the benefit of hanging, as though it were to the Ordinary a dear and "vested interest."

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

AMAGES. What a man gets by going to law; and, as the word is derived from *damnum*, a loss, it is exceedingly appropriate.

DEAD WEIGHT. *Vide* the National Debt and other blessings, which are among the venerable institutions of the country.

DEBENTURE. From the Latin *debeo*, to owe. A bill given by Government when for want of cash it is obliged to have recourse to the Bill System. Debentures were given to the soldiers for their arrears of pay in the time of the Commonwealth, which was a time of common poverty.

DEED. From *factum*, a thing done; which is always equivalent to a person done, when the term is applied to a legal instrument. There are two kinds of deeds: one called a deed poll, the other an indenture. A deed poll has only one party, and is cut straight at the top, or, as it is termed, shaved, as an indication that the client has experienced some pretty close shaving at the hands of his lawyer. An indenture is cut out into the form of teeth, being emblematical of the Law's propensity to show its teeth whenever an opportunity presents itself.

DEMOCRACY. A word taken from the Greek language, whence many of our political terms are derived, which accounts for the science of political economy being Greek to most people. The third book of Herodotus attempts a definition of democracy, one of the essentials of which is said to be the election of magistrates by lot; and a nice lot of magistrates we should get by such a system. Another essential to democracy is said to be the decision by the community at large of all public matters; which would involve the necessity of a constant succession of monster meetings over the entire country during the whole session of parliament. If the art of government were an instinct, or could even be taught, like the Polka, in three lessons, a democracy might be a very good thing; but a state in which all are rulers and there is no one to obey, would not be very eligible. Perhaps the best form of government in which the whole community could join, is that in which every one learns how to govern himself before he commences showing his authority over other people.

DENIZEN is something between an alien and a natural; a kind of animal that is, like the mule, neither a horse nor an ass. Perhaps, however, the denizen rather approaches the latter, for he is certainly very nearly a natural.

DEPOSIT. A sum of money which one man puts into the hands of another; a piece of simplicity which, during the railway mania, became very general. By the Roman law, the refusal to return a deposit was punished with *infamia*, or infamy; and in the present day there is a good deal of infamous conduct with reference to the non-return of the deposits.

DESCENTS. The rule of law by which a title goes down from father to son, or from ancestor to heir; and the drop-down from one to the other is sometimes wonderful.

DIPLOMACY, from the Greek word διπλωμα, which signifies anything double; and diplomacy is so called from the duplicity which is its chief attribute. Some derive the word "diplomacy" from the two words "dip" and "low," because it is necessary to dive down into the depths of people's motives for the purpose of carrying out a diplomatic object. Diplomacy is the art by which one nation attempts to bamboozle another.

## THE CLERICAL SHOW.

WE have received numerous letters in reference to the St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey Exhibitions; and we subjoin a few of these communications, in order to give publicity, at least, to their writers' views.

"TO MR. PUNCH.

"SIR,

"My young people are now home for the holidays. I wish very much to give them and MRS. S. a treat one day; and for that purpose, think of taking them to St. Paul's. On looking over the "Guide Book" to the Cathedral, I find the sum total of the price of admission to be 4*s.* 4*d.* My wife, three olive-branches, and self, make five persons. Five times four and fourpence is twenty-one and eightpence. My eldest is nine years old. Are children under ten admitted to St. Paul's at half-price? I believe that is the case at MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—I am, Sir, &c.,

"WILLIAM SAUNDERS."

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"FRIEND PUNCH,

"Thou knowest the objection that our people have to taking off their hats. I went the other day to inspect the interior of Westminster Abbey. For admission to the tombs I paid sixpence, which I believe thou wilt think was exactly twenty-four farthings too much. A person connected with the establishment desired me to take my hat off; and because I could not conscientiously accede to this request, I was obliged to leave the place. No prohibition against wearing hats exists at the Chinese Museum or the Adelaide Gallery. Why, therefore, should it be enforced at Westminster Abbey show?—Thine verily,

"OBADIAH STIFF."

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"OLD PUNCH (!)

"I know you like a cigar—it is a fine thing in cold weather. St. Paul's is a very cold place. I went there the other day, and paid my money to go in like a trump. I asked if smoking was allowed, and was told, 'No.' I asked, 'Why?' I was answered, 'Because it is a Church.' I said, 'I don't know what you call a Church, but I don't call a place which they let you in to see at twopence a head, and show you the sights inside at sixpence and one shilling each, a Church at all.' Do you? I may smoke if I choose at the Surrey Zoological: why not at the St. Paul's Parsonological? I remain, Old Fellow,

"THOMAS PIPES."

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"MR. PUNCH,

"Not long ago, it being a holiday in the City, and our office being closed, I took MARY ANN to see St. Paul's, she preferring it to the British Museum; worse luck: the latter being free, gratis, for nothing. The whole concern cost us 8*s.* 8*d.* to see, out and out. We found it very hard work, climbing over that great building; and before we had got half-way, MARY ANN nearly fainted for want of something. Don't you think that a few attendants, with apples, oranges, ginger-beer, soda-water, or lemonade, would be an improvement, and a great accommodation to visitors at St. Paul's? and I would say the same of Westminster Abbey. I mentioned this to a fellow-clerk, who told me that a cathedral was not a theatre; but I can't see the difference whilst you pay for admission to one as well as the other.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"JNO. SPINKS."

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## A VOICE FROM CANNES.

*(Molly bawn.)*

OH ROBERT bawn, why leave me pining,
Lone waiting here for news from you?
With LEADER now I'm idly dining,
Because I've nothing else to do.
The Whigs were into office creeping,
We hear, to try a brush with you;
But their nurse, RUSSELL, set them sleeping,
Their sanguine faces turn'd to blue.
Oh ROBERT bawn, why leave me pining, &c.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, Bon;
The pretty moon, to wax and wane;
A tidy wig was made for BROUGHAM, BOB—
Ah! cruel, was it made in vain!
There's wicked CAMPBELL at me snarling;
He takes me for a rat, you see:
I wish *you'd* take me, ROBERT darling!
Then ratified my hopes would be
Oh ROBERT &c.

## JEAMES'S DIARY.

E still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!"

"My frends! you've seen me ither2 in the full kerear of Forte, prawsprus but not hover prowd of my prawsperraty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life) but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an ollif-green velvyteen jackit and smalelose, and a crimsn plush weskoat with glas-buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equel to either good or bad forting.

"What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my HANGELINA was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddinkake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by MESURS GUNTER, of Buckley-square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by His Iness the Injan Prins JUGGERNAUT TYGORE. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the extablishmint of MYSURS STORR AND MORTIMER. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle exeussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit MR. HUDSON'S) as my town-house. I waited to cumclude the putchis until the Share-Markit which was raythor deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrabble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

"This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. *I* am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money:—it 's not *my* fault if that old screw LADY BARBACRES cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it 's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that LADY B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

"Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, had arrived to sollabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashinable world went to see the trooso: and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and MARY HANN as famdyshamber to my HANGELINA. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseedinkly.

"I 'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers & bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt befor I got these in border: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exeedingly.

"One thing distubbed my mind—two weskts had been sent home A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver;—which should I wear on the hospicious day! This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallinall*; and wear whichever *she* phixt on.

"There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street: which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—

"'Her ladyship's not—not at *home*,' says the man; 'and my lady 's hill in bed.'

"'Git lunch,' says I, 'I'll wait till Lady HANGELINA returns.'

"At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the impident old raskle: and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—'*I say, Huffy, old boy!* ISN'T *this a good un?*'

"Wadyermean, you infunnle scoundrel," says I, "hollaring and laffing at me?"

"'O here 's Miss MARY HANN coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask *her*'—and indeed there came my little MARY HANN tripping down the stairs—her &s

in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush & look hod & then to grin too.

"'In the name of Imperence,' says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*,' and I sent him staggerin up aginst the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when MARY HANN, jumping down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush! read this'—and she pulled out a billy doo.

"I reckanized the and-writing of HANGELINA.

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### Tricks of the Telegraph.

LAST week, the French telegraph made the following announcement:—

"Abd-el-Kader has been taken:"—but it was mentioned that a fog enveloped the remainder of the sentence in obscurity. The funds, however, rose tremendously.

The following day, the sentence being completed, the intelligence ran thus:

"Abd-el-Kader has been taken with a dreadful cold in his head."

The funds fell; but the *coup* had been sufficiently successful for those who made the telegraph play into the hands of their agents at the Bourse. A fog in Paris is frequently a great windfall.

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### A DRAWING-ROOM NELSON.

THE French Minister of Marine has applied for an immense grant for the improvement of the navy. The French may save their money now, for we do not see how their navy could have a stronger reinforcement than the appointment of LORD ELLENBOROUGH as First Lord of the English Admiralty.

## THE TETHERED MINISTER.

(A PLAGIARISM FROM EDWIN LANDSEER.)

## THE BRITISH LABOURER.

### A MASQUE,

SCENE—*The Dining-Room of an Agricultural Association after Dinner.*

SQUIRE.

OH, what a lot is the true British labourer's,
Happy and innocent, healthy and fat!
Look at the serf of the Danube or Vistula—
Protection alone can keep England from that.

DUKE.

The castle in England stands hard by the cottage,
The labourer in England may come to the lord
If he wants curry powder to sauce his thin pottage:—
Then perish the League who 'd mar such sweet accord!

RECTOR.

Oh, where is the land that has not got some poor in't?
(And the labourer 's improvident, very, I own,)
But they 're "*felices*" still, "*sua si bona norint*;"
And the church of the poor man is England 's alone!

FARMER.

In our blessèd isle, if to work he 's unwilling,
The labourer of England can do as he please—
Free to sell us the toil of his day for a shilling,
Free to take, in the New Poor-law Union, his ease.

### AND ANTI-MASQUE.

SCENE—*The cross-roads at Goatacre—a Meeting of Wiltshire Labourers.*

WILLIAM PARRY.

To repeal of the corn-laws 'squire makes this objection,
That 't will ruin the labourer, all the land o'er;
But how 's Free Trade to do what 's been done by Protection?
Or how starve us worse than we 've been starved before!

WILLIAM BURCHELL.

I 've heard tell how the peasant, in ages long vanished,
(I can scarcely believe it) could sometimes buy meat.
Now beef from the board of the cottage is banished:
I 've seen veal and pork, but don't know how they eat.

JAMES PEGLER.

Our vicar still preaches of "love of one's neighbour,"
But that 's a scarce article, friends, hereabout,
I was shut in the house, when I couldn't find labour,
And put into gaol when I looked for it *out*.

CHORUS OF LABOURERS.

The gentry say dearth and distress are all gammon,
And shut up their hearts to the lab'rer's appeal:
Tho' to them it seems humbug to talk about famine,
To us 'tis no humbug the famine to feel!

### THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY.

MR. SERJEANT ADAMS concluded a very eloquent address to the Grand Jury at the Middlesex Sessions, with the impressive words, "In the name of the country I thank you." The learned Serjeant took a good deal upon himself when he declared his single voice to be the embodiment of the public opinion of the whole of the empire. In future, ADAMS must be considered as the concentrated essence of British sentiment.

### To Lord William Lennox.

HIS Lordship, in his oration at Chichester, said, "he wished—heartily wished—that any of the Anti Corn-Law League were present, that he might attack them!" *Punch* presents his humble respects to his Lordship, and begs to inform him that, every morning, an early train starts for Manchester! Further particulars to be had at the Euston Square Station.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY STUDYING NAVIGATION.

## THE TWO FORTY-FIVES.

### A Dramatic Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEVENTEEN FORTY-FIVE, *A rebellious old gentleman.*

EIGHTEEN FORTY-FIVE, *A modern gentleman, his grandson.*

SCENE.—*The Past.*

*Enter* 1845. (Years *walking about.*)

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* WELCOME among us. Allow me to introduce you to a few of the family.—(*Aside*) Remarkable years, very.—1776, let me introduce 1845.—(*Sotto voce*) Year of the declaration of American Independence—a headstrong rogue, not quite so bad as 1789, though, yonder;—the year with the red cap on his head, and that copy of "the Rights of Man" sticking out of his pocket. Don't allude to France before him—a dead cut between him and 1830, that long-haired fellow with "Glorious three days" on his hat, and "Reform Bill" in large letters on the placard he carries in his hand.

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* A very odd-looking set! Perfect guys in the matter of dress!

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* Revolutionary, most of 'em, in their notions. I prefer civil war myself. I'm the last of the "Legitimists." The only one of the lot I have much to say to is 1815,—old "Holy Alliance," as I call him,—though even he has rather low notions of the Prerogative. Great changes up above, eh?

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* Yes; I think things have altered for the better since your time, old gentleman.

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* So every year has told me, since I walked out of the Present. How's Legitimacy?

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* At a discount, I fancy. The DUKE OF BORDEAUX——

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* HENRY THE FIFTH, if you please——

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* Is the peg to hang declamation on; nothing more.

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* What! none to fight for him?

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* Bless your stupid old head!

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* Dear, dear—to think how things change! Lord, I remember what a stand I made for poor CHARLES EDWARD! How we frightened the Hanoverians! 250,000*l.* was subscribed at GARRAWAY'S for raising a regiment for the defence of the city!

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* Ah! I began to raise my 250,000*l.* for a more peaceful revolution.—(*Aside*) Young '46 will have the credit of that, the rascal!

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* I remember, as if it was yesterday, the 27th of November, when the Clans broke down the bridges over the Mersey, and marched into Manchester. How the poor weaving rogues packed up their looms when the blue bonnets marched in.

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* The "weaving rogues," as you call them, have increased the wealth of England tenfold; and it is to them I owe the first instalment of my 250,000*l.*

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* Lord, Lord! To think how they ran—with their webs on their backs.

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* They would have something to carry off now, if another such visitation should befall them. Square miles of mills—thousands upon thousands of tons of machinery—warehouses full of produce!

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* Only to think of that, now! What marching the Highlanders had—such roads! But they did their twelve miles a day notwithstanding.

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* Ah! I'd have packed them into a railway train and whisked them away at the rate of three hundred miles in the twelve hours. Steam has summed up all revolutions in itself.

*Seventeen Forty-Five.* What's steam?

*Eighteen Forty-Five.* There's a question! But I'll explain that to you by-and-by. I must be off to render up my account. My books are pretty well made up, though things look rather queer for the last month or two. However, '46 may settle all that, if he attends to his business. Good morning, old gentleman. [*Exeunt severally.*

### PLEASURES OF HOPE.

HANNIBAL got through mountains of rock by the application of vinegar. BEN D'ISRAELI hopes to melt SIR ROBERT PEEL'S heart next session by the same means.

## SEA SONGS FOR LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

DIBDIN'S songs are said to have done miracles for the British Navy, by inspiring a love for the sea into the hearts of Englishmen. What a true benefactor to the country will that poet be who can infuse into the head of LORD ELLENBOROUGH any knowledge of that element over which he has been chosen to preside, or the smallest comprehension of even the rudiments of that service he has been placed at the head of.

We shall endeavour from time to time to implant into his Lordship's mind, through the medium of the Muse, a proper admiration for, and some little comprehension of, that glorious pursuit which he will in future have not to follow, but to lead and to control.

We insert a few specimens of the style in which the Nautical Lyrics for LORD ELLENBOROUGH will be written. They are of course adapted to his Lordship's present state of advancement in the science to which they relate, or, in other words, "to the meanest capacity," and are intended to be sung to guitar accompaniments:—

### "I MAY BE WORTHY YET."

WHEN from the tranquil bay of Herne,
I watched the steamer go,
And saw the paddles gently turn
With motion faint and slow;

I thought, 'tis thus we live and learn
Of things unknown before,
As fortune's paddles take a turn
To some strange distant shore.

And as I watched the fading smoke
Rise upwards from the sea,
I thought "this *is* a precious joke
To make first Lord of me."

But never mind, some knowledge slight
I may hereafter get,
And of my new official light
I may be worthy yet.

### THE SONG OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

YE mariners of England,
I'll thank you if you please
To come and tell me*something of
The service of the seas:
I've something heard of horse marines
But nothing do I know;
Though a trip in a ship
I to India once did go.

If enemies oppose me,
And say I 'm very far
From being what I ought to be,
I 'll say that others are.
So come, brave tars, and teach me
A vessel for to know:
If the heel is the keel—
Or abaft means down below.

Then courage, all you admirals,
And never be dismay'd,
For I 'm a bold adventurer,
That never learnt my trade.
Our ministers employ me
To vote for them, you know;
Then be bold, when you 're told
That by interest things go.

Then here 's a health to WELLINGTON,
Who made of me the choice;
And to his worthy colleagues bold,
Who scorn the public voice.
Tell France and tell America
They may begin to crow;—
While I reign o'er the main
Is the time to strike a blow.

### AN ETERNAL PLAGUE.

ENGLAND has at last found a nation which can truly sympathise with her; for Portugal, it seems, labours under the same complaint as herself—an Income Tax. Let us hope, however, for poor Portugal's sake, that she has not been wheedled into the tax by any false Premier's vows that it is only to last three years.

## AN ANNUAL PANTOMIME.

"Oh! See, what I've Found."

## TAKING POSSESSION.

The Earl of St. Germans has already been taken over the Post-office, and introduced to his new duties; but as they were only those which are executed inside the Post-office, we would suggest, to complete His Lordship's postal education, that he be immediately initiated into those duties also which take place outside St. Martin's-le-Grand. For this purpose he should be taken to the Charing Cross office, and witness the length of time a person has to wait before he can procure a money-order. We are sure, after his Postmaster-Generalship has waited in the rain a couple of hours, he will instantly acknowledge the wonderful despatch with which all matters connected with the Post-office are transacted. After this we would propose that one of the high-mettled racers, belonging to the celebrated stud, known as Colonel Maberly's Own should be saddled for the use of His Lordship, so that he may ride back in triumph to the scene of his future glories We should like the Earl of St. Germans also to go the rounds of one of the London postmen, merely for one day, and to inquire particularly afterwards how much he received for a hard day's labour; but we feel this would be expecting his lordship to interest himself too much all at once about his new office. This pleasure had better be reserved for a fine, frosty day, when the noble Earl will not feel so much the fatiguing exercise.

### Admiralty Intelligence.

Lord Ellenborough had a long interview last week with Mr. T. P. Cooke, for the purpose of making some inquiries into the character and habits of the British Seaman. Previous to his departure, Mr. T. P. Cooke danced a naval hornpipe in the vestibule.

The celebrated poet, Barry Cornwall, had an audience of the First Lord of the Admiralty. It is understood that the Earl of Ellenborough was desirous of collecting some information on the subject of the Sea, the Sea, which was the subject of a lengthened conversation.

Several dealers in marine stores were presented to the First Lord of the Admiralty, a few days since, at his official residence. His Lordship is determined that this branch of the Marine shall not be any longer neglected.

## HOSPITALITY AT FULHAM.

The Bishop of London keeps up the good old practice of giving an annual entertainment to the watermen of Fulham, at his episcopal residence. Of late years, the watermen have been dwindling away one after the other, through the inroads made by steam, till very few members of the fraternity remain. In the course of a few more years, the entertainment of the bishop will have to be given to one solitary waterman, when he and his Grace of London will be compelled to sit down to a *tête-à-tête* banquet. As the Jack-in-the-water is likely to be the last remnant of the once numerous body, we presume that the annual entertainment will at last come to a friendly mutton-chop between that official and some future Bishop of London. We must not be understood to speak in ridicule of the custom, which we very much approve, and only regret that the scope of its application has necessarily become so limited.

### The Dukes.

We understand that the Duke of Bedford, and one or two other dukes, are about to petition Her Majesty for leave to lay aside their title for awhile, and take a plain Mr.: the Duke of Norfolk and certain other Dukes having brought the nominal dignity into such very bad odour. The Duke of Bedford has already ordered a new card-plate, simply inscribed—"Mr. Russell."

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE ONE MILITIA-MAN.

Determined to accustom himself early to the fatigues and vicissitudes of a campaign, the one Militia-man—the Soult of the suburbs—the Hero of Hammersmith—the Blucher of Brook Green—the Kensington Ney, or the Wormwood Scrubs Wellington—for by all these honourable appellations is he already known—this gallant fellow has been taking a voluntary bivouac. Though he knows he might have remained comfortably in bed; though he was fully aware that he might have waited till glory called him—and glory never calls any one in the time of peace before half-past seven; though he was perfectly conscious that there was not the smallest necessity for a self-victimisation, our own Militia-man—*Punch's* own—preferred bivouacking for one night *à la* Napoleon. Having pitched his Windsor chair in the centre of Brook Green, and wrapped his martial mackintosh around him, he sat down to snatch a brief repose, and to catch a severe cold on the field of Hammersmith.

It may be urged against the one Militia-man, that his bivouac has at least been premature, and that he might just as well have waited until the emergency of the time required him to go through this as yet unnecessary piece of military martyrdom. In his own impressive words, we leave him to give his own explanation. "No," said he, "the soldier's duty must ever be the soldier's pride, and the man who would basely shrink from a sacrifice because it is not yet required, is unworthy of the honour of wearing a British epaulette. No sir," he continued, rising in vehemence as he spoke, "the man who would refuse to bivouac till he is compelled, will never be the champion to whom his country may look in the hour of danger. Go, sir," he continued, taking an enormous pinch of snuff, *à la* Gomersal, "Go sir, and tell your proud masters this"—but we did not wait to hear the remainder of the sentence.

## THE TWO INCAPABLES

CONSIDERING that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," SIR R. PEEL has displayed great hardihood in selecting a brace of noblemen in a state of blessed ignorance for the situations of Postmaster-General and First Lord of the Admiralty. The other day the EARL OF ST. GERMANS was inaugurated into the duties of the first-named office, by being shown over the whole establishment, and initiated into all its mysteries, from the first putting of a letter into the post, to its final delivery. His Lordship was very properly afforded an opportunity of seeing all the arrangements of the office practically gone through, and personally performing them. It is believed that he popped a directed envelope into the box at the toy shop in Fleet-street, rushed in—disguised as a footman—to take it away, brought it to the chief office, ran round to the inside to receive it, faced it, sorted it, and threw it off with his own hand, scampered to the stamping-room, and stamped it, prepared it for being consigned to the letter-carrier, came in the disguise of that individual—namely, in his own Windsor uniform with one of his footmen's hats—and received the self-same letter he had put into the box, then hurried off to the house to which it was directed, gave a postman's knock at the door, thrust it into the servant's hand, and dropped exhausted down upon the step, from which he was conveyed to his carriage, wrapped in blankets, put to bed, and rubbed with Friar's Balsam, arquebusade, and other stimulants.

We understand, that, in consequence of the success of the inauguration of the EARL OF ST. GERMANS, the same process is to be gone through with LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who is thus to be initiated into the mysteries of the office of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The plan of instructing him will, however, be somewhat more extensive than that applied to the Postmaster-General, for the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH's ignorance being more absolute even than that of the EARL OF ST. GERMANS, it is necessary that the instruction should be in the former case extremely primary. He is to commence practising with a toy-boat in the basin near the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square where the *genius loci* will, no doubt, have its effect in inspiring the new First Lord of the Admiralty with sufficient ambition to aid him in his great undertaking. After he has made himself entirely master of all the various manœuvres of luffing, hauling over, and putting about, in the Trafalgar basin, he will receive from SIR R. PEEL a few lessons in sailing with the wind, and tacking. He will then be taken to Hungerford Stairs, and will be escorted over the *Bachelor* to give him some notion of the working of a steam-boat; and will perform, at least, one voyage in *Waterman*, No. 6, that most belligerent of boats, to witness the operation of an attempted invasion at the Pier of Blackfriars. In the course of a few months, he will be shown a real man-of-war, and it is expected that he will ultimately be as efficient a First Lord of the Admiralty as any that have preceded him.

## A SCENE AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

MR. SERGEANT ADAMS begged that the blind might be pulled up. He had suffered severely from the darkness; he had worn out six eye-glasses last year, and was not sure that three or four wrong boys had been sent to Parkhurst, because he could not see the names of the prisoners.

A JURYMAN complained that he could not see the learned counsel.

MR. SERGEANT ADAMS. Very likely not, sir. I have had thirty-five years' experience in this court, and during all that time I have been subjected to all sorts of annoyances. I don't blame the Government; but have a very strong opinion upon the conduct of the County

MR. CLARKSON said, when he was a boy, there used to be a game called blind-man's-buff. Really, the court was so dark that the officer might turn round three times and catch anybody he can. He, MR. CLARKSON, hoped that he had never defended the wrong prisoner, because he had not been able to see his client.

MR. SERGEANT ADAMS said he was sorry to interrupt the learned counsel; but really if they went on at that rate, they would never get through the cases. There were 170 on the day's list, and he had a great mind to send every one of them to Parkhurst, which he knew would not hold half of them; but it might bring the authorities to their senses. The first case was then called on, and the business of the day proceeded with.

## THE GREAT CRUMPET CASE.

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

SERGEANT NORTH, 17 N., deserves the thanks of the community for his valorous efforts to put down the great muffin and crumpet curse, which has long afflicted Clerkenwell and its vicinity. SERGEANT NORTH, 17 N., had long pined for an opportunity of distinguishing himself in a crumpet crusade; and fortunately, on last Thursday evening, the tinkling of a small bell afforded the gallant fellow the occasion he had been sighing for. A juvenile disturber of the public peace, disguised in respectable clothing, made his appearance suddenly with a bell in his hand, and uttering the horrible cry of "muffins." SERGEANT NORTH rushed forward, staff in hand, and secured the youthful culprit, who was dragged neck and crop, muffins and crumpets, basket, blanket, and bell, before the magistrate.

MR. GREENWOOD made a very impressive speech, in which he took a rapid view of the muffin trade from its earliest origin, and indulged in a vehement denunciation of the cry of "crumpets." He then touched on bells as a social nuisance, and went into some statistics relative to the curfew, the dustman's, and lastly the muffin bell. SERGEANT NORTH dwelt, in his evidence, very strongly on the fact that the boy had rung the bell "for the purpose of selling crumpets." And as the criminality lies very much in the motive with which an act is done, the intention to vend muffins and crumpets was strongly dwelt upon as a frightful feature in the transaction. It is not the mere act of ringing the bell that creates the punishable offence, but ringing the bell with a view to a trade in crumpets subjects the offender, it seems, to a penalty of five pounds or a month's imprisonment.

MR. GREENWOOD mercifully reduced the penalty to a shilling, when the boy tendered all he had, which amounted to sixpence; but as justice could not be satisfied for less than a shilling, the culprit was "removed to the cell, crying bitterly." Unfortunately for the cause of justice, its ends were defeated by a by-stander, who paid the penalty for the urchin, and thus defeated wholesome retribution of its juvenile sacrifice. If this lawless by-stander had not been at hand, the atrocious crumpet-seller would have expiated his crime by a month's imprisonment.

### PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

THE Gresham lectures have already commenced. We announce this for the sake of those gentlemen, who, having business of a private nature to discuss, are sure of a retired spot where they can talk it over among themselves, without any fear of disturbance. There is always a good fire, and nothing charged for the room. Enquire of the beadle of the Royal Exchange between the hours of 1 and 2.

### PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

IT is rumoured that the Militia is being organised with the charitable purpose of allowing a certain martial Prince the opportunity of rehearsing the very difficult character of Commander-in-Chief.

MRS. HARRIS'S EXPRESS STOPPED BY THE "TIMES'" COURIER.

## POLITICAL RAILWAYS.

LEGISLATION has now become such a hash of politics and railways, that it is difficult to think of one unconnected with the other; and both are, in a manner, jumbled up together in the public head. Associated thus with politics, railways have been rendered political; and we may now, in fact, without talking nonsense, venture to talk of political railways. We may even go so far as to affirm that the following competing lines of political railway will come under consideration in the approaching session of Parliament:—

The Great Conservative Line—Chairman, SIR ROBERT PEEL, stands first on the list, and perhaps may be regarded as A 1. This line has a large number of supporters; but still there is considerable doubt as to whether or not it will eventually pass. At present it may be looked upon as only being provisionally registered, with reference at least to the good graces of the landowners and farmer's friends, the generality of the Bishops, and the majority of the parsonocracy at large. The proceedings of its Directors, too, are such, that very many of its shareholders and subscribers are anything but satisfied with them.

This line will be supported by many who were interested in the old Tory turnpike road, though numbers of those persons who will be ruined by its establishment will prefer having nothing to do with it.

The opposing line to this will be the Grand Whig-Radical Junction Line, with LORD JOHN RUSSELL at the head of its management. The Whig-Radical Junction will have many advocates out of the House, in consequence of its promising to go further than the Conservative.

That these lines will be sanctioned by the existing Parliament is hardly to be expected; but there is no knowing what future Parliaments may do. Indeed, it is impossible to say what terminus may, in the end, be selected even by PEEL. The RUSSELL trains might go faster—and this may be an accommodation to the public; but still "slow and sure" is a maxim worth minding, and it must never be forgotten that it is the pace that kills.

## THE CIVIC COHORTS.

IN consequence of the contemplated calling out of the Militia, a Court of Lieutenancy has been held at Guildhall, to arrange the reorganisation of the Cockney cohorts. We did not imagine that an excess of valour would be found to pervade the breasts of the citizens, but such is their military valour, that "some members of the Court of Lieutenancy, who, in consequence of physical debility, are wholly incapacitated from performing the most insignificant duties, show great reluctance to resign." What is to be done with these civic legions, these fine old Cockney veterans, who cling to their arms as long as they have got a leg to stand upon? There is a talk of "striking them off the list," as incapable and refractory; but surely their valour deserves a better fate, and it would be only a graceful homage to their warlike spirit, if they were enrolled into companies according to the various kinds of ailments which have reduced them to their present state of physical debility. A corps of heavy lumbagos might be formed with advantage, as a sort of stationary troop; and a company of gouty cavalry could take it in turn with a troop of light rheumatics, to act as a kind of army of occupation for the interior of the Mansion House.

We had some difficulty at first in discovering what the magnet could be which attracted the citizens to the Militia; but we find the secret to consist in a certain annual dinner which is given to the officers. There is no doubt, that if the old incapables could be drafted off into a phalanx of independent beef-eaters, with the privilege of dining twice a year instead of once, they would soon be induced to retire from all service but the dinner service.

## ORACULUM TAMWORTHIANUM,

ALUMNO HARROVIENSI NUNC PRIMUM IN LUCEM PROLATUM.

CIRCUMSTANT tremulis Whiggi Toryique catervis,
Et Radicales, Pelea Johnnivorum:*
"*Labitur* et *labetur* in omne volubilis ævum,"
Hi mussant, "taxat quæ segetes, Ratio;"
*Fixa* sibi in votis, dubitant, an *nulla* sit, illi;
"Libera sit merces!" vociferant alii.
Interea Peleûs clauso subridet ocello;
"OMNES veridicos fatidicosque voco:
"Juro et *labentem*, et *fixum*, *nullum*que futurum,—
"NULLUS ENIM LABENS FIXUS ERIT MODULUS."

* "In a few years, Peel must swallow Lord John."—SYDNEY SMITH.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1846.

# MRS. BIB'S BABY.

## INTRODUCTION.

TEN o'clock. Ten, P. M., by the parish church; and ere we shall have written this first paragraph, MRS. BIB'S Baby will be one month old. It has almost been through the Fishes without knowing it. Unconscious little JONAH!

Without knowing it? Indeed! who shall say? You may have forgotten all about it, reader; but for our part, with all respect for your opinion—and you may take just as much of the quality as you honestly think your opinion worth—for our part, we are not callous enough to swear that we had not the liveliest and minutest knowledge of every matter that passed about us during the first four weeks of our citizenship of this world. Does not a philosopher avow that the soul of every baby is, at its birth, wrapt in a sheet of blank paper,—like a Maintenon cutlet! Well, who shall define the exact moment when the said baby begins to take notes?—the precise point of time when baby discriminates the nose of Father from the nose of Mother?—at what instant a judge between the Roman and, it may be, the pug?

We speak not from conceit. We would arrogate to ourself nothing superior, when we avow—and with quite as much gravity as though we talked to a bishop—that we were perfectly conscious of all that, in our first month of human breath, looked and stirred, and sounded about us. It may not be readily believed, but really and truly, we were a remarkably quiet baby. We had a grave—a somewhat wan, and contemplative spirit. We remember catching the first glance of ourself in the looking-glass. We were not flattered by the reflection. We were somewhat withered, shrunken; as though a little fagged upon our journey into this world. We can well remember the ancient woman who—when we were six-and-thirty hours old—remarked that we were "wonderfully like BILLY PITT." We have since seen the portrait of the man, and can forgive even that woman! Perhaps, indeed, we have a lingering touch of vanity—a wish that that woman was still alive: that we might confound her with our present Grecian nose and hyacinthine curls.

We well remember our first impressions of this world. We thought it a dull, cold, shabby place. We had a feeling that somehow it was nothing like the place we had come from. It seemed to us that there lingered in our brain little flecks and dots of light, which, though they grew fainter and fainter, still made all other things about us look dim and cold. It somehow seemed to us as though we had fallen asleep, and had awakened disgraced. Of course, this could not be; but we give our impressions.

We very soon turned author,—or rather note-taker. When we were not above a quarter of an hour old, we felt contempt, pity, yes, and ire for our nurse. How she rolled us up! The ignorant creature thought we only cried. Little did she know with what abdominal energy at that moment we swore at her! It was wrong; but we know what we felt. Consider; a tender piece of Adam's clay swathed and swathed, that even the very heart of a baby is not permitted to throb and bound, but is made to lie as still as a frog in a stone. If we have hard hearts in the world, who shall say how much of their hardness they owe to hard nursing?

And then the foolish, wicked want of respect that is shown to babies! The difficulty they have to assert their intelligence against the tyrannous ignorance of nurses! We remember our own experience. Again and again, when about a month old, we have lain and looked about us, and, without saying anything, have made capital jokes to ourself, laughing enjoyingly but silently at their tremendous humour. In these moments, the nurse has said—"Poor thing! it's wind!" Yes: we have been full of frolic, and such the cold, depreciatory comment. However, in our later days, with our very best fancies, we have sometimes met with no better interpretation.

Hence, it is a conviction of the great injustice suffered by millions of babies—it is a profound and stirring sympathy for the wrongs of their tops-and-bottoms life—that, as with an arm of steel, has fixed us in our chair, so that we may render up the secrets of an infant soul to the foolscap spread to receive them. Yes; it is our solemn purpose to give the biography of MRS. BIB'S Baby while in arms. We shall minutely narrate the various persecutions it endured until the momentous period when it was first enabled to achieve the dignified posture of Adam, when rising from the bosom of his mother, he walked as walked the angels. In plain, working-day phrase, MRS. BIB'S Baby will leave the reader the very moment it runs alone. How we have become the depositary of Baby's precious secrets, it matters not in the present page to tell. When the whole book is completed, the reader may be informed thereof—and he may not.

Our great difficulty will be to reduce our materials into a modest, volumable compass. We have matter enough for two thick folios of the good old times, when an author stretched himself in his page as in a bed—when he had one; and was not, as in these days, cramped head to heel, in twelvemo—duodecimo. If the reader will but think a moment—will but reflect on the manifold sufferings and disquietudes of a baby that, for the first twelvemonth, is rarely considered other than a doll that cries, and sucks, and eats—the said baby's germinating opinions being either contemptuously neglected, or tyrannously oppressed—if the reader will but take to heart these daily doings suffered by a plastic, ductile creature, at the very time it should receive most reverential care,—he must, without pause, acknowledge that we have a mass of matter that needs the most delicate handling. We shall, however, do with the twelvemonth's history of Baby, what MRS. BIB—good thrifty woman!—did with Baby's garments: we shall cut away all flowing superfluities; and so reduce the needless longs into succinct shorts.

For the reader must remember that we have the various wisdom of father and mother—and grandfather and grandmother on both sides—and godfathers and godmothers—and nurses, and bosom friends, and kind acquaintance,—all of whom are apt to consider a baby as a thing sent into a house to provoke and suffer moral experiments,—we say the reader must remember that we have to chronicle all the many-coloured thoughts of these many people, and he must therefore indulgently consider the difficulty of our task; for we must at once be brief yet full, like a wren's egg.

From a painful consideration of the early sufferings of Baby BIB—to say nothing of our own personal recollections—we are profoundly convinced that the first year of a child's life is the most tremendously important of any succeeding twelvemonth, though the creature shall number three-score and ten. It is, therefore, with more than ten tin-trumpet voice, we would preach the very earliest respect for the very earliest babies. Consider the blank sheet of paper with which the head of every baby—according to the philosopher—is lined. Think of it, and shudder, when you see nurses and nurse-maids writing their pot-hooks and hangers upon it, as though they wrote with rolling-pins, or, at the best, wooden skewers! Poor human papyrus! How many after-scratchings, and cuttle-fish rubbings it shall take to scratch and rub out the marks,—that, after all, may never wholly be effaced, but remain dingy and dark under snow-white hairs!

Or think, MRS. GOTOBED—portly, jolly monthly nurse as you are—think upon, and if you will, believe in the doctrine of innate ideas, which doctrine we will essay to render familiar to your fat-bound apprehension. Did you ever, in the long-past and almost forgotten years of your virginity, did you ever pen a secret missive in colourless fluid to the adoring, for yet unfettered GOTOBED! You have! Sometimes you wrote with milk—sometimes with juice of lemon. And PETER took the piece of seeming blankness, and holding it to the kitchen fire, what words of tenderness and passion dawned on the sheet, called into vital expression by the favouring heat! And this, MRS. GOTOBED, is no other than the doctrine of innate ideas. All babies—say some philosophers—have them ready written in their brains, only awaiting a timely heat to bring them out: all the ideas are thus invisibly written, though whether in the milk of human

kindness, or in the acidity of the lemon, we leave it to the worldly experience of Mrs. Gotobed and the reader to determine.

Now, good nurse, believe in which philosophy you will—you must believe in the solemn nature and destination of that little cloud-capped head lying upon your knee; that head, to your former ignorance as void of thought as any one of the turnips that, with broth and mutton, you consumed at dinner. It is, therefore, our purpose—but hold; for this week we have said enough.

Reader, turn the page without rustling, or you 'll wake Baby.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Diwan. A Persian word for a Senate, and an English word for a smoking-room. The Diwan subsequently came to signify the place of meeting as well as the people in it—the room as well as the company. In England, being without the Persian company, we are only able to adopt the room. Admission to the Diwan is very difficult in the East, but it can be accomplished for a shilling, which includes a cup of coffee, in the Strand.

Doctor. One who has taken the high degree in any of the learned professions, but it is not necessary that he should be in the highest degree fit for the rank assumed. A doctor, means literally, one who is able to teach, but it by no means follows that he has been efficiently taught. The qualification for a Doctor's degree in music is the composition and performance of a solemn piece on any instrument whatever, and it would seem that a dirge for the double drums would be sufficient to constitute a Mus. Doc. at Oxford or Cambridge. Doctors of Physic are not made by prescription, though there can be no doubt that they ought to be.

Domicile. The place where every man is when he 's at home. When, however, you drop in at a friend's house to dinner, and he

tells you to make yourself at home, his residence is not your legal domicile. A married man's domicile is generally considered to be the place where his family resides; and it does not seem that it makes any legal difference if he

"Won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear."

Dowager. A widow entitled to Dower, so that if Mrs. Brown, the green-grocer's wife, has a dowry, she is, after the death of her husband, the Dowager Mrs. Brown. It is said that a man may not marry a Queen Dowager without a license from the Sovereign, under pain of forfeiting his lands and goods; but if he is a mere adventurer, without either lands or goods, the pain of forfeiture would not be very acute or violent.

Duke. The title formerly given to the utmost height of English aristocracy, but lately rendered synonymous with the height of absurdity. The word Duke is derived from *Dux* or *Ducks*; but *Geese* would be more appropriate to many modern instances. It has been said that some Dukes are pudding-headed, and the present head of the house of Howard resembles, in some of its qualities, a Norfolk dumpling. Only four families were advanced to the honour of dukedom in 100 years, which seems to show that Dukes ought to be made as scarce as possible.

### SHAMEFUL CASE OF SACRILEGE.

A few days since, an abandoned creature, in the human form, entered Westminster Abbey—under the pretext of seeing the show—and absolutely passed off a bad sixpence upon one of the vergers.

## RICHMOND IN SUSSEX.

We are requested—we shall not say by whom—to fill a gap that, we know not wherefore, occurs in all the reports of the Duke of Richmond's speech in Sussex. His Grace is talking about "honest men."

"* * * There were many honest men in the county—in fact, he would not trust himself to say how many honest men there were, quite fit and ready to be Prime Minister of England. Cabinet-making was put forth as a very difficult business. Now he knew that Cabinet Ministers might be made as readily as blocks at Woolwich,—he would not say how many in a minute. The only thing required to be worked up in the construction of a Cabinet was honesty. And when he considered the immense quantity of the raw material abounding in the Agricultural districts—the more especially in the county of Sussex—(*loud cheers*)—he felt sure that we might even become an exporting country in the commodity. Of course, he was not of such benighted intellect as to expect to find the smallest portion of honesty in any manufacturing town. Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and the like, had not one honest man, woman, or child, among them. Honesty, like buttercups and daisies, was only to be found in the green fields, flourishing under a blue sky, undefiled by the black, pestilential vapours, vomited by tall factory chimneys. (*Very loud cheers.*) If, then, an agricultural labourer must, by his nature, be of such unswerving integrity, what must an agricultural Duke be? He would say no more;—but this he would say: he believed himself to be a remarkably honest man; and this, too, he would also add; that he would hold himself ready to start, by special train, to Windsor, whenever it should please the wisdom of Her Gracious Majesty to send for him."

## A CORN-LAW RHYME.

Awake to your duties, ye sons of the soil,
So handsomely paid for such moderate toil;
Seven shillings a week your slight labours requite,—
For remember you work but from morning to night.

Awake to your duties, a foe is at hand,
A foe to your masters, the lords of the land:
The corn-laws are threaten'd—and if they should go,
Why the rents of the squares must be lower'd you know.

Consider, a moment, the landlord's distress,
Doom'd to drink, after dinner, one bottle the less;
A hunter, a carriage or so, to put down,
Or his lady's small wardrobe to stint of a gown.

Oh! believe not the tales that his enemies tell;
The landowner uses the labourer well;
Don't you eat beef and mutton each day of the year,
And have you not always got plenty of beer?

When aged, and able to labour no more,
Is there not an asylum provided the poor—
A Union where matron and beadle unite
To render life's sunset calm, pleasant, and bright?

By your happy, contented, fat children and wives,
Well clothed and well fed every day of their lives,
Stand ye up in behalf of the Landowners' cause,
And their incomes protect from the Leaguers' fell claws.

By your bread and potatoes, your beer and your beef,
By the workhouse,—by in-door and out-door relief,
Oh, my hearties and bucks! rally round and defend
The landlord—the farmer's and labourer's friend!

### PINAFORE PATRIOTS.

At the Repeal Association, a Mr. M'Keon melted the hearts of his hearers into buttermilk, by assuring them that he had, a day or two before, given his—

"little son and daughter a half-sovereign, and on presenting it to them they exclaimed, 'Pa (*laughter*), do give it to the repeal' (*cheers*). Sir, when I see the feeling *of my tittle progeny*—I hope, by the bye, they will increase and multiply for their country's cause—*I do hope much* for Ireland."

For our part, we *did* hope much against Repeal,—but there is now no doubt of the ultimate separation of Ireland from England, cut off, as she must be, by the half-sovereign of Master and Miss M'Keon!

## PUNCH'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

This is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary localities of modern times, for, though standing in the centre of a great city, at the top of a crowded thoroughfare, it has remained to this day a mystery, of which no one, except the horse of George the Fourth's Statue, can make either head or tail. The base of the Nelson column is a sealed book, strongly done up in boards.

If the Commissioners have exhibited a defiance of public feeling, it has not been an open defiance at any rate. By the constant hoarding up, we naturally presumed that the Commissioners really had something to hoard,—some exquisite treasure too delicate for the vulgar eye, or some wealth too tempting to the light-fingered hand. We repaired, therefore, to the spot, a day or two ago, with the determination to unravel the mystery. We chose an early hour in the morning, and went round to the side opposite to that on which the policeman stood,—that policeman who looks up admiringly at the statue of Nelson, and fancies he hears the memorable words, "England expects that every man" (including every policeman, of course,) "this day will do his duty."

We dodged the zealous official, and giving a vigorous leap, succeeded in placing our hands on the top of the hoarding, in the full expectation of looking down upon, as we hinted above, a mass of hoarded wealth. What however was our disappointment to behold the thistle and the dandelion springing up luxuriantly among the grass that time had permitted to grow. The reader may judge how we were nettled when a certain herb of stinging qualities came into contact with the tip of our nose. While we looked, we fell into a strain of philosophy in which it is our delight to indulge.

If we recoil from such very hard study as that of "Sermons in stones," we have a fine relish for "books in the running brooks," which are very preferable to the excessively dry reading we now and then have to encounter. Indulging our love for philosophy, we commenced mentally conjecturing what could be the meaning of the prospect before us, when suddenly it occurred to us to be emblematical of the sepulchre of England's naval greatness. "Ah!" thought we, while imagination drew a full-length portrait, which we soon squared to our own melancholy frame of mind:—"Ah," said we to ourselves, "there is the figure of Britannia mourning over the widowhood she has sustained in the loss of Nelson, to whom she was wedded before the altar of national glory. Yes, yes, and those nettles—those thistles are all keeping up the allegory,—as the showman once observed—Yes, they are emblematical of the fact that Britannia, the disconsolate widow, has literally gone into weeds!" At this stern and Sterne-like conclusion we had just arrived, when we received a tap from that pink of politeness, the Policeman—if anything can be called the pink when it is perfectly blue—who observed, in a tone of sorrow rather than of anger: "Come, sir, this is against the orders—you must move on, if you please." We were so rivetted to the spot, that we did not stir, when he pulled us down and conducted us away from the hoarding. We need not say that we went away, powerfully moved.

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Horse Laughing.—The last bulletin of Marshal Bugeaud contains the account of Abd-el-kader's horse having been shot under him. In this instance the bulletin would have been more acceptable to the French for the addition of a *Rider*.

## THE YOUNG ROGUE'S CORRECTOR.

A correspondence has lately taken place between Sir James Graham and Mr. Serjeant Adams, on the subject of the Punishment of Juvenile Offenders, which, it seems, is a hard one to grapple with; but perhaps we may solve the difficulty.

The juvenile offender may, for a slight transgression, be placed in a corner, with his face to the wall. This, perhaps, the corner being a warm one, may not be a too heavy punishment for ringing a muffin-bell.

He may be caused to stand for a certain short time on a stool in public, with a bit of bread in the one hand, and a slice of cheese or bacon in the other, which he shall not be allowed to eat until he pleases. Such would be an appropriate infliction for begging in the streets from destitution.

For graver offences he may be subjected to imprisonment. Boys from seven to ten years of age, guilty of steiking out slides, or trundling hoops about the streets, might be sent to some charity-school, and "kept in" during play-hours.

For picking pockets, and for larceny, committed for want of knowing better, the same penalty may be inflicted, coupled with a heavy imposition, to consist of the whole of the Church Catechism, and a selection from the Statute Book; which, though a severe, may be a salutary punishment for crime perpetrated from mere ignorance. * Should this mode of correcting juvenile delinquency be adopted, the following variation of a popular couplet may perhaps supersede the original: —

"He who steals, will, when he 's caught,
Be sent to School, and better taught."

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## TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY CLANDESTINELY.

In consequence of Serten inguryus Reports as has got abroad Respectin the undersined, and witch threatns to Deprive Im of the Better Harf of his Bisnis, it Havin bin sed that he has bin oblig'd to Give Up his Trade of a Pass-On at Gretna Green': he hearby Informs all Young Ladys and Yunger Branchis of the Nobillety and Gentry, Military Captings, Kornits in the Gards, and Handsum Footmen, that he continues to carry on Bisnis, in both Branchis, in all respex as he always have, and is reddy to Ty the nupshal Not or to shoo Hosses, at a moment's Notis, as heartofour, and upon the same moderate Turms. Any Lady or Genlman wishin to be jined together in wholly Matrimoney, with Privasee and Dispach, will find him at his Poast any day, and if the weals of their Carridge as Broak down, he will Engage to do that Job likewise, in No time. And he beggs to Assure all those heom it may Consarn, that there is no fear that his Priviledges will be took away; there is too many in the House of Commons, not to menshun Irish Members, as, for their own sakes, will Respect his Vested Intrests.

(Signed)
The Blacksmith of Gretna Green.

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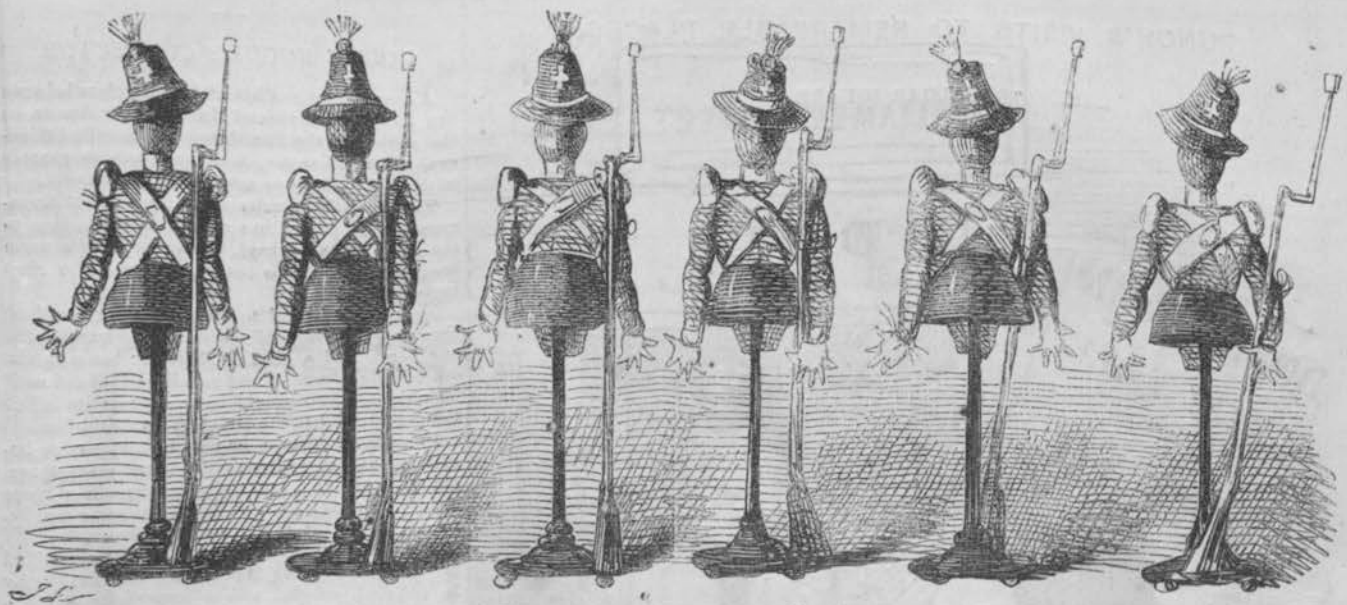
### A Voluntary Exile.

O'Connell is coming over to attend Parliament this Session. What noble sacrifice! To leave his beautiful place at Derrynane Beg, and mingle with the brutal-minded Saxon! To run away from the blessings of his tenants to visit a country where nothing but coldness and suspicion await him! Who but O'Connell would go through this painful struggle! But does not every act in his career prove how little he thinks of himself! His whole life has been spent in considering how he could best relieve Ireland! And he quits it now, because he feels that his presence any longer could only do it injury.



ALL THESE MILITIA SUBSTITUTES A GREAT BARGAIN.

## UNEASY NICHOLAS.

After all, it cannot be a very enviable post,—that of Emperor of Russia, as at present filled by the magnificent potentate. His Imperial Greatness must, occasionally, be terribly flustered by his dignity. Suspicion must be to him a continual body-guard. Of this pleasing truth we read the strongest evidence in a letter from Venice, quoted in the *Constitutionnel*. We are told that "on his arrival at Padua, he himself visited the apartment in which he was to sleep, striking the walls with a hammer," lest, we presume, two or three Poles should be concealed behind the wainscot, ready to pay a midnight visit to the benefactor of their country. He "then caused the mattresses of the bed to be removed," lest they should have been crammed with combustibles, to explode upon the imperial pressure—"and replaced by a leather mattress, which was filled"—with roses! asks the reader; no—"with hay under his eyes!" And then catch his Magnificence taking bite or sup, for fear of ratsbane. No: "he refused to taste any of the dishes prepared for his supper, and called for his travelling case, out of which he took a bottle of Malaga wine, and a cold roast fowl, which he shared with Count Orloff." Whether the Emperor had previously drawn and superintended the roasting of the fowl himself, is not stated: nevertheless, it would not make a bad ideal subject for the picture gallery of St. Petersburgh, to have Nicholas, the father of his country, duly limned for posterity,—with one eye watching the spit, and the other fixed on a new ukase about to be issued against the Russian Catholics and Jews. When he went to the opera at Venice, "he remained in the bottom of the box, and could scarcely be seen. Count Orloff sat in the front, attired in a rich uniform"—that the bullets, if any should be fired, might be officially delivered *through* that officer. The play being over, four carriages drove up to the gate; "but nobody could tell which was the one intended for the Emperor."

It is thus clear that Nicholas has, in his own mind, insured himself as doubly hazardous. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, there is a story of a beautiful girl who was fed upon serpents, and then sent to a certain tyrant. She kissed him, and "venom did its work;" the tyrant died. Nicholas has, assuredly, never read the story,—otherwise he would never present his hand—"his red right hand"—to the lips of any of his loving subjects.

**Just Published,**

A striking pen-and-ink portrait of the Right Honourable the Earl Grey. It is executed in the line manner, and the likeness reputed to be admirable. The shadows could not be deeper, and some of the strokes of the pen are remarkable for their boldness. For a proof before letters, apply to T. B. Macaulay, Designer in general, at 1, Albany, (lately removed from Downing Street,) where a variety of portraits are always kept on hand. Members of Parliament taken off at the shortest notice.

## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Being desirous of procuring an early copy of this interesting document, we despatched a private note to Sir R. Peel, requesting him to favour us with the speech, as we are compelled to go to press before it will be delivered, in the ordinary course, by Her Majesty. The Premier has not answered our letter, and we can only conclude that in consequence of the Earl of St. Germans being new to his place, there has been some mistake at the Post Office, which has caused our communication to miscarry. We have had better luck with the Duke of Wellington, unless the following is a hoax, which is not at all impossible:—

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington would be happy to oblige *Mr. Punch* with a copy of the speech; but the fact is, the Ministers have not yet agreed upon the contents; and F.M. the Duke of Wellington sees no likelihood at present of their doing so. F.M. the Duke has had a good deal of experience in the disagreements of Cabinets on the subject of Royal speeches; but he never remembers such a mess as the present.

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington will let *Mr. Punch* have the earliest intimation of anything definite having been come to."

As we have not heard from His Grace up to the time of our number going to press, we can only presume that the Ministers were, up to the very last moment, at loggerheads.

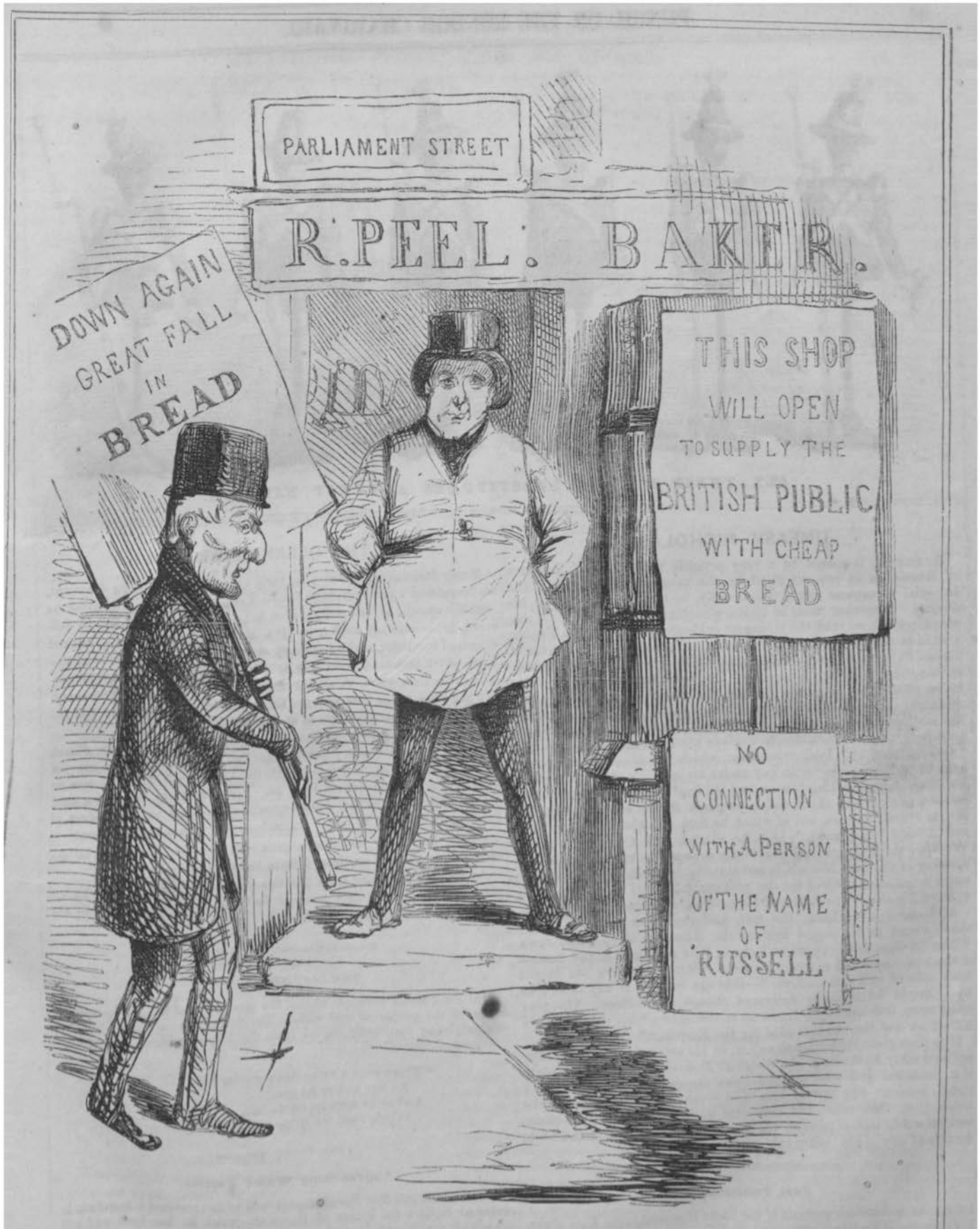
### THE LAST NEW POLK-ER.

Mr. Polk would persuade us that the annexation of Texas is by special desire of the people of that state. The defence is ingenious, but not original, being manifestly copied from the following lines in Borrow's "Gipsies of Spain:"—

"There runs a swine down yonder hill
As fast as e'er he can,
And as he runs he crieth still,
'Come steal me Gipsy man.'"

### Approaching Water Parties.

Ellenborough's first Naval exploit will be to command a squadron in order to capture the Pillars of Hercules—which he has been told will match admirably with his Gates of Somnauth. His next expedition will be a voyage to the North Pole, which he has promised posterity to bring to England, and plant on the summit of Primrose Hill. If he should accomplish this great achievement, prizes will be distributed every year to the boy who climbs to the top of the North Pole, after it has been properly greased. The prizes will be appointments at the Admiralty, or else the command of a man at war.




# PEEL'S CHEAP BREAD SHOP,

OPENED JANUARY 22, 1846.

## THE POLITICAL CAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to see
As great a fool as fool could be,
Attending meetings, with a shout,
That 't would be better PEEL were out;
While others noisily maintain
They 're glad that he is in again.
One would at once refuse submission,
And one would bow to his decision.
  Two politicians, each inclin'd,
To be of quite a different mind
Began to have a quiet chat
On sometimes this, and sometimes that,
Discours'd awhile, with earnest zeal,
About that bold Cameleon, PEEL,
And very energetic grew
Upon the subject of his hue.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never bask'd in fortune's sun:
A Tory's body, slow and long,
A landlord's head—Free-trader's tongue;
Its heart to quick repeal inclined,
But for its length of tail behind,
Which checks its pace: and then its hue,
Did anything e'er look so blue?"
"Hold, there!" the other quick replies,
"He 's green: I saw it with these eyes,
As late upon the ground he lay,
Thrown over in the oddest way;
Resigned—without a cause I mean—
Could anything be half so green!"
"I've seen him, sir, as well as you:
I tell you that he look'd quite blue,
When he awhile was in the shade,
And I, JOHN RUSSELL, progress made."
"'Twas green, sir; green, sir, I assure ye."
"Blue!" cries the other, in a fury.
So high at last the contest rose,
They very nearly came to blows;
When luckily they spied a third:
To him the matter they referr'd,
And begg'd he 'd tell them if he knew
Whether the PEEL was green or blue.
"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease your pother;
He 's really neither one nor t'other,
I saw the animal one night,
Viewed by the House of Commons light:
I marked him well—I can't forget,
For then he seemed as black as jet.
You stare, my friends!" "Indeed we do."
"'Tis green."—"'Tis black!"—"Nonsense! 'tis blue."
"Suppose, as we are all in doubt,"
Cries one, "at once we turn him out."
Before they 'd time to do it quite,
The PEEL appeared—and lo 'twas white!
All stared—and all looked wondrous wise.
"My friends," the sleek Cameleon cries,
"You all are right and all are wrong,
I 'm all by turns, and nothing long.
'Tis just according to the view,
That I am black, or green, or blue.
I but reflect each passing ray
That seems the brightest for the day;
And friends, I hold it no disgrace
To suit my colour to my place."

## PETITION TO KING HUDSON.

TO HIS MAJESTY, HUDSON I., KING OF THE RAILWAYS.

*May it please your* MAJESTY. *The Prayer of your Petitioner humbly showeth:*

THAT by reason of the misconduct, negligence, and inebriety of divers and sundry Stokers, Engineers, Policemen, and others, your MAJESTY's servants, various and several collisions, explosions, and oversettings, are continually taking place on the Railways, your MAJESTY's dominions.

THAT by such collisions and other accidents, many serious fractures and dislocations of skulls, necks, legs, and arms, often involving loss of life; not to mention contusions, bumps, bruises, and the like injuries, very grievous to endure; do constantly happen to Travellers in the said dominions of your MAJESTY.

THAT further, owing to the mismanagement of certain of your MAJESTY's Ministers, Directors of your Railways, Engines, improperly constructed, are allowed to travel at an unsafe speed, on some of the said Railways, the Highways of your MAJESTY, so to speak; insomuch that your Petitioner has been informed, and verily believes, that one MAJOR-GENERAL PASLEY did lately ride and travel on one of the said engines, which "rolled like a ship at sea."

THAT your Petitioner, besides the usual complement of legs, arms, and other bodily proportions, has likewise a hump upon his shoulders, whereof he is very tender.

THAT through the above-mentioned misconduct and mismanagement of your MAJESTY's Officers aforesaid, your Petitioner can never travel in your MAJESTY's dominions but in bodily fear and trembling for his life, and for the safety and integrity of his said hump, and other limbs and members to him belonging.

YOUR Petitioner, therefore, doth humbly pray that your MAJESTY will forthwith take such measures as to your wisdom may seem fit, for causing and compelling such Stokers, Engineers, Policemen, and Directors, your MAJESTY's Officers and Servants, each and all in their several capacities, to look sharp, be alive, and mind what they are about, to the end that by their carelessness and negligence the lives and limbs of your Petitioner, and of the Public at large, may no longer be jeopardised and endangered. And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

(Signed) PUNCH.

### Sussex Arcadians.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND ought to have lived in the golden days of VIRGIL's shepherds. Their guilelessness would have harmoniously accorded with the ducal mind. Nevertheless, the swains of Sussex are not all unworthy of the "Georgics." Such creatures still exist, albeit this hard-dealing, money-changing world, may doubt the pleasing verity. His Grace of Richmond, too, has recently expressed his determination to keep his Sussex STREPHONS in all their primitive purity. He has installed himself the *custos morum* of the rural population of the county, declaring that he would "not send the agricultural labourers, *whose integrity he knew to be great*, to be debauched in Manchester or Leeds." It is especially kind of his Grace thus sedulously to guard the integrity of the labourers. It is very kind of him to think of their souls; nevertheless, let him listen to the voices of Goatacre, and remember that labourers have also bellies. But no. *Probitas laudatur et—alget.*

### THE CAP WILL FIT.

IN consequence of the recent displays of wisdom on the part of certain Dukes, it has been proposed, in Dame-schools, to substitute the Ducal Coronet for the Dunce's Cap.

## THE MINISTERIAL PUZZLE.

Our readers are no doubt familiar with certain puzzles, in which amusement and instruction are happily blended, by pasting a map on wood, cutting it up into small pieces, and leaving it to the ingenuity of anybody to put it together again. We have seen the Sovereigns of England served in this way, and we have often been trying for a quarter of an hour to get the head of Charles the First on to the shoulders of Charles the Second. We understand that the favourite Ministerial game during the Christmas holidays has consisted in a Political Puzzle, occasioned by the breaking up of the party which, until lately, exhibited a firm and compact appearance. Wellington and Peel have taxed their ingenuity day after day in endeavouring to adjust the Puzzle and place the different persons into the places to which they are fitted. The effort has however been very futile, and it is to be feared that they have made a sad bungling business of it. Considerable difficulty was occasioned by not knowing what to do with Lord Ellenborough. Peel insisted that he did not belong to the set, but Wellington declared resolutely, that a place must and should be found for him. Peel very reluctantly found room for him, but exclaimed petulantly, "Well—I know the introduction of Ellenborough will throw us out altogether. We tried him before, and he made everything come wrong." The Duke was however obstinate, and Ellenborough was poked in, but Peel declared that he knew the consequence would be that the Cabinet Puzzle would never get completely adjusted.

## MORALS OF TRADE.

One Alfred Leonard—a miserable felon!—was a day or two since charged with robbing a worthy tradesman, named Bingley, of Pentonville, of a saucepan, value 4½*d*. The audacious ruffian confessed his guilt. Indeed the saucepan and label were found upon him.

"Mr. Greenwood (to the prosecutor): Read that label.

The prosecutor did so, aloud.

Mr. Greenwood: You have not read it all. Read on.

The prosecutor read a part of the label describing the article as made of block tin.

Mr. Greenwood: That is untrue, and you know it.

Prosecutor: *Yes, that is untrue.*

Mr. Greenwood: Then why do you represent an article to be what it is not?

Prosecutor: *We are obliged to tell the public so.*

Mr. Greenwood: Indeed you are not obliged to do anything of the sort, and it is not the part of a respectable tradesman.

Prosecutor: We tell our customers so, but if they ask us whether the article really is what it is labelled as, *we tell them the truth.*"

We admire this wisdom on the part of Mr. Bingley. Truth being, like diamonds, very precious, should not be made too common. Hence, it is the part of a thrifty tradesman only to tell the truth when his customers ask for it. It would be unseemly in him to press veracity, whether or no, upon them. And therefore the iniquitous rogue—the open day-light thief, to the value of 4½*d*.—is very properly committed for trial—and the wise, judicious tradesman is bound over to prosecute. Wretched Alfred Leonard! In a very short time, he may expiate his guilt upon the treadmill,—whilst Mr. Bingley may continue to taste the sweets of profit from saucepans labelled "block tin"—that are not so. Serviceable is the wisdom that, in this wicked, working-day world, can keep a tradesman on the safe side of an Act of Parliament!

### CAUTION TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

As it is very generally reported that the Income Tax is to be increased at the opening of Parliament, never was the national warning more needed than at present, of, "Gentlemen, take care of your pockets."

## ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL, WESTMINSTER.

### R. PEEL,

HEAD MASTER OF THE ABOVE SCHOOL,

Begs leave to remind his young friends that the establishment will re-open on the twenty-second of January, when he hopes to find them all in their places, and ready to pursue their ordinary tasks. He has several good lessons in preparation, particularly for the agricultural class, who, it is hoped, will profit by what he is desirous of teaching them. While he is anxious to encourage good boys with suitable rewards, it must be remembered that he has several rods in pickle, which he shall freely use, if he finds any necessity for doing so. He is determined to preserve the strictest discipline, and to put down anything like insubordination wherever it may show itself.

R. Peel has determined on putting down everything in the shape of sliding, which he will not allow to exist on any scale whatever.

Complaints having been made of the greediness of a small portion of the pupils, by whom the rest are deprived of what is fairly due to them, R. Peel has made arrangements for giving an unrestricted supply of food to all. Those who show any opposition to his plan will be compelled to learn an extra lesson.

The boys in the upper form are particularly desired to take warning by the disobedience of Master Stanley, who has lost his place, which has been taken by another and better behaved boy, Master W. Gladstone. R. Peel hopes that there will be no quarrelling between the different classes, as too frequently happens in St. Stephen's School, for want of discipline.

### "PEPPER, AND THAT SORT OF THING."

We read in the papers, that, at the time the Duke of Norfolk made his dreadful *lapsus* about the curry, the Duke of Richmond said his feeling was such, that "he wished the earth would open and hide him." The Duke of Richmond has not been altogether disappointed; for, in consequence of his ducal displays at several Protection Meetings, the press has since opened upon him, and given him the *hiding* he so particularly wanted.

### ENORMOUS GEESE.

In answer to a country correspondent, we beg leave to state that the greatest Goose-Club in London is the British and Foreign Destitute.

## THE SONG OF THE CENTRAL SOCIETY.

What makes our flag o'er distant seas,
To brave the battle and the breeze,
(*Aside*) *And lets us live at home in ease?*
Protection!

What was the day at Waterloo,
At Trafalgar and Acre too,
(*Aside*) *And helps us to put on the screw?*
Protection!

What is it saves us from dissent,
What raises profits cent. per cent.,
(*Aside*) *And at war prices holds the rent?*
Protection!

What makes our soil grow wheat and oats,
What swells your pounds to five-pound notes,
(*Aside*) *Besides securing county votes?*
Protection!

What keeps down democratic views,
What saves our isle from wooden shoes,
(*Aside*) *And lets us pay our mortgage dues?*
Protection!

What more than muskets, men, or mortars,
Spreads England's power thro' earth's four quarters,
(*Aside*) *And portions off our sons and daughters?*
Protection!

What sharpen'd WATT'S and ARKWRIGHT'S brains,
What made power-looms and railway trains,
(*Aside*) *And keeps down surly labourers' gains?*
Protection!

What saves from continental meat,
And gives as much of British wheat—
(*Aside*) *As we can grow, not you can eat?*
Protection!

## THE MILITIA MOVEMENT.

We regret to say that already by anticipation the prospect of the drawing for the Militia is throwing a dark and lowering shade over the domestic hearth of many a family. The gallant fellow of Brook Green, who has already voluntarily undergone the exertions of a review, and the horrors of a bivouac, has been accustoming himself to a laceration of his feelings by rehearsing a parting from the wife of his bosom.

This affecting incident has been carefully got up, with all the accessories of arms and accoutrements, together with the heart-rending appendage of the Soldier's Tear, which the Brook Green Militia Man contrives, with true military punctuality, to cause to be starting in his eye, just as he himself is ready for starting. In the words of the poet—or nearly so,

Upon the road he turned
To take a last fond look
Of the Ville of Hammersmith and Green
That bears the name of Brook.
He said some parting words
We do not want to hear,
And the Soldier, having blown his nose,
Did wipe away a tear.

It would be violating the sanctity of domestic sorrow were we to carry this affecting picture further. For our own parts, we deeply and sensibly appreciate the patriotic feeling that has inspired the one Militia Man with this precocious ardour for serving his country. It has been beautifully said that one volunteer is worth a whole company of pressed men, and the hero of Hammersmith must be a regiment in himself, if we estimate his value by his eagerness to defend his native land, or rather his native Green, from foreign invasion.

The calling out of the Militia will involve a considerable stoppage to commerce and the polite arts; for the linendraper's "young man" may be suddenly called from the counter to the field, and be compelled to lay down the yard measure for the musket.

It would not be a bad plan to have the regulation muskets a yard long, for the use of the Militia, so that they might be taking their military measures and their civil measures at the same time. We can conceive the dilemma in which the *perruquier* will sometimes be placed when duty calls him to drill, and business requires him to dress the hair of a customer.

MILITIA MAN. (*loq.*) "ALEXANDER, WHEN YOU 'VE TITTIVATED THAT GENT YOU MUST COME TO DRILL."

## RAILWAY PANIC AND ANOTHER *v.* CRISIS.

*Answer of Defendant.*

"MR. PUNCH,

"I OBSERVE in a late Number a letter from those two very *rococo* persons, Railway Panic and Potato Panic, complaining of me, as having (to use a vulgar expression) put their respectable noses completely out of joint. Now, *Mr. Punch*, it is I who have just grounds for complaint, as you will acknowledge if you will visit the Haymarket and Lyceum Theatres, and witness the Extravaganzas there performing. Would you believe it, Sir, among the *hits, à la* Aristophanes, of which such pieces are the customary vehicles, your two correspondents (*once*, I will allow, considerable persons) figure in every third line, while I am entirely excluded at the former Theatre; and at the latter did not hear myself alluded to, though I am informed that I occur in one stanza of one song, which is occasionally omitted by the singer! Do, *Mr. Punch*, protest against such treatment, and oblige

"Your often duly noticed

"MINISTERIAL CRISIS."

## SPIRITED ENTHUSIASM.

IT is proposed to raise a corps of female militia. *Mrs. Harris* has, most nobly, volunteered to take the command. We admire the pluck of the old lady, and can tell her that she has a most formidable weapon in her own paper; for we are sure that the stoutest heart must quake before it. We have known many courageous spirits who were proof against fire, fatigue, short commons, ridicule, and the whole series of military hardships; but we never knew the man yet who could stand the *Standard*. *Mrs. Harris* has only to unfurl it, and we will serve in the militia ourselves, if everybody does not instantly take to flight.

## THE POLITICAL ACROBATS.

We have frequently been entertained by the feats of Indian Rubber Brothers, Mackintosh Youths, Egyptian Untrustables, and other phenomena of human pliability and strength; but we have lately been astonished by the extraordinary performances of a political trio, whose exploits have been the admiration of all who have witnessed them. The three phenomena to whom we have alluded, are all distinguished in different styles of excellence. Cobden, familiarly known as the Anti-Corn-Law Hercules, is remarkable for activity and strength; while Russell, the City Tumbler, is peculiar for his activity in leaping up, as well as his remarkable rapidity in coming down again.

Perhaps, however, the greatest prodigy of all, is Peel, the Tamworth Turnabout, or great Conservative Incredible, who has earned a reputation for the velocity of his movements, as well as for a certain knack of keeping his balance while supported entirely by the strength of Russell and Cobden. The tact with which the Tamworth Turnabout can shift his position from side to side, in order to sustain his equilibrium, has won the admiration of every one who has witnessed it. Our artist has represented him in his favourite attitude, with his head one way and his hands another; giving his countenance to one side, and yet very cleverly appearing to lean to the opposite direction.

We have no doubt that the performances at St. Stephen's, during the ensuing session, will be enlivened by feats of agility and strength, on the part of the three great Political Acrobats.

## "AGRICULTURAL PROTECTION."

To young ladies, half-pay officers, clerks in the Treasury, tide-waiters, sinecurists, and footmen, who cannot help sometimes reading the papers, and listening to political conversation, the phrase "Agricultural Protection" cannot be unfamiliar. It may, however, be doubted whether these classes know, precisely, what "Agricultural Protection" means. On this point Lord Alford has done something towards astonishing, if not enlightening, the description of minds above adverted to. "Agricultural Protection," as defined by his Lordship in a speech at a meeting of the Bedfordshire Agricultural Society, held at the Swan Inn, Bedford, is—

"Such a protection as would prevent the poor lands from going out of cultivation; a diminution of the profits of the farmer, a lessening of the wages of the labourer; and as to the landlord, he must take care of himself."

In fact, according to Lord Alford, Agricultural Protection consists in the landlord's taking care of himself. The diminution of the farmer's profits, and the lessening of the labourer's wages, would follow as a matter of course. To judge from the present rate of labourers' wages, landlords in general have taken very good care of themselves. Agriculture has been protected, on Lord Alford's principle, with a vengeance!

It is wonderful how Load Alford could have made such a speech as that from which we have quoted an extract. But the marvel is not inexplicable. Perhaps his Lordship had dined. Certainly Lord Alford's definition of "Agricultural Protection" is a very true one.

## DERRYNANE BEG.

Och! sure have ye heard of the model estate,
With its beautiful cabins of mud so complate,
Where the windys are windholes to let in the light,
And both inside and out are as black as the night.
'Tis the pride of O'Connell, swate Derrynane-beg.

'Tis an ilegant sight that same stark-staring thatch
Kept down with big stones, sure ye 'll ne'er find its match,
The door, like the chimney, is no door at all,
But a queer gaping kind of a hole in the wall,
That folks crawl in and out of at Derrynane-beg.

Jist look at the water that 's standing in pools,
As green as old Erin; the big mountains is fools
To the dungheaps and dust, that 's haped up at the door,
Till it totters and tumbles right in on the flure.
It's a swate-scented place that same Derrynane-beg.

No kettles or pots hang about on the wall,
To disfigure the beauty or spile it at all,
But the pigs and the spalpeens lay packed head and tail,
And the sow and the Misus both ate the same male,
Oh the grunting and groaning at Derrynane-beg.

Och! where is the Maister! right proud may he be
The work of his far distant magic to see;
Now sure he 's a taching,—the world at his fate,—
Folks to live like us boys on the model estate
That 's so wonderful talked of at Derrynane-beg.

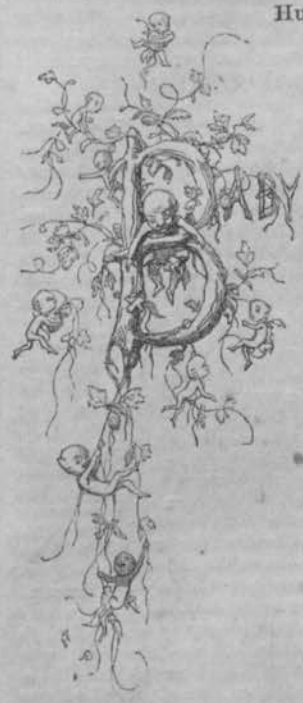
Sure don't look so modest swate Maurice ohone,
Show the Saxon the things that your father has done,
Don't be grinning and looking so queer on the mud,
Jist ating your words and denying your blood,
Though there's little to ate else at Derrynane-beg.

Ah think of the things when Repale comes about,
And the Maister's great plans shall be all carried out,
There shall not be spot *then*, less clanely and nate
Than the beautiful farms on the model estate,
The pride of O'Connell, swate Derrynane-beg.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London.—Published by them, at No. 8, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, Jan. 24, 1846.

## MRS. BIB'S BABY.

CHAPTER I.




Hush! "Sarah,' what can this blessed baby want? Can 't you remember? It must be roast pig." Thus spoke Mrs. Daffy, mother of young Mrs. Bib; and by consequence, grandmother of the month-old baby lying on her lap, and as it seemed, continually tasting its own lips. "My dear, it must be pig," again averred Mrs. Daffy.

"Impossible," said young Mr. Bib, confidently, as though he resolved some mathematical proposition. "What can so young a creature know of the taste of pig?"

It is a great, a proud triumph for woman, when she can look down upon the ignorance of the male animal—loftily down, as from a garret-window. Thus, Mr. Bib no sooner spoke, than Mrs. Daffy enjoyed such conquest suddenly. How very small in grandmother's wise eyes was Mr. Bib! He had sunk to the dimensions and intelligence of a mere domestic piece of furniture; a chattel—a three-legged stool. He had forfeited his divine diploma as a rational creature, and stood at his own hearthstone—in the presence of the wife of his bosom and the child of his loins—a nincompoop—a nobody.

Now, be it remembered, Mr. and Mrs. Bib were both young—some people declared, foolishly young. It is true, they had crowned themselves with the glory of a parent; but then, what *could* they know of children! Everybody asked it. And so, what a treasure at their fire-side was Mrs. Daffy! We have watered our ink from the well of Truth; and therefore must certify that in the common, prose events of prose life, Mrs. Daffy was in no way a very remarkable person. She ruled Daffy, rated her servants, and glorified her own domestic wisdom, as exercised in her various functions of wife and housewife in no manner to distinguish her from a million of her sisterhood. But in the matter of babies, she was an extraordinary woman! Let a baby be born to any of her friends, and how Mrs. Daffy would rise with the occasion! With what dignity—the natural result of conscious power!—would she quietly swim into their houses, and elect herself—a sort of chancellor in petticoats—the guardian of infants. She at once combined in her own majestic maternity the person of father and mother, of grandfathers and grandmothers, of uncles and aunts of the newly-born. The baby was *her* baby; her privilege; her property. Its mere mother was just tolerated—and that only when very meek indeed—whilst the father was just a sort of person allowed the run of the house. Mrs. Daffy adopted the child—made it her own from the moment of its birth—and only now and then, from an unbounded generosity of temper, permitted father and mother to assume any interest in their own flesh. Her look and manner, when nursing baby, seemed continually to say—"I am myself solely responsible for this transaction; and, save when I choose to condescend, admit of no interlopers. Father and mother, and all sorts of relations, know your places."

And it must be confessed that, to a great extent, Mrs. Daffy had earned a right to this supremacy; for her passion was babies—and like green peas, the younger they were, the better she loved them. In her own words, "the sweeter they were to her." This moral epicureanism—this love of human novelty—this craving for the last new baby, as for the last new bonnet, was not to be disguised by Mrs. Daffy. No: it was plain that as baby's clothes were shortened, Mrs. Daffy's interest in the thing diminished; and when it once run alone, it almost seemed to her that the creature had achieved a fair start in the world, and had therefore released her sympathies, that they might engage themselves to the next new comer. And it must be owned, she never permitted them to be long out of employment.

It is known that some people have a strange, a fearful relish for death-beds: that they will run—aye, much faster than the present serious generation to a bran-new play—to see their brethren lay down their parts of life. It is possible that such sight-seers seek the show—a show wherein they must some day be the hero—to learn decency, or dignity for themselves, at their final leave-taking. Now, the more cheerful, hopeful taste of Mrs. Daffy, made her seek precisely the opposite scene. She delighted to contemplate the renewal of the world. To her ears the first cry of a baby was the music of hope; a sound as of psaltery and timbrel,—though we do not insist that she very clearly comprehended what such instruments were—breathing the triumph of life, and the rejoicing of man's spirit: a sound, speaking of the activities of the world—of mortal striving, and mortal conquest. Something of this kind—though we own we have put the thoughts into holiday clothes—always, at such seasons, stirred in the brain of Mrs. Daffy. Hence, when summoned from her home—and how blithely, with what a radiant look she would take leave of Daffy!—for her delicious mission—to welcome another small citizen to the world, to hear him wailingly take up his freedom of the universe—Mrs. Daffy was always beautifully impressed with the solemnity of her task. Queen Sheba, setting forth to meet King Solomon, must have felt something of the dignity of purpose that always possessed Mrs. Daffy when summoned to meet the unknown, mysterious little one, that might turn out a King Solomon, or might be—for the dynasty will never be extinct—a King Noodle! And then, how all matters—even the most trifling—appertaining to the expected stranger, became heightened and beautified in the eyes of Mrs. Daffy! No astronomer with greater rapture could decipher the immortal meaning of the sky—writ eternally as it is in starry thoughts—no scholar, dipt in the depths of Egyptian lore, could with keener pleasure pluck out the subtle soul from the husk of hieroglyphs—than would Mrs. Daffy, for the hundredth time, gaze upon the pin-cushion whereon were writ the time-old syllables of love and hope—"Welcome, little stranger!"

It was this devotion to babies that made Mrs. Daffy consider them as sent from heaven to man's fireside, as man's best reward. "You're a good man,"—she has been known, in rare moments of enthusiasm, to declare to the patronised father,—"You 're a good man, and quite deserve the babe you have." As if a babe were a sort of medal bestowed by fate upon a man, for early hours and good conduct.

With these self-imposed duties, so rigidly carried out, it was natural—it was very proper—that Mrs. Daffy should have her moments of pride. And then her indulgence of the feeling was of a touching sort, expressed too, at times, with a truly feminine contempt for logic. We give a case.

A young clergyman—one of Mrs. Daffy's babies—preached his maiden sermon in Mrs. Daffy's parish pulpit, and received from the congregation rounds and rounds of mute applause.

"He 's a sweet preacher!" cried one gentleman. "So impressive!" cried another. "So very orthodox!" said a third. Whereupon Mrs. Daffy, with a sweet smile, clinched—for there are most clinching smiles—such flattering opinions. For, drawing herself up, she said, "He *is* orthodox. I put on his first things."

To go back, however, to the beginning. Baby still smacks its lips.

"Sarah, my dear,"—says Mrs. Daffy,—"what can this blessed infant want!"

But this question we must endeavour to answer in another chapter.

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### Trafalgar Square.

This fearful eyesore has at length excited the attention of Parliament, and part of Friday night was occupied in a short debate as to what is to be done with it. We are now told that the Government has taken it in hand, and the completion of the base must henceforth be considered a ministerial measure. We should be glad to see the hoarding pulled down, which would render it at once an open question.

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### OUR MODESTY.

A new planet, it seems, has been discovered, to which has been given the name of Astræa. We hope that, out of regard to an existing luminary, astronomers will be so good as to call the next star they may discover—Punch.

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### FRIENDS IN NEED.

The Ministerial Papers are terribly wroth with the Address. We wonder if Sir Robert Peel knew the value of their abuse, and sent word to them, "Please to *write down* the Address."

## JEAMES'S DIARY.

DEEATFUL HANGELINA'S billy ran as follows :—

"'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me ; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from the home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

"'When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit : they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

"'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too ! I leave MARY ANN behind to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear MR. PLUSH, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer, "'A.'

"'P.S. I leave the wedding-dresses behind for her : the diamonds are beautiful, and will become MRS. PLUSH admirably.'"

"This was hall !—Confewshn ! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojous MARY HANN half a cryin, half a laffing at me ! 'Who has she gone hoff with ?' rors I ; and MARY HANN (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was SILVERTOP then !

"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniacal igsitement !

"The storry of that iloapmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from the 'Morning Tatler' newspaper.

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### "ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

"The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. "Yesterday's paper, it was supposed, in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of JAMES DE LA PL—CHE, ESQ. and the LADY ANGELINA ——, daughter of the Right Honorable the EARL OF B—RE—CRES. The preparations for this ceremony were complete : we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by Miss TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall) ; the magnificent jewels from the establishment of MESSRS. STORR AND MORTIMER ; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned, is, alas ! not destined to be eaten by the friends of MR. DE LA PL—CHE ; the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at MIVART'S. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the LADY ANGELINA—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion ! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal : we have it from the waiters of MIVART'S that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him ; immediate apoplexy was apprehended ; but MR. MACANN, the celebrated Surgeon, of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

"The frantic agonies of the Right Honorable the EARL OF BARBACRES can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb —impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon — One was threatened with a cane ; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water ; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter : but being of the Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be THE MOST ACCURATE PARTICULARS of this extraordinary occurrence.

"GEORGE FREDERICK JENNINGS, third footman in the establishment of LORD BARBACRES, stated to our *employé* as follows :—LADY ANGELINA has been promised to MR. DE LA PLUCHE for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to MARY ANN HOGGINS, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where MR DE LA P. was employed. Miss HOGGINS became subsequently ladies' maid to LADY ANGELINA—the elopement was arranged between these two.—It was Miss HOGGINS who delivered the note which informed the bereaved MR. PLUSH of his loss.

"SAMUEL BUTTONS, page to the Right Honorable the EARL OF BARBACRES, was ordered on Friday forenoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab, No. 19,796, driven by GEORGE GREGORY MACARTY, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with the vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid Miss MARY ANNE HOGGINS, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box : what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to MADAME CRINOLINE'S, the eminent milliner, in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, BUTTONS was peremptorily ordered by Miss HOGGINS to go about his business.

"Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather of the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), MACARTY had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter ; and, had not that gentleman been himself a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"At MADAME CRINOLINE'S, Miss HOGGINS quitted the carriage, and *a gentleman* entered it. MACARTY describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall) with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trowsers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple *to the Euston Square Station*, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

"At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from FREDERIC CORDUROY, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

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### "SECOND EDITION.

"(*From our Reporter.*)

"'*Newcastle, Monday.*

"'I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to.'

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### "THIRD EDITION.

"'*Gretna Green, Monday Evening.*

"'The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between GEORGE GRANBY SILVERTOP, ESQ., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of GENERAL JOHN SILVERTOP, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and LADY EMILY SILVERTOP, daughter of the late sister of the present EARL OF BARBACRES, and the LADY ANGELINA AMELIA ARETHUSA ANACONDA ALEXANDRINA ALICOMPANIA ANNEMARIA ANTOINETTA, daughter of the last-named EARL BARBACRES.'

(*Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.*)

"'After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former, the Captain, pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with

which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

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"FOURTH EDITION.

"'SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

"'*Whistlebinkie, N.B. Monday, midnight.*

"'I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have had the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence at the Cairngorm Arms—mine are at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

"'On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, 'Is it you, SOUTHDOWN, my boy! You have come too late: unless you are come to have some supper;' or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the LORD VISCOUNT SOUTHDOWN, and politely apprised CAPTAIN SILVERTOP (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

"'Who the deuce (the Captain used a stronger term) are you, then?' said MR. SILVERTOP. 'Are you BAGGS & TAPEWELL, my uncle's attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.'

"'I briefly explained that I was not BAGGS & TAPEWELL, but that my name was J—NS, and that I was a gentleman connected with the Establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

"'And what has brought you here, MR. MORNING TATLER?' asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank,—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

"'And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper! The *Morning Tatler* be—— (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel.'

"'Scoundrel, sir!' said I. 'Yes,' replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this *gentleman*. 'Help, landlord!' I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, 'murder,' and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, 'Give it him, Captain.' A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped, and said, 'Well, JIMS, I won't fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, JIMS, and order a glass of brandy-and-water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I 'll make it more ugly than it is.'

"With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, MR. SILVERTOP entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty."

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## OUR INDIAN MAIL.

THE excessive richness of the intelligence that comes home twice a month by the Indian Mail, has caused us to consider whether it may not be worth our while to start an express of our own, for the purpose of getting early notice of the fun that is passing at the Punjaub.

We find, by the accounts in the *Times*, that some friends of our own, called "PUNCHES," have been falling out with the RANEE, and that SIRDAR TEJ SINGH, together with RAJAH LALL, have been trying to pacify them. The PUNCHES seem to have carried their point, whatever it was; and indeed, if they were genuine PUNCHES, they would be certain to succeed in anything they attempted. It appears that they assembled at the Huzoree-bagh,—the sign of some public-house, we presume,—and found four or five hundred rupees' worth of goorroo ka kurra purshad, prepared for them. This goorroo ka, &c. &c. is, we are told, a kind of sweetmeat, so that it appears the RANEE hoped to stop the mouths of the PUNCHES with lollipops. We don't believe it is very likely that the plan would prove successful. If they are kindred spirits, the "kind of sweetmeat" will have no more effect upon them than a feast of hard-bake, or an entertainment of Albert-rock, would have upon us if we were pursuing any great object.

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### Dissolving Views.

WE recommend an addition to the "Dissolving Views" exhibited at the Polytechnic. Could not the managers of that institution contrive to include among their *tableaux* a view of the existing Corn Laws?

## ELLENBOROUGH'S LEVEES.

"There 's a sweet little Cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK."

The First Lord of the Admiralty has sent a general invitation to the Wonderful Boy at the Nore, to attend all his levees. He has likewise sent a confidential captain to Smithfield Market, to purchase for him the finest Sow-wester, to try whether he will swim in a trough of the sea he has ordered to be sent up expressly from Portsmouth.

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## SEARCHING FOR GUYS.

IT is not generally known that on the morning of the Opening of Parliament a search is regularly made round the cellars of the Houses, for GUY FAUXES. We confess this looks to us a little over cautious, for the age of GUY FAUXES, like the age of Chivalry, appears to us to be gone. Nevertheless, LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, with CAPTAIN CLIFFORD and some of the Yeomen of the Guard, had a good poke over the whole of the vaults, according to annual custom. They dug about among the coals, moved the beer barrels out of the corner, and went through a most searching investigation into a heap of cinders. If they had found any one, they had resolved to haul him over the coals without mercy; but happily that search was, as usual, utterly fruitless.

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## The Militia Movement.

THE BROOK-GREEN MILITIA-MAN STANDING AT EASE.

OUR one Militia-man is still actively employed in preparing for the defence of his native parish whenever the exigencies of his country may require his services. His energy has been objected to by some fastidious people as premature; but he has, to use his own expressive words, "determined on taking time by the *fire-lock*," and this can only be done by anticipating the musket exercise, which he will eventually have to practise. He has been during the past week actively employed in the platoon exercise, all of which he has accomplished with considerable ease, excepting, perhaps, the fine manœuvre of forming himself into a square, which he found rather difficult. The grand and effective process of filing himself off in a close column he has achieved with the greatest facility, and has been equally successful in the elaborate manœuvre of piling arms, which he practises with an umbrella stand. He finds some difficulty in falling out, but this he intends practising at home, as it is generally rather a domestic than a military operation.

In order to accustom himself to appearing in public in his uniform, our

friend, the one Militia-man, has ventured to an evening party, where his military costume created a powerful impression, and brought to mind some of those brilliant *fêtes* which were so frequent during the war, at our seaports. At first there was some little hesitation among the guests, as to whether it was a case of escape from a masquerade in the neighbourhood; but it having been subsequently ascertained that the military guest was *Punch's* own Militia-man, the gallant fellow was enthusiastically welcomed.

**The Brook-Green Militia-man forms himself into a Square, and Resists a Charge of Cavalry.**

## ULYSSES, BUCKINGHAM, AND PUNCH.

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον.

"Dear Punch,—I observe that Mr. Buckingham has brought out a new edition of his matchless Pamphlet, in which he draws 'a parallel between the Thersites of Homer and the *Punch* of Fleet Street.' I, *Mr. Punch*, should have remained an obscure admirer of yours, (and more especially of Mr. Buckingham's), knowing nothing of the original merits of the quarrel, and taking no part in it, had not certain dishonest imputations, lately cast by one of the parties, placed him, as it seems to me, somewhat beyond the forbearance of honest men. Having premised thus much, I wish just to remark, that it is strange that, when engaged in the study of his 'crib' to Homer, hunting for parallels, Mr. Buckingham should have *overlooked* that most *obvious* one which exists between the πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς, ('many-dodged Ulysses,') and another rather well-known relater of travellers' stories of the present day. For, just let us see what Ulysses *accomplished*: we shall find,—

"1. Sea-sand cultivated.
2. The Lotus Eaters, Phœnicians and Silly Islanders, discovered.
3. (See Tennyson) America discovered.
4. The raising of the winds (the whole being placed in a bag) accomplished.
5. Rhesus done.
6. Ajax done.
7. Polyphemus done.
8. Circe done.
9. Calypso done.
10. The Suitors (a sort of Ithacensian and Foreign Conversazione Society,) done.
11. The underland journey to Hades accomplished.
12. The drawing a bow so long that none could draw it after him, accomplished. And
13. (By means of a remarkable dodge suggested to Tyndarus) The Trojan War accomplished.

I have only to add, that by the last-mentioned accomplishment Ulysses became the Author and Founder (and, for many years, in reality, Permanent Director,) of much Greek and Foreign Destitution.

"I am, Dear Mr. Punch, Goosequill."

## PRESENTS FOR THE PRINCE.

The Chairman of "The East Berks Royal Agricultural Landlords' and Labourers' Encouragement Society," has pronounced His Royal Highness Prince Albert "in every essential an English farmer." That the Prince may in every particular, as well as every essential, be an English farmer, he should dress the character. At the last Cattle-show a sum of twenty guineas was awarded to him for a prize ox; and the above-named Society gave him 3*l.* for the production of the best Swedish turnips.

A more appropriate present for a Prince than a sum of money, would be a suit of clothes—of the right agricultural cut. For the next prize ox that he produces let His Royal Highness receive a smock frock, embroidered, to render the gift more gracious. For his next monster turnip a stout pair of corduroys may be awarded. When next he exhibits a fat sheep, or an improved hog, let him be presented with a serviceable pair of ankle-jacks, which will the better enable the farmers of England to tread in his Royal footsteps.

To crown all, His Royal Highness inclusive, we would suggest a neat pastoral straw hat, with a blue or red ribbon round it; unless, indeed, giving Prince Albert a hat is not something like sending coals to Newcastle.

### School for the Opulent Blind.

A new School for the Blind is to be opened in Dover Place, New Kent Road, for the education of pupils of a superior rank in life. We know not if age will constitute an exclusion from the benefits of this Institution; but if not, a short course of study within its walls may be recommended for the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, and not a few other great landowners, who are sadly afflicted with blindness, and who, everybody will admit, ought as soon as possible to go to school again.

### FRIENDLY HINT TO SIR ROBERT.

Amongst the names of the new Ministry we do not see the name of Benjamin D'Israeli, Esq. The same with the names at the Parliamentary dinners. This must surely be a mistake, which we should advise Sir Robert, as his best friend, to get rectified as soon as possible.

# THE POLITICAL TILLY SLOW-BOY AND COBDEN'S BABY.

TILLY (*loq.*) "Did3 its DUKES OF RICHMONDS says its was a humbugs?"

## PUNCH'S MINISTERIAL EXPLANATIONS.

PUNCH believes it is not generally known, that during the Ministerial Crisis, when the Ministry was neither one thing nor the other—that is to say, neither LORD JOHN RUSSELL or SIR R. PEEL—that he was applied to with a view to his undertaking the formation of a Cabinet. He had advanced considerably in the important task; he had advertised in the *Times* for a young man with his evenings disengaged, to keep a set of books, whom he had agreed with as Chancellor of the Exchequer; he had engaged a First Lord of the Admiralty, worth half-a-dozen LORD ELLENBOROUGHS, from the Margate Steam Packet Company's boats; and indeed he was going on as swimmingly as possible in the getting together of a good efficient hard-working Ministry. He is certain that his selection of men for the important task of governing the country would have been approved by the nation at large. He had chosen them as the hackney-coachman did his horses—not so much for their appearance as for their intrinsic value.

*Punch* pledges himself that if his Ministers had been "rum uns to look at," they would have been at all events "good uns to go," which is the most important quality in a set of Cabinet Ministers. It is all very well to talk of Lord This, and Sir Robert That, but we should be glad to know what a Member of the aristocracy can possibly know about mere matters of business. What city house would ask MR. GOULBURN to come and superintend its cash department, in preference to a clever clerk who had been all his life accustomed to accounts on the fine old basis of WALKER'S Arithmetic? Our object would have been to have procured the greatest possible amount of official ability at the lowest possible price; and it was our intention, if we had been honoured with the Sovereign's confidence, to have put all the seats in the Cabinet up to Dutch auction, like so many easy chairs; and we would have knocked them down, one after the other, to the lowest bidder. It is true that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has partly adopted this principle, by increasing his offers when he finds a difficulty in getting his price; and he acted the part of a Cheap Jack, when he said, "Well, if there are no bidders for Fixed Duty, I will throw you in Total Repeal;" and he almost succeeded in getting his price when he adopted this very politic system.

Though we have the example of others before us, we shall not be tempted into the ungentlemanly act of giving to the public any of our own or our rival's letters on the subject of our attempt to form a Ministry. We may go so far as to state a few of the stipulations to which we respectfully required HER MAJESTY to accede, as the condition of our entering the service of the Sovereign.

First and foremost. The Total, Immediate, and Unconditional Abolition of the Albert Hat, which we humbly insisted was a delusion and a snare, for it did not embody the principle of protection to the wearer's head, while from its cumbersome nature, it acted as a fearful restriction upon his industry.

2nd. A large and liberal measure of supply—for the Fountains in Trafalgar Square.

3rd. The Colonisation of Herne Bay, and the introduction of a few model lodging-houses as a guide to the natives, with a view to the introduction of the arts of civilisation into that beautiful, but neglected, demi-semi-hemisphere.

4th. The Abolition of all Protective Duties, except Policemen's duties, which not being always of a protective character, might be doubled without any serious injury to the state.

5th. The Absolute and Final Settlement of the great Wood Pavement Question, which is continually opening the road to the very worst evils with which trade and commerce can be afflicted, cutting off those means of communication which form the best basis of friendly relations between two separate districts, and paving the way to obstructions which it is difficult to overcome.

6th. The Unconditional Opening of the Overland Route from the West End to the City, involving the entire abolition of the City Toll-taker, and the sale of his stool for the good of the Civic Charities.

Such were a few of the points upon which we based our conditional acceptance of the Seals of Office from HER MAJESTY'S hands. How it was the country did not obtain the benefit of our services may hereafter be explained. For the present we have said enough on this interesting topic.

## THE NEW FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE fine old vessel the *Admiralty* has been consigned to the direction of LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who has no other qualification for the task than a dreadnought wrapper. We can only wish the gallant craft a safe passage under the command of such an inexperienced officer. If a storm should blow across the Atlantic Ocean, the good ship might be in some temporary jeopardy from the ignorance of the man at the helm; but we have no fear of the ultimate result, nor do we feel any great alarm at the prospect of a collision with the craft under the command of the French skipper JOINVILLE.

By the way, we have read in the papers accounts of the extensive naval preparations that are being made by LORD ELLENBOROUGH, and we are enabled to add to the reports by stating, on undeniable authority, (namely, our own,) that his Lordship has given an order to MR. HOLMAN, the coach-maker of Long Acre, for the immediate construction of 500 captain's gigs, for the use of the British Navy.

### Melancholy Bereavement.

IT is with no small degree of pleasure that we announce the death of *Mrs. Roberts*, aged 10 vols. Her last moments had been anything but happy. She died in extreme poverty, on the 1st of January, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. She was, however, most affectionately attended to the last by MRS. TROLLOPE. One or two old readers survive her loss.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST DEPOT.

PERSONS in want of militia substitutes are advised to apply at the British and Foreign Destitute. A good, stout, respectable one, can be had for 5*l.*, and the person thanked. A varied muster always on the premises. Ring the third bell from the bottom, on the left side, and inquire for the person who drills them, MR. S. BUCKINGHAM.

'TIS merrie, 'tis merrie in
greene woode,
Where horn and hounde and
nagge
Their clangynge make through
ye tangled brake,
At ye hontynge of ye stagge.

From twice fyve gallante com-
panies,
Of boulde determined menne,
Had scathlesse 'scaped this
valyant stagge,
This nobelle stagge of tenne.

In vayne hadde dyvers wylie
hostes,
Lordes, laweyers,—eke de-
vynes,
Stryven by stratagie and force
To bind hym to their lynes.

But now a stronger, stordyer
bande
Hadde summoned alle their strengthe,
And sware, ere they wold baffled bee,
To runne to anie lengthe.

It was a goodlie companie
Came rydynge down ye lea;
To ye stagge they caste fulle many a blaste;—
Ne answerynge note gave hee.

Ne lawe they spared;—then spurred nor cared
What durte their suites mote stayne;
Tille tyred they 'gan to curse and banne
As on they toyled in vayne.

For aye as clamourous grewe ye calls
Awaye hee swifter flewe;
Till soone to crosse a channelle broade
Hee playnlie hadde in view.

In, in hee plunged, ye eager houndes
Still followynge close hys trayle,
Nor heeded they hys synkynge hedde,
Or sadly movynge tayle.

Hee struggled on, but dethe's chille panges
Hys inmoste bosom smote;
No longer colde hee rayse ye wynde
To keepe hymselfe aflote.

Sadde was hys ende; ah why shold dogges
Such daintie morsells suppe!
Though toughe in dethe as erste in lyfe,
Alas! they ate hym uppe.

Ye foremoste honteres wroughte ye spotte
In hopelesse angere sunke,
To fynde,—sole relic of ye stagge,—
Hys aunciente hayrie trunke.

Ne more hys bodie mote they see,
Of spoyle secured they none,
For alle hys bodylie substance
Unto ye dogges hadde gone.

But soone dyd retrybutione juste
Those greedie dogges betyde;
Each one that ate ye hardie stagge
Of indigestchionne dyed.

One onlie dogge escaped safe
From out that deadlie trayle,
Hee was ye conynge dogge who gotte
Ye stagge hys tender tayle.

Now alle you gallante companies
Who make poore stagges your gaine,
Who honte them for their venissonne
For foode and notte for faime;

Take solemne heede leste hongrie houndes
Secure ye bootie firste,
Or ye toyle-worne may home retorne
Provisionlesse as erste.

Guard moste your preye leste merrie dogges
To whome ye tayle shold falle
Mote fullie registerre, unsoughte,
Your deedes provisionalle.

## BURDENS ON BARRISTERS.

We have been favoured, by a correspondent who has just been called to the Bar, with a copy of the bill which he had to pay on that very interesting occasion. The extreme value of our space will not enable us to print it at length, which we regret, for the curious manner in which it runs up a quantity of nominal items to 91*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, is really deserving of attentive study. Those philosophers who have idly said, that "Nothing can come to nothing," would do well to watch the ingenious process by which nothing, so far from coming to nothing, is cleverly made to come to ninety-one pounds sixteen shillings and threepence.

The first item is small but comprehensive. It includes a great deal, but amounts to a very moderate figure. It comprises Pensions, Master, Officers, and Butlers, all for the small charge of nine shillings and ninepence, reminding us of those economical contrivances which combine for a shilling a pair of scissors, two knives, a tobacco-stopper, a pair of tweezers, a thing to pick stones out of horses' hoofs, a corkscrew, a gimlet, and a button-hook, not one of which, by the bye, you can ever use without breaking two or three of the others.

We come next to a charge of four pounds, for "two New Inn exercises, *not* performed." If this is the price of a negative, or "to put the syllogism thus," as Bulwer says, "if nothing costs four pounds, what will something come to?" The Benchers, who are, no doubt, funny fellows, may probably throw the celebrated sack of coals and red herring in our face, by way of a reply to this query. The charges are, however, for things that have not been had, as much as for things that have been had,—the former perhaps having rather the preponderance. Thus, the very next item is, "In *lieu* of candlelight, 3*l.*" This is a capital joke! Three pounds in *lieu* of candlelight,—that is to say, for keeping one in the dark,—is really exquisite. There are several items in *lieu* of various matters, amounting to upwards of three-and-twenty pounds, from which it would seem that it is customary to charge in an inverse ratio to what is given for the money.

One of the funniest items in the bill is one of 2*l.* for "Organ and Lucidaries." A lucidary is something, we presume, which gives light, and is necessary, no doubt, in consequence of the absence of candles. What is the meaning of "Organ" we find it difficult to say. Perhaps the candidate for the bar is favoured with a voluntary on that noble instrument, but he surely might have been left to pay for it in the shape of a voluntary contribution. On the whole, we think the bill would be more applicable to an attorney on his being admitted, than to a barrister on his being called. The former might use it as a precedent. It might teach the young legal idea how to shoot, with a tolerably long bow, when aiming at the pockets of his future clients.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

EARL. This very old title has given rise to the very old joke that it is called Earl from being the earliest of all dignities. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, when he sacked the country, bagged the whole of the land, which he distributed among his followers, and it has been conjectured that the title of Earl came out of the early burly that prevailed during that tempestuous period. The coronet of an English Earl is surmounted with pearls, and some antiquarians have attempted to show some connection between the Earls' Pearls and Early Purl; but we do not think they have succeeded in establishing their ingenious theory.

EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND. The getter up of all state processions, who has the grouping of all the state supernumeraries, and is, in fact, a sort of stage manager to the Royal Household. The Earl Marshal is the head of the Herald's Office; but as very little head is used in that office, the situation is a sinecure. The post is hereditary in the family of the DUKE OF NORFOLK, whose illustrious name will live as long as peppers, and that sort of thing, have the power of preserving it.

EASTER OFFERING. A sum of money which no one thinks of offering until he is dunned for it. It is a voluntary contribution, given very often by people who would much rather keep the money in their pockets.

EAST INDIA COMPANY. This powerful Association originated in 1599 in a Prospectus, and an announcement that applications for shares would be received, just like any of those Railway affairs of the present day, with which all of us are so familiar. The capital was only 30,000*l*., which was subsequently augmented several times, and Charters were granted; but in 1636 an opposition was started, in which the King, who had consented to become a Stag, was a shareholder. The new concern afterwards amalgamated with the old; but in 1655 there was another rival project started, with a provisional committee of "Merchant Adventurers," patronised by CROMWELL, who, no doubt, like all professed protectors, protected himself by securing a good slice of the profits. This company also amalgamated with the other two, and became one concern in 1661, when a new Charter was granted. Subsequently there was another opposition; but in 1702 an Act was passed uniting them all, and we are only surprised that during the recent bubble mania no new competing Company has been advertised. A new East India and General Annihilation of Vested Interests' Association, with shilling deposits, and an F.R.S. or two among the Provisional Committee, would have been sure of a favourable reception in the city a few months ago. It is not necessary to tantalise such of our readers as have no share in the East India Company, by telling them what are the profits and privileges of a concern with which they have nothing to do. We shall also refrain from giving any particulars of those furious skrimages between Budnee Bagazore, Ramshackle Bang Galore, and other individuals, whose exploits are every month recorded in the *Indian Mail*. We leave these interesting matters to those enterprising individuals who spend five thousand pounds a year in bi-monthly breakneck expresses between the Punjaub and Cheapside.

### Legal Intelligence.

IT is said that the Benchers of the Middle Temple mean to establish exhibitions for the advantage of the law students. We understand that the Chinese Exhibition will be the first with which the new experiment will be tried.

### EQUESTRIAN FEATS.

THE French are always shooting ABD-EL-KADER'S horse. This is done with the good-natured view of enabling the Emir to *get off* all the easier.

## THE SIN OF SEEDINESS.

AT the Clerkenwell Police Office, one day last week, one MARY LAMB, a distressed-looking Irishwoman, was placed at the bar with her two children, charged with begging. If every Irish mendicant were taken up, what a fine thing it would be!—would it not, MR. O'CONNELL?

Police-constable, 136 E, deposed, that on the previous evening, between four and five o'clock, he was on duty in Russell Square, when he saw the poor woman sitting on the step of a door, with her two children. The wolf seized upon the lamb! He took her into custody. "For what?" inquired MR. COMBE, the magistrate. Quoth the constable, "For exciting charity." He admitted that the prisoner had asked for nothing of the kind.

On reading the above in the *Chronicle* police report, we were almost tempted to forget our sex, and to exclaim, "Well, we never!" So one is liable to be taken up for exciting charity! We seriously advise our readers to mind what they are about; that is to say, how they go about. A coat out at elbows is an object that excites charity. Mind that, ye poor artists and authors. Look to your cracked Wellingtons; the horrid burst appeals to commiseration,—is calculated to excite charity. Have the fear of the station-house before your eyes, all ye pallid teetotalers; charity may be excited by your lean and hungry looks. Labourers at seven shillings a-week, take care; your condition excites charity; you are in danger of the constable: beware of 136 E. And ye, Protectionist Landlords, tremble for your liberty. Your ignorance, your blunders, your contradictions, your absurdities, without doubt excite charity.

## Punch's Prizes.

IN imitation of several of our contemporaries, who are liberally giving away their thousands of pounds, their globes, and their numerous other magnificent presents, we have it in contemplation to endeavour to keep pace with the generosity we see around us, by offering some gift to the almost countless subscribers to our work. Being desirous of acting with a liberality worthy of our name, we have determined on making the present as handsome as possible; but we find a difficulty in hitting upon something new. Giving money is an old and somewhat vulgar idea, for we would rather not insult our friends by the offer of pecuniary assistance. At one time we thought of making a lottery of it, and giving our acceptance to any one who happened to draw a bill; but, on reflection, we did not consider this a prudent or respectable course.

We next had it in contemplation to give a sirloin of beef to every subscriber for a year, a leg of pork to those who paid for six months in advance, and a mutton chop for a quarterly subscription; but on consideration we found there was no novelty in the scheme, for a somewhat similar experiment had been tried several years ago at the Lyceum, when ices were offered as an attraction; but the coolness of the public towards the theatre was only increased by the plan.

We have at length come to the conclusion that the most handsome present we can offer our subscribers is a husband or a wife. Such of our readers as are already married may, if successful, exchange the wife or husband for a copy of the *Caudle Lectures*. Our plan of the distribution will be as follows:—Every male subscriber, on paying for a year in advance—or two years, if he likes,—will deposit his name with the publisher, stating whether he is married or unmarried. He will receive a number at the time of paying his subscription, and the same course being pursued with the female subscribers, those who get the corresponding numbers will be entitled to the privilege of becoming man and wife.

Previous to the full carrying out of our project, we purpose trying it on a small scale; and, in order to meet the circumstances of all classes of subscribers, we intend to give away three matrimonial prizes, each belonging to a separate rank in life. The husbands will be on view at our office the day before the distribution; and, for the convenience of subscribers at a distance, daguerreotype portraits will be supplied.

1st. A magnificent half-pay captain, five feet ten inches high, wears his own hair, and will be five-and-thirty years of age next March. He has remote expectations of a contingent remainder of the probable reversion of a little property in Ireland.

2nd. A highly-respectable middle-aged baker, doing regularly six sacks a week in a low-priced neighbourhood.

3rd. A young man, in a Government office, with eighty pounds per annum at present, and expectations of a rise of ten pounds once in fifteen years, in the event of the death of any of his superiors.

This last being considered eligible, chiefly as a nice genteel lot, there will be two or three prizes of this class, so as to give the opportunity to the fortunate prize-holders, of changing the baker or the half-pay captain for one of the gentlemen in the Government offices.

### PROMOTION FOR BROUGHAM.

ON the night of the Address BROUGHAM made a Speech in the Lords, so entirely foolish and unreasonable, that it is said he is to be made a Duke.

## Punch's Visits to Remarkable Places.

### PANYER ALLEY.

THERE is in the heart of London—that heart which has been in a state of ossification for the last century at least—a little passage called Panyer Alley, said to be the highest ground in London. Why it is called Panyer Alley is not accurately known; but the general impression is, that it took the name of Panyer, or Panier, from some dreadful old donkey who once resided there.

The origin of the old legend, as to its being the highest ground, is wrapt up in the Macintosh of mystery, or rather in the Dreadnought of doubt, which it is quite impossible to remove at present. We really know of so many highest grounds in London, that we know not to which particular spot we ought to give the preference. Golden Square used to boast of its altitude, but it has been taken down a peg or two; and we do not now hear, as we used to hear, of its being the Mount Blanc of the metropolis. The long range of hills from Snow to Holborn form a chain of rugged Alp-like heights; and perhaps Panyer Alley may be called the highest ground, because being in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Row, formerly the abode of the Muses, it may claim a relationship to the Happy-nines. Bayswater boasts that its kitchen windows are on a level with the chimney-pots of Belgrave Square; so that Notting Hill is a species of Ben Lomond. If we divide Ben Nevis by two, and multiply by Mount Pleasant, we shall get at the exact height of the highest ground in London.

When we consider the propinquity of Paternoster Row to Panyer Alley; when we reflect that the latter is in the very neighbourhood of literature; we are surprised at the assumption that this is the highest ground, for literature was never able to take very high ground, in the time of STOWE and the old Chroniclers. Some think that the inscription,

> "When you have search'd the City round,
> You 'll still find this the highest ground,"

is from the pen of SPENSER, but we suspect it is a plagiarism from some other author; and it is very clear that the writer on the stone—whoever he may be—has chiselled the distich. We have such an admiration for old London nooks, that we should be glad to pass a summer's day in Panyer Alley.

Those who can read "sermons in stones" may get a very respectable homily out of the old tablet that adorns this locality. They may moralise on the vanity of boasting ambition, and, looking at the dirty neglected piece of stone, may ask themselves what it has got by declaring itself to be the highest ground in London? Who cares whether it is the highest ground or the lowest? and what avails the impudent self-glorification of the lifeless piece of granite?

### EMIGRATION.

IT has been seriously proposed that, instead of sending strong working men out of the country, large premiums be offered for the future to the Dukes, to induce them to emigrate.

### SONG OF THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

*(As Sung on Jan. 23rd., with great agony and lamentation.)*

HE has spoke out 'gainst Protection, he has broken every vow,
He has spoke out 'gainst Protection, and it 's all up with us now:
He cares not for his HANSARD—he 's flung over board the Peers,
He has told us he don 't care a fig for us or for our fears.
Oh was it well to leave us, to humbug and deceive us,
Such conduct is most grievous—lost, lost ROBERT PEEL!

Had it been but LORD JOHN RUSSELL, to bear it we 'd have tried—
They 'd have been in a minority, upon the other side.
But with false reports they 've won thee—it 's enough to drive one wild,
Those vile 'tater Commissioners, the Home Office beguiled.
Your speech may have been clever—but we 'll not excuse thee—never!
So it 's no use to endeavour—lost, lost, ROBERT PEEL!

I shall never trust another—and he 'll carry it too, they say,—
If the British Lion don 't roar out—I grieve to think he may.
Confound those Dukes for saying, what the world will ne 'er forget,
That with curry-powder, beans and starch, poor folks might manage yet.
We 're all asking, "Did you ever!"—and all answering, "No, we never:"—
Farewell! Thus, thus, we sever!—lost, lost, ROBERT PEEL!

### Windsor Pasty.

THE Churchwardens and Overseers of the parishes of Windsor and Clewer beg to introduce to public notice a peculiar delicacy, which they can confidently recommend from personal experience. The luxury in question is their unrivalled Humble Pie, which has given such satisfaction to His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT. The proof of the pie, as of the pudding, lies in the eating; and they, having eaten humble pie, can vouch for the merits of the article.

### AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

*Gent.* "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."
*Waiter.* "OH YES: IT 'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."

### THE "COMING MAN."

WHERE is the "Coming Man," about whom such a fuss was made last session? He ought to be with us by this time. But we are afraid that he was so disgusted at not having been met half-way, that he turned back, and has gone home again. Perhaps it is the best place for him after all.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1846.

## THE PUFF PANTOMIME.

As the pantomimes are now all drawing to the end of their respective careers, we take the opportunity of adding one more to the number, which we promise shall be the last for the present season. It must have been obvious to all who have witnessed this class of entertainment during the last few years, that their object has lately been to puff the goods and establishments of particular tradesmen. This purpose having been only partially carried out in the pantomimes of the present year, we think it desirable to supply the deficiency by a few scenes calculated to give a healthy impetus to those branches of commerce which have been neglected by the writers or concocters of the entertainments for the recently concluded holidays.

*The Stage represents an Irish Earl lying prostrate on a bank, in the enchanted gardens of Surinam. In the back-ground is a view of Aldborough Castle.*

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

Gentle spirits treading lightly,
Guard thee from terrestrial ills:
To thy pillow bringing nightly
Boxes of the welcome pills.
Ah! well-a-day, sing HOLLOWAY;
Sing hey-dey, merry!
Well-a-day! sing HOLLOWAY,
Ding dong, derry!

*The Spirits disappear, and the Irish Earl rises. He rubs his eyes and seems refreshed.*

THE EARL.

What 's this? Where am I? What are they about?
I dreamt that I was torn by fiends of gout;
And then methought a spirit came to cheer:— [*Sees a box.*
It brought relief. Ha! ha! what have we here?
There 's an inscription too. What does it say? [*Reads.*
"To him who might or would." That means, I may.
[*He takes the lid off.*
Within the box there 's an inscription too.
"Fear not too many, but avoid too few.
Whoever would be free from earthly ills,
Will take, each night and morn, six of these pills."
Already it is morning by the sun:
I 'll trust the Genius, and I 'll swallow one. [*Music.*

*The Earl takes a pill. He gradually throws down his crutches. Tribes*

*of fairies advance, who unroll the bandages from his legs, and he dances the Cellarius, to the following Chorus of Good Spirits.*

Well-a-day, HOLLOWAY!—Who would shun,
All through life terrestrial ills,
Must take, at the rising of the sun,
One of the celebrated pills.
Ah! Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
HOLLOWAY—HOLLOWAY!
Lara la la la!

*As the Fairies disappear the words "Holloway" and "Well-a-day" are heard in the distance, and the scene changes.*

The preceding scene is chiefly designed for recommending HOLLOWAY'S pills, and the happy idea of spiritualising the bolus by fairy agency is quite sufficient to take off any disagreeable sensation that might be caused by making medicine so prominent. In the American Romances the medicine-man is one of the most interesting features of fiction, and there is no reason why the medicine, as well as the man himself, should not be brought forward as an agent for dramatic purposes.

The next suggestion for a puff pantomime shall be one relating to cheap furniture, the commerce in which requires some stimulus; for, since it has been discovered that the cheap arm-chairs are liable to dislocation of the elbow, and that tables tumble to pieces without leave, persons have not been so very anxious to accept the invitations that have been addressed to them. The following pantomime scene may, however, be calculated to restore the faith in the "Merry green wood," which has rather gone out of repute since its ludicrous fragility has become notorious.

*The scene shows a bower, where a Young Lady is expecting the arrival of her lover.*

YOUNG LADY.

Alas, he 's late! He will not come, I fear—

*Enter* LOVER, *who starts forward, exclaiming*—

And could you doubt him thus? Behold him here!

*They embrace. A figure of* HYMEN *rises in the background.*

HYMEN.

To Hymen's temple haste! No longer tarry;
For I perceive you are about to marry.

*Enter a* GOOD GENIUS.

GOOD GENIUS.

What 's that I hear?—Before you think of wedding,
Away to GAMMON'S wondrous "Mart for Bedding."

*The* GOOD GENIUS *waves a wand, and a Catalogue of* MESSRS. GAMMON'S *prices rises up through the stage.*

LOVER.

See what a choice of furniture abounds:—
"A four-roomed house, furnished for twenty pounds."
And if hereafter, dearest, we should thrive,
Behold!—"Luxuriously for thirty-five!"

CHORUS.

Then away; no delay;
'Twere folly now to tarry:
Let us start, for the Mart
Since we 're about to marry.

We might go on multiplying pantomime scenes *ad infinitum* on the subject of the various puffs and quackeries of the day; but we think we have given sufficient to show the genius by which this style of entertainment is, in the present day, animated. We think, however, that it is hardly fair to defraud the Stamp Office by large advertisements on the scenes of a theatre, which are undoubtedly liable to the usual duty. We recommend the active and efficient clerks in Somerset House to pay especial attention to these matters for the future. An occasional attendance, half-price, at the theatre would be a pleasant relief to their almost equally arduous duties in the morning.

## MRS. BIB'S BABY.

### CHAPTER II.

"WHAT can this blessed infant want?"—for the third time, and with increased concern, asked MRS. DAFFY.

As she spoke the door opened, and the elder MRS. BIB—mother of Baby's father, and therefore Baby's paternal grandmother—entered the room. There was a frozen smile upon her face that spoke of injuries endured with the serenity of a martyr. She trod her own son's carpet with the most cutting assumption of humility—the satire especially intended for MRS. DAFFY—and begged, in the very softest tones, to assure the company that she could not stop half a moment; that she had merely called in as it were—and particularly hoping it was not a liberty—to inquire about Baby; her son's Baby.

Whereupon MRS. DAFFY, making suddenly a very small mouth, answered, "Thank you, ma'am—my daughter's darling boy is beautiful."

It was a plain case. The two grandmothers could not agree; and it was equally plain that they tended and nurtured their mutual difference as though it was a precious plant—a flower: something to love and take delight in. They had had the politest quarrel in the world, when Baby was only half-an-hour old. Grandmother BIB had ventured some small suggestion for Baby's good, when Grandmother DAFFY thanked her very much indeed—but she knew very well all about babies, or why—she wished to ask—should she have had seven? Moreover, she should never think of interfering with MRS. BIB'S daughter's child, if, indeed, she should ever have one.

Grandmother BIB was immovably polite. She always smiled. Look at her face as you would, in any light, it always beamed and shone—even when, like a richly-cut vinegar cruet, acid dropt from its brightness. Hence, she was no sooner rebuked than she begged ten thousand pardons. "Of course, it was only her son's child; the little creature only belonged to EDWARD: and what right, indeed, had she to speak? She herself had had six children at least; but of course, MRS. DAFFY must know better than she." Whereupon MRS. DAFFY, silently, but with a graceful undulation of neck—that would have honoured any grandmother swan—took the compliment as her undisputed right. MRS. BIB, however, though for the time silent, expressed—but still in her smiling way—a very strong after-opinion. For that very night, *upon quitting the house*, she gently laid her hand upon the arm of MARTHA, the maid; and her eyes, despite of her, beaming, and her face in shining plaits, as though she spoke of a great coming treat—albeit her heart was cut in twain for the moment—she said—"My dear BECKY, they'll kill that infant. Certainly kill it. Good night."

Possibly, the reader may now imagine the ceremonious feelings with which the two grandmothers met, at the very moment that Grandmother DAFFY put the question that heads our chapter.

"We're thinking," said BIB, with all the stupidity and hopeless ignorance of a man; "we're thinking, mother, what it is that baby wants. For my part, with what's about it, I can't see that it wants anything."

Grandmother BIB loved her son: but even she, filled to the lips as she was with maternal tenderness, could not help smiling one of her smiles upon him, that spoke a very eloquent volume of pity. She merely said—"You can't see! Of course not: how should you! But this comes of boys and girls marrying! What should either of you know?" MRS. DAFFY said nothing: but it was plain she was labouring at some withering reply. It was not *her* fault that she could not speak a very pointed dagger: for it was evident that she was violently rummaging her brain for such a weapon. Nothing, however, came to hand: not even the dagger of wood that, in default of steel, will sometimes present itself—a shabby substitute.

There was a short pause, and baby—no doubt conscious of the lull—improved the opportunity by giving another and another smack with its lips. The sweet sound—the eloquent look of the child—for a moment took down the dignity of Grandmother BIB: for, kissing the child, and with a burst of eloquence that seemed rather a liberty to MRS. DAFFY, the paternal grandmother said, "Bless its darling rosebud of a mouth! Wants! the precious pipkin! I know what it wants! It 's salmon!"

"MRS. BIB!" said MRS. DAFFY, in so many syllables; but her meaning cried—"Foolish woman!"

Heroically unmindful of the reproach, Grandmother BIB repeated her opinion, strengthening it with an adjective, "Salmon! pickled salmon! It was the same with its father!"

"I should be very sorry to give any child of a daughter of mine any such poison," said MRS. DAFFY. "Sorry, indeed, to have anything of the sort on my conscience."

"I'm sure," cried Grandmother BIB, "'tis the only thing will satisfy it. If anything happens, I'll answer for it."

"Very good; very kind, indeed," replied MRS. DAFFY, digging her words very politely at MRS. BIB. "You'll pardon me,—but if anything should happen to this child—my daughter's child—you'll excuse me, but I should like to know how *you* would make it good, indeed."

"My dear ma'am—that is, MRS. DAFFY"—for Grandmother BIB suddenly felt that she was becoming too familiar—"nothing *can* happen to it. Look at the blessed creature;"—Baby was still smacking its lips, tasting with great gust an imaginary something;—"look at it. I *know* it's salmon;" and this opinion Grandmother BIB delivered with an earnestness, a solemnity, that she intended to be convincing—final.

At length Baby's father, MR. BIB, ventured to intrude a word. He had been so remarkably well disciplined by the two grandmothers, that he spoke upon the subject of his own child with a very respectful timidity. However, he did take heart, and prepared to have his say. Whereupon, when his mother appealed to him, if the one thing necessary for his infant's peace of mind was not salmon—pickled salmon—he begged, with the very greatest deference, to differ from such opinion. "If there's anything in these whimsies at all," said the ignorant, unphilosophic father—"if a child really wants what its mother wished for"—

"If!" exclaimed the two grandmothers—for once in concert, and both looking on the man with pitying wonder—"If!"

"I should say that the thing at this moment nearest Baby's heart was a real Cashmere shawl, and a box at the opera."

"How *can* you, EDWARD!" said young MRS. BIB.

"I can't remember anything else," said the very waggish BIB.

The two grandmothers, treating the unfeeling levity of the man and the father with the full measure of contempt it merited, made no further reply. They were, however, in no way to be diverted from the interesting subject of their contest. Again they began the battle; Grandmother BIB returning refreshed with a reinforcement of pickled salmon, which Grandmother valiantly met with her roast pig. The combat was supported with admirable energy on either side: its subject, we trust, all unconscious lying in MRS. DAFFY'S lap. Happy babe! Yes, we hope it knew nothing of either of the experiments threatening its inward infancy. There it lay, fought for by contending love! A tender sacrifice for killing kindness!

It was plain, however, that MRS. DAFFY—who would enlist her daughter on her side—must, in the end, carry the day. It was plain, even to Grandmother BIB, that roast pig, as suggested by MRS. BIB in our first chapter, must conquer. Whereupon she prepared to retreat with dignity. Wrapping her shawl tightly about her, she smiled very fiercely, and said—

"Do as you like: of course you will. But you'll kill that child! Good morning."

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### "THE NEW TIMON," AND ALFRED TENNYSON'S PENSION.

YOU'VE seen a lordly mastiff's port,
Bearing in calm, contemptuous sort
The snarls of some o'erpetted pup,
Who grudges him his "bit and sup:"
So stands the bard of Locksley Hall,
While puny darts around him fall,
Tipp'd with what TIMON takes for venom;
He is the mastiff, TIM the Blenheim.

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### THE FRESHWATER NELSON.

SOME of the oldest sailors at Greenwich Hospital have subscribed their halfpence together to make a present to the new FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. Their subscriptions were closed on Saturday, and the present was immediately dispatched to LORD ELLENBOROUGH. Upon being opened, it was found that the noble fellows had, with a foresight that does honour to their heads and hearts, provided for a future emergency by sending his Lordship several bottles, each of which was labelled "PREVENTIVE FOR SEA SICKNESS." We do not know what they contained, but we fervently hope that the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH may never have occasion to drink them.

# THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

**The Militia-man, having a Cold in his Head, resorts to an Ingenious Method of preserving his Health without deserting his Post.**

## THE CITY CIVIL WAR.

THE Blackfriars question seems likely to give quite as much trouble as the American boundary affair; and it is to be regretted that in both cases men speaking a common language—the language, by the bye, is dreadfully common on the Thames—are brought into a hostile position. The abusive language used towards the Watermen, by the LORD MAYOR'S mercenaries, has been beyond all conception. The abuse has, however, been the least part of the fearful hostility that has raged between the rival combatants. The struggle has been fierce, and our correspondent at the seat of war sends us letters which confirm our worst fears for the peace of the river.

Blackfriars pier is already declared to be in a state of siege, and Martial Law prevails over the whole line of coast, from the coal-barge at the mouth of the common sewer, to the dummy moored off Southwark.

The LORD MAYOR reminds us of CHARLES THE TENTH, sitting in his easy chair, and dictating ordinances which are adding fuel to the flames of a frightful revolution. He is lighting a fire upon every coal-barge; that is to say, in the hearts of the crew of that great commercial Marine, which is as potential on the Thames as Britain herself is upon the channel.

If the LORD MAYOR once raises the spirit of revolt among the colliers, it is a spirit that will not easily be allayed, for it cannot be afterwards drowned in amicable beer, which only excites the passions it is intended to swamp in the proffered liquor. The patriotism of the politician may be cooled in friendly half-and-half, at the expense of his opponent, but the ardour with which the bargeman clings to a cause he has once embraced is only too proverbial.

We regret to find that the ambassadors of the Watermen have been coldly received in the saloons of the Mansion House. We would tell LORD JOHNSON, in his proud and haughty justice seat, that the popular feeling is against war, and woe will be to him who continues it. When the LORD MAYOR finds the whole of the Thames Navy arrayed against the dredgers and the dregs whom he has collected under his dishonoured flag—when he finds the enemy at his very gate—he will then——But it is quite impossible for us to answer for the conduct of any LORD MAYOR, and we therefore leave the sentence unfinished.

## The Militia Movement.

EVERYBODY is asking everybody else if anybody is exempt from the Militia, and nobody seems to be accurately informed on this very exciting subject. A vague impression is abroad that paternity is the grand specific to avoid being drawn, and children are gradually rising from an alarming discount to a considerable premium.

The present becomes a very eligible opportunity for widows with two or more children, who may insert matrimonial advertisements headed MILITIA, pointing out how marriage may at once exempt the timid from the chance of being called out for the defence of their country. We will suggest a form, for the benefit of such widows as are disposed to act upon our suggestion.

### MILITIA AND MARRIAGE.

FAREWELL GLORY! WELCOME LOVE!!

A widow lady, aged between 20 and 45, is desirous of meeting with a timid, gentlemanly person, of respectable income, as a husband to herself and a father to her five children.

THE GENTLEMAN

Will have the immediate advantage of domestic comfort and an exemption from serving in the Militia.

A confidential letter, addressed to MRS. BLANK, Post Office, will meet with prompt attention.

The children may be seen any day between the hours of twelve and one, in the Enclosure of St. James's Park.

IF THE LADY

Is not approved, the payment of five pounds is expected for preliminary expenses, and her hand will be disposed of to other applicants.

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ALL ONE.

FOR the time-honoured admonition to the Pantaloon, "Don't be a fool!" the Clowns in the Pantomimes of most of the theatres have now, we understand, substituted "Don't be a Duke!"

## CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE DUKE.

FIELD-MARTIAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has been hardly judged by a stiff-necked generation. He has been either honoured, or nicknamed—as his Grace may take it—the Iron Duke. For our own part, we should not consider it a compliment to be called Iron SMITH—Iron TOMKINS—Iron MUGGERIDGE — or whatever our name might be; we should not, we say, care to have VULCAN for our godfather, being compelled to bear his iron for life. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, however, has been much wronged. This is evident from a letter written by a correspondent to the *Post*. Any less awful authority we should, of course, treat with indifference. But the solemn man in the *Post* declares for the Duke, that "his re-acceptance of office was *forced* upon him." When we all know the amiable weakness of his Grace—when we all feel his proneness to be over-persuaded,—our indignation is very much too great to come out of any goosequill. And, gentle reader, "if you have tears to shed, prepare them now." If you feel any gratitude for Badajoz and Waterloo, out with your pocket-handkerchief.

"Let us suppose a sovereign, justly beloved by her people, abandoned by her own Cabinet, and deprived of the possibility of forming another Cabinet, through the quarrels of the other party, harassed, perplexed, 'beautiful, *and in tears*.' Under such circumstances, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, instead of being 'the bravest of the brave,' and the most chivalrous of the chivalrous, would have been the *vilest of the vile* if he had deserted his sovereign."

The "vilest of the vile" are, in reality, strong words; but they look well in print, and when we remember where they are printed, really mean nothing. But we put it to the dispassionate reader, if the Duke had been made of the metal whereof it has been slanderously said he is manufactured, whether he would have given way. Is it possible, even with royal tears, to "buy old iron?" Had the Duke been of such metal, would he not rather have come rusty from HER MAJESTY? But no: the Duke is not the Iron Duke, but the Sugar Duke; and, therefore, no wonder that, when tested by tears, he melted!

We cannot, however, comfortably contain our wrath at that despot, PEEL! It is plain that that man has no more heart about him than the Jack of Clubs, for we are solemnly asked, What—yes, what—

"*What are we to think* of the despotism of a Premier, who instead of being struck *with compunction* at the result of his own dereliction of principle, should avail himself *of the noble sentiments* of his former colleagues in office, and refuse to modify his opinions, *and compel them to re-enter office*, impelled by their loyal and chivalrous feelings, upon his own terms, and at the expense of their own opinions, and sense of public duty?"

Well, we confess it: we do not know what to think of the despot PEEL! We are lost, and would give any money for even the smallest thought; just so much as to swear by. But no; we give PEEL up. All our compassion—all our feelings are engaged by the Sugar Duke. We weep sympathetic drops of saccharine, as we picture the mild, the timid WELLINGTON, about to quietly shrink from Downing Street,—nevertheless stopt by the tyrannic PEEL, who compels the meek, the gentle Duke, to return to his Office, even as a blustering pedagogue drives a little boy to school.

### Hostages for America.

*(From the Morning Post.)*

WE have the following intelligence from a gentleman who is intimately acquainted with an individual in the confidence of the EARL OF ABERDEEN'S butler, that, immediately on the declaration of war by the Yankees, MISS CUSHMAN and her sister will be consigned to the Tower, as American subjects. It is thought that the Americans will commit reprisals by taking off the head of CHARLES KEAN. We can only tell them that if they do, they will take nothing by their motion.

## THE POLITICAL AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

ONE of the wonders of mechanism, is an automaton chess-player; which has astonished the world by the facility with which it beat everybody, though it was obvious that, being a mere automaton, he could only be playing some one else's game. The secret was eventually discovered to consist in the fact that a MONSIEUR MOURET pulled certain strings, which directed the game of the puppet, and enabled him to defy all opposition. One of the greatest wonders of the age is, however, the great political chess-player, SIR ROBERT PEEL; who makes a series of the most successful moves, none of which are the result of his own skill, but are suggested entirely by others. His last grand move, in which he was very near giving check to the QUEEN, and by which he forfeited some of his best pawns—when we say pawns, we mean, of course, pledges—was dictated by COBDEN, who has lately been to the political automaton what MONSIEUR MOURET was to the original chess-player. This move very nearly lost him the QUEEN'S Castle, and will subject him to a sharp attack from the Knights and Bishops on the other side; but there is no doubt he will, with his usual good luck, succeed in bringing COBDEN'S game to a successful issue.

## BREACH OF PROMISE.—PROTECTION *versus* PEEL.

URSUANT to notice this cause came on yesterday before MR. JUSTICE PUNCH, and a special jury. Damages were laid at 30,000,000*l.*

MR. BLUSTER stated the case to the jury. The plaintiff in this action was a young lady of great charms and personal accomplishments, connected with some of the highest members of the aristocracy. The defendant was a statesman of eminence. For a long series of years he had paid his addresses to the plaintiff, with the full sanction of her parents and guardians. But, alas! he had won her affections only to trifle with them. He had gained her heart only to throw it away. Like the school-boy captor of the butterfly, he possessed himself of the prize but to crush it. In 1842 he began to display symptoms of coldness towards that being who had so adored him. In 1846 he had consummated his treachery by giving his hand to another. He (MR. BLUSTER) would now produce proofs of the engagement which had been entered into by defendant with plaintiff. [The learned counsel here produced several letters and public speeches of the defendant's, the reading of which caused much merriment in Court.]

The jury were to judge of the feelings which rent her bosom when the confiding creature found at length that all these solemn vows were broken and scattered to the winds. [Here the learned gentleman, in glowing terms, described the anguish of his client.] For feelings thus lacerated, what compensation could be given? His client's views were not mercenary; but he would call on the gentlemen of the jury, as men, and Britons, to mark, by their verdict, their sense of the defendant's heartlessness.

The learned barrister then called the DUKES OF RICHMOND and BUCKINGHAM, MR. D'ISRAELI, several other Members of Parliament, and some reporters, in proof both of the promise and its alleged infraction.

MR. PUGH, for the defendant, pooh-poohed the allegations for the plaintiff. He denied, in the first place, that she was a young lady at all; and maintained, on the contrary, that she was a decrepit old woman. He ridiculed the idea of her possessing any charms or attractions, and described her as unenviable and repulsive in the extreme. He should be sorry to impute wilful falsehood to his learned friend, but his learned friend must have known that his statements were opposed to truth. So far from being the confiding, attached young creature that his friend had depicted her, the plaintiff was notoriously an antiquated flirt. He could not deny that a rash promise had been made by his client; but circumstances over which he had no control obliged him to take the course he had adopted. He acted from a sense of duty. England expected every man to do his duty. He hoped the gentlemen of the jury would, on this occasion, do theirs. He trusted they would not allow an unwary youth to become the victim of a designing old spinster and her attorney; and, though he must admit that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict, he was sure that the smallest coin of the realm would be an ample compensation for any injury she had sustained.

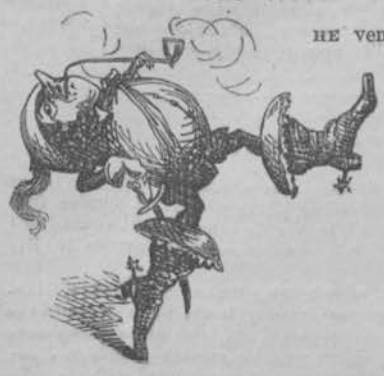
MR. JUSTICE PUNCH briefly summed up; and the jury, after a moment's consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *Half a Farthing*.

THE MAN WHO WORKS THE AUTOMATON.

# THE BRITISH LION IN 1850;

## OR, THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE.

## WAR WITH AMERICA.



THE venerable QUINCEY ADAMS—with one foot in the grave, stamps the other on the floor of the senate, and cries out for war! "Who 'd have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" The morals, too, of the old gentleman are rather more curious than elevated. He advises that Oregon should first be seized by the Americans, and then be negociated for; at which touch of true transatlantic humour there was "much laughter." We have no doubt that merriment akin to this has shaken the walls of many a "fence." We can understand that the fellows who stole the gold-dust may have jocosely said to themselves, "We 'll first nim the swag," (we believe such to be the words, if not, let AINSWORTH correct us), "and then we can negociate!"

MR. ADAMS continued, "That is the military way of doing business;" at which there was "increased merriment." Jocose lawmakers! Wise MR. ADAMS! Morals — common honesty — the decencies of civilised intercourse—are to be forgotten, set aside as impertinent—inconvenient to the ambition of the young republic that was to teach a lesson (How has she blundered at it—how miserably mis-spelt it!) to the nations. "The military way!" Here is an old, old man—one who has certainly won the respect and admiration of the world in by-gone years, casting off his fair reputation as a statesman—"like a wrestler's garland"—and propounding the doctrines of a brigand. "The military way!" Yes; the way of robbery and bloodshed—the way of burglary in uniform, and murder with floating colours! "The military way!" Yes! bullets for words; cold steel for calm discussion. The bully Might bestriding and insulting feeble Right.

And then MR. ADAMS told a story of FREDERICK THE GREAT. How that the said FREDERICK—in "the military way," seized upon an Austrian province. The highwayman way and the military way very often differ only in this. In one case it is only one man who presents a pistol, in the other it is twenty thousand with muskets. If the one man be taken, he is a villain and is hanged: If the twenty thousand are victorious, they are heroes, and with faces "just like these harlotry players," go to church and perform *Te Deum*. The way of the great FREDERICK, as quoted by MR. ADAMS, was wholly of this complexion. Had the achievement been lessened to a solitary act committed by a solitary man, the act and the man might have been duly chronicled in every *Newgate Calendar*. And has age taught MR. ADAMS no better wisdom? Can his grey hairs bequeath nothing better to humanity than war—wicked, foolish war! Will he lie more calmly in the earth because dreached with blood! We pity him; we mourn for him; for he has disappointed us.

America, however, like England, has her political mountebanks—made, in the bounty of Nature, only to be laughed at. Of these is the HONOURABLE—(how these republicans, sorry are we to say it, sniff about the *edge* of a title)—the HONOURABLE FELIX G. M'CONNELL. He moved "the adoption of resolutions for the annexation of Ireland!" What modesty—what more than American shamefacedness! *When you have* Ireland, as you 're so near to us, why not "annex" England too!

### The Corn-Law Fight.

THE terrible *Post* says—

"It is not so the battle of Protection must be fought. It must be fought calmly but boldly, and fought, if need be, *inch by inch*."

Would it not be at once more heroic and more agricultural to say, "barley-corn by barley-corn!"

### STREET CHRISTENING.

WE learn from the French papers that a new street has been built in Paris called the *Rue D'Isly*. We advise our lively neighbours to christen their next street the *Rue d'Abd-el-Kader*, for that is their only chance, we think, of ever seeing him in the streets of Paris.

## The Improved Windsor Parochial Address.

TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

WE wish the Windsor and Clewer parochial authorities much joy of the gratuity which HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT has been graciously pleased to present them with—the amount of the poor's rate of Flemish Farm, which certain mistaken HAMPDENS in the neighbourhood had presumed to demand as a right. We greatly admire the profound spirit of humility which dictated theiraddress to His Royal Highness, disclaiming all art and part in the doings of their audacious fellow-townsmen; but we cannot help thinking that it would have been more happily expressed somewhat in the manner following:—

"May it please your Royal Highness. We, the undersigned, with awe and reverence, fear and trembling, shivering and shaking in our shoes, humbly venture to approach your Royal Highness's footstool, and lowly kneeling thereat, to kiss the boot of your Royal Highness.

"With mingled feelings of shame, and dread, and consternation, we confess, on our knees, to your Royal Highness, that we have the misfortune of belonging to the same parishes with persons who, in seeking to levy a poor's rate on Flemish Farm, have dared to attempt to enforce against your Royal Highness what they, in their blindness, considered to be the law.

"But we assure your Royal Highness, and we beg, and pray, and entreat you to believe, that beside belonging, unhappily, to the same parish, we have no fellowship, concern, or connexion whatever with those misguided men. We, therefore, prostrate in the dust, beseech your Royal Highness that you will vouchsafe to distinguish between us and them, and will not overwhelm, with your princely disapprobation, our innocent selves and our guilty neighbours alike.

"Some of us, dread Prince, are butchers, some bakers, grocers, shoemakers, tailors. We are unspeakably afraid that your Royal Highness, thinking that we, possibly, may have had something to do with the unpardonable proceedings of those persons, may, in your just wrath and indignation, withhold from us a portion of your custom, and that the Court, in loyal sympathy with your Royal Highness, will imitate your Royal example. Wherefore, at the feet of your Royal Highness, and before the whole world, we hereby not only renounce and disclaim all participation in their acts and deeds, but protest, from our hearts, that we utterly detest and abhor them. And we implore your Royal Highness not to avert from us the light of your Princely patronage, but to grant us, your suppliants, a continuance of your gracious favours.

"With the deepest sense of humiliation, blushing for our offending neighbours, we gratefully thank your Royal Highness for the munificent and unmerited boon which you have bestowed upon our unworthy parishes. And we joyfully acknowledge that it was not the value of the money, but the principle of the thing that inspired your Royal bosom with resistance to a presumptuous vestry. In conclusion, we declare, in all sincerity, that whatever might have been the law in this matter, we should as soon have thought of taking it of your Royal Highness as we should of taking the wall. And so in all lowliness we subscribe ourselves,

"The humblest of your Royal Highness's

"HUMBLE SERVANTS."

### Mildness of the Season.

MR. WODEHOUSE, on the evening SIR ROBERT PEEL brought forward the statement for the repeal of the Corn Laws, found the House of Commons so very oppressive, that he was obliged two or three times, during the heat of the debate, to go into the lobby to breathe freely. Later in the evening he rallied a little, and addressed the House. His friends were apprehensive of an attack, for the warmth he was labouring under was too evident. Their fears, however, were groundless, for his speech was remarkable for its extreme coolness.

### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

WE take the following rapturous intelligence from the daily papers:—

"MR. LEADER, M.P. for Westminster, has arrived in town from his chateau in the South of France."

Several of his constituents have testified their joy by an illumination. At one house—we forget the number and the street—we read the following words in brilliant lamps. "Welcome, little Stranger!"

### Court Irony.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND has asked "Why MR. COBDEN is not made a Peer!" We can at once detect the artifice of his Grace. He would raise COBDEN to the Peerage, as he feels the only chance of making him powerless and ridiculous, is to make him—a DUKE.

## PUNCH'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

### WHETSTONE PARK.

We are assured, on the authority of several antiquarians, that St. Martin's Church formerly stood in the fields, and that St. Martin's Lane was a rural avenue with a shady streamlet murmuring by, where the Apollonicon now growls, and odorous flowers on the mossy bank, where Palmer now manufactures his candles. The whole of this part of the Metropolis was originally a rural district; and it is even believed that—such was the savage wildness of the spot—bears were known to prowl about that part of it to which the name of Bear Street has since been given. Leicester Fields, as they were then called, formed the grand centre for the meeting of the hounds, and the loud cry of "Hilly ho! yo hoicks! hilly high ho!" was accustomed to reverberate up Leicester Place, across Newport Market, and right away over the hills of Holborn.

This brings us again to Whetstone Park, the subject of our present visit. It was formerly the abode of the Earls of Whetstone, who were collaterally related to the Barons of Turnstile, who lived in great style: since corrupted into Great Turnstile, in the neighbourhood. It is well known to all our legal readers—or if it is not, it ought to be—that no place can be called a park, without a royal license; and it is said that the first Earl of Whetstone extorted from Ethelred the right to call his domain of Whetstone a Park, as the price of some secret service rendered to the Saxon monarch in the wars of Wessex. The place has not preserved its park-like appearance, but it has still some remains of the sylvan symplicity by which a park would probably be distinguished. The cat nestles undisturbed amid the quiet chimney-pots; the hen leads her little brood about in security; and the horse pokes his head out of the stable-door with a calm sense of security. The aspect of the place proves, that even as

> "You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will linger there still."

So you may build over the park grounds as you may; still the relics of rusticity will haunt its gutters, and cling to its tiled roofs, its clothes-lines, its children, and its chickens, for ever.

Some of our readers may not perhaps be acquainted with the geography of Whetstone Park, which is a narrow neck of land—as they say of the Isthmus of Suez—lying between the northern continent of Holborn and the Lincoln's Inn southern hemisphere. It has been said that there is no part of the British dominions on which the sun never shines; but Whetstone Park, from the height of its buildings, and its own narrowness, is decidedly extra-solarly situated. It was formerly the residence of those generous-hearted and fine old English gentlemen who never could see a fellow-creature in distress without offering to become his bail, and who took the name of Straw Bail, from the notion perhaps of straw being usually in the truss; and the trust they put in their fellow man was really wonderful. They used to stand at Sergeant's Inn, thrusting into every one's hands their cards inscribed with their names and addresses; the majority of those addresses being Whetstone Park, in the County of Middlesex. These bail, like many other of our venerable institutions, have been swept away by the besom of Reform, aided by a few twigs in the birch of the Schoolmaster. Where are they now? Echo, alas! must answer as it used when these bail were called upon to justify—"Where?"

## JEAMES'S DIARY.

"Thus you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Mace thoube appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be½!

"I went home like a maniack, after hearing the enouncement of Hangelina's departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensable remark I made to Earl Bareacres, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshn of the diminds & Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find*. Ony it was wisperd that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn*. Let er keep it.

"Southdown was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to adwance 50 lb, so that he might purshew his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asombly*.

"All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follered Hangelinar in imadganation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mallydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kickd and rord in my unhuttarable whoe! I seazd my pillar: I pitcht into it: pummld it, strangled it, ha har! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis Villing lim from lim in the terrable strenth of my despare! . . . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly De la Pluche!

"'Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,' I micanickly igsclaimed. I had not perused it for the 3 past days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hevns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbady had given me cold pig?—I red Rewin in that Share-list—the Pannick was in full hoparation!

* * * * * * *

"Shall I discribe that Kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimilliar? My & rifewses to cronnicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primmium, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at ½ discount; my Central Ichaboes at ⅜ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primmium down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follow in Mr. Plush's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermit).

"Those beests, Pump & Aldgate, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threatnen letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence: woodn't advance me five thousnd on 250000 worth of scrip; kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out Spout, the jewnior partner, saying they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did: I paid the three-and-six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

"The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies! It was'nt in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerded me in my own Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep Misforty out of my chambers; and Mrs. Twiddler, of Pall Mall, and Mr. Hunx, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion.' What an adwertisement George Robins *did* make of it; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing! My chice plait; my seller of wine; my picturs—that of myself included (it was Maryhann, bless her! that bought it, unbeknown to me); all—all went to the ammer. That brootle Fitzwarren, my ex-vally, womb I met, fimilliarly slapt me on the sholder, and said, 'Jrames, my boy, you 'd best go into suvvis aginn.'"

"I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvvices—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabble captif for 6 mortial

weeks. Misrabble shall I say? no, not misrabble altogether; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can gess, it was my blue-eyed blushing Hangel of a MARY HANN! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma?' MARY HANN said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't prowd. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then Uncle BILL said, 'Well, there *is* some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry."

The PLUSH manuscript finishes here: it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend LIONEL THISTLEWOOD, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate: he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct: and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What LORD SOUTHDOWN has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, MARY ANN HOGGINS, on her marriage with MR. JAMES PLUSH, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public-house, near Sheppherd's Market, May Fair; a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel stroke of business in the neighbourhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butlers' Club" is held.

Here MR. PLUSH lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humour. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. MR. PLUSH blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Princess's Theatre, "without with your leaf or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fellow said, "I'm appy—praps betwigst you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth & my suvvice to you, Sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my MARY HANN, he's a beest: and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my complments to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him to be godfather."

## THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

THESE Lectures have hitherto been carried on as a *tête-a-tête* between the Beadle and the Professor, in something like the following style:—

*Professor* (*strolling in*). Well, beadle!

*Beadle*. Well, sir!

*Professor*. Anybody been, beadle?

*Beadle*. Been, sir? No! nor they ain't never likely!

*Professor*. Ha, ha! Well, as I've only been lately appointed a lecturer, I think it as well just to look in.

*Beadle*. You may save yourself the trouble, sir. Nobody never comes, unless it's a few boys, and I always turns them out!

*Professor*. Ha! you're a wag.

*Beadle*. I need be a wag here, sir; for there's nothing else to do. If I wasn't a bit of a wag, sir, I'm sure I don't know what would have become of me long ago.

*Professor* (*going out*). Ha, ha! good morning.

[*Exit Professor.*

*Beadle* (*singing*). "How wery ridiculous.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes; it is wery ridiculous."

Such has been usually the scene at the Gresham Lectures; but the other day, by some extraordinary accident, there was a rush of fifty persons, to hear MR. PALMER on Law, but MR. PALMER not having anticipated that there would have been any anxiety to hear his lecture, had, with becoming modesty, stopped away altogether. The unfortunate beadle was at length compelled to come forward and brave public indignation, and he will henceforward be known in the City as

"The beadle that weather'd the storm."

We presume that MR. PALMER will go prepared, on the next occasion, to edify a large audience, when he will probably find no audience to edify. It is certainly very puzzling to a professor to know what to do when he usually finds himself "alone in his glory," and at another time hears of an enormous influx of intended auditors to his proposed lecture.

### State Economy and Principle.

IT is a fact, speaking much for the economy of the Royal household, and the consistency of several of its humblest officers, that the Royal coachmen, footmen, and grooms, in the department of the Master of the Horse have, until a week since, worn the same state coats for twenty years! Yes, astonished reader; the same coats for twenty years; and what is more, though attached to the Government they have never once turned them!

### CONSIDERATE.

WHEN SIR ROBERT PEEL brought forward his new grand commercial scheme, he kindly allowed the lapse of ten days, in order that the House of Commons might have full time to recover from the speech MR. D'ISRAELI made on that occasion.

## A Day in the Common Pleas.

RUMOURS have long prevailed that the business is not equally distributed among the Common Law Courts; and that while the Queen's Bench and Exchequer are overburdened with business, the Court of Common Pleas has almost, literally, nothing to do. Being desirous of ascertaining if such is actually the case, we determined on visiting the scene of action—if the Common Pleas can be called the scene of any actions at all. We made up our minds to pass a whole day in this judicial temple, in which we had heard that Justice was positively in danger of famishing for want of food. We had heard that there is so seldom a bone (of contention) thrown down to it to be gnawed, that starvation must ensue unless something is done to increase its amount of legal nourishment. An attempt, it is true, has recently been made to give the hungry Court an occasional repast in the shape of the crumbs that fall from the revising barristers' registration tables; but we had heard that these were gobbled up in a few days, and that the Court was then left without the smallest sustenance. The following report, which we give literally, of a day in the Common Pleas, will confirm the very worst accounts of the destitution of that tribunal. The whole scene is so like a piece of fiction, that we have adopted the tone and manner of the novelist in describing it. We flatter ourselves that the ensuing chapter of legal romance is quite as good as anything that BULWER or AINSWORTH could have done with the same materials.

### CHAPTER FIRST AND LAST.

At ten o'clock, one fine morning in last Hilary Term, the usher might be seen wending his way from behind the curtain of the Court of Common Pleas, and performing his accustomed duties by arranging the pens and filling the inkstands. In a few minutes a middle-aged stranger sauntered towards the reporters' box, and having whistled an air, he sat down to prepare the book which contained his notes. The stranger and the usher looked at each other for an instant, but neither of them spoke a word. Looming moodily through the background, a heavy junior, whose light horse-hair wig contrasted with the rusty blackness of the bombazine which formed his gown, came sauntering into the Court, and, with an eye indignantly flashing at nothing in particular, he took his seat on the back row. He was evidently a disappointed man, whose visions of the woolsack had been shrouded by the bag of briefiessness. Presently he was joined by two companions, both as moody and as briefless as himself. The learned trio did not salute each other, but plunged at once into a broken conversation, in which they mutually agreed that there was no talent in the front ranks of the bar. Genius, according to them, was born to fume unheard, or waste its talent on a mere compute, handed in from the back rows over the coifed heads of men of inferior ability. In a few moments four or five serjeants straggled in listlessly, and began reading the *Times*, talking about the weather, or something else of less exciting interest. A shriek from the usher of "Silence, pray silence," created a momentary sensation in the Court, and the Chief Justice, followed by three of the puisnes, might be seen crossing the little platform that runs by the side of the romantic little Jury-box, and loses itself on the Bench. A bow of mutual recognition between the Counsel and the Judges, proclaims that happy harmony which prevails in the profession from the highest to the lowest grade.

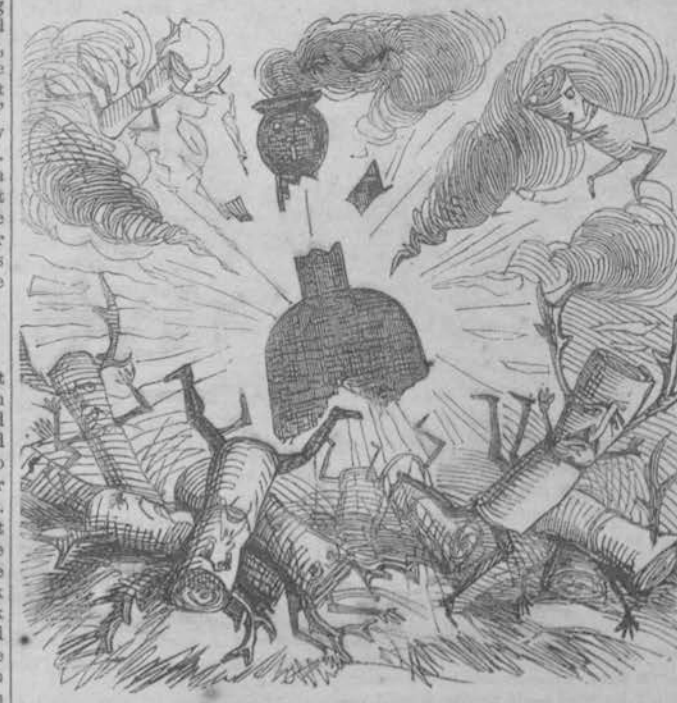
By this time a knot of idle spectators—amounting, perhaps, to six—had gathered at the back of the Court, which they had entered—for the only reason that any one ever enters the Common Pleas—because they had no business there. In conformity with the admirable judicial custom which prevails in our happy land, the Chief Justice asked the four or five serjeants, in rotation, if they had anything to move, when four or five stiff bows were the only answer given. Suddenly there is a bustling of feet, a rustling of silk, a banging of doors, and another serjeant springs into the front row. Every one looks with eagerness to the spot, when the serjeant, raising his arm, and holding a piece of paper in his hand, demands that the casual ejector may be submitted to the judgment of the Court. The Chief Justice interrupts a stream of forensic eloquence which is about to be poured down upon him, by the simple ejaculation, "Brother! you may take your rule," and the Court becomes suddenly as hushed as it had been a moment before.

Many of our readers may have known that moment of doubt, that instant of intense interest, when one don't exactly know what is to happen next. Such seemed to be the feeling indicated by the faces of every one in the Common Pleas at the moment to which we have brought our present history. Suddenly the Chief broke, with patriarchal dignity, the silence that had prevailed. "In the matter of DOE, on the Devise of Nobody against Somebody," he exclaimed, with solemn earnestness—and every ear was strained to eight times its usual length to catch the observations of the old judicial chieftain.—"We have been considering the point reserved," he continued, "and shall be in a condition to give judgment some day in some other term." There is a momentary pause: the usher looks wistfully round him, and the Judge's clerk turns his eyes inquiringly up towards the clock. Again the solemn tones of the Chief Justice are heard pealing over the benches, and climbing up into the vaulted roof, exclaiming, "We shall sit again to-morrow, at ten."

The judges wend their way back over the romantic little platform, and are soon lost behind the recesses of the curtain of scarlet cloth. The Counsel disappear at different doorways; the ushers wipe the ink from the pens, which the juniors have been using for the miniatures of the Judges drawn upon the desks; and the Court of Common Pleas—

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a *rack* behind."

## RAILWAY EXPLOSION.



IT is with all those feelings which a penny-a-liner experiences when spinning out his report of a calamity to the utmost possible extent—it is, we say, with the most painful feeling of commiseration that we announce the bursting of the Great Railway Bubble, which took place under the most appalling circumstances a few days ago. We regret to state that a total exhaustion of the receiver, which created a fearful vacuum, was the immediate cause of the frightful calamity.

The alarm had been spread some time ago, which occasioned a panic among those who were within the sphere of the great Bubble; but it seems that the poor unfortunate wretches were unable to escape in time from the danger in which they had imprudently placed themselves. Immediately on the Bubble bursting, the rush of cold water was so tremendous, that several hundreds of railway lines were swamped in an instant. Some few which relied upon their being placed on solid ground, and felt themselves secure in the supposed solidity of their stratum, consisting of a primary deposit, were not affected by the first blow; but on examination it was found that this deposit had been gradually eaten away by some birds of prey with long bills, so that these lines have since been involved in the common ruin.

We have endeavoured to ascertain the extent of the calamity, but almost every day adds to the long list of casualties. Some of the lines have been literally crushed beneath an enormous weight that has been thrown down upon them, which they are quite unable to bear up against. Some of the defunct schemes were found clinging together, as if in their dying struggle they had sought safety by leaning upon one another for support, and actual amalgamation had taken place, in the desperate energy with which they had clung to each other for assistance. The scene altogether is one of the most distressing that can be conceived. Some few of the lines that yet survive are so fearfully shaken, that it will be fortunate for them when dissolution puts an end to their convulsive existence.

## MRS. BIB'S BABY.

### CHAPTER III.

"HERE's Master's mother, MRS. BIB, has sent to know how baby is, if you please, ma'am," said BECKY, the next morning. "And she begs to say, that she wouldn't take the freedom to inquire, only that how she's had a dream. What, if you please, shall I tell the girl, ma'am?"

"That woman's always dreaming," cried MRS. DAFFY. "And did she say nothing else?"

"Only this, ma'am; that if JOANNA saw the house shut up, she wasn't to inquire at all—but to go back as fast as her legs would carry her. That's what JOANNA told me of herself, ma'am."

"SARAH," said MRS. DAFFY to her daughter, sinking her voice to a somewhat solemn pitch, and playing with her fingers on Baby's back as though Baby was a piano—the Baby answering the fingering as if its treble keys alone were struck. "SARAH, it's my belief there's some people wouldn't care if even death came into a house, so that some people's words might seem to come true. MRS. BIB is your dear husband's mother, and therefore, of course, I shall say nothing: it isn't likely. But if ever there was a woman to bring mischief into a house—not that it's any affair of mine; none. Nevertheless, I can see it; we can't help having one's eyes—she looks at me as if I was an interloper. Now, if it was her daughter's child, I think I should know *my* place." And here MRS. DAFFY, addressing the screaming infant, bawled out, "I think I should—a dear!"

"It can't be well;—it never would cry so—I'm sure it can't be well," said young MRS. BIB, her countenance shadowed and anxious.

"Wind, SARAH—nothing but wind," averred MRS. DAFFY, and still she played on Baby's back, and looked heroically about her like one invulnerable to the screams of infants. They might do their worst, and still was she serene and deaf to them.

"I'm certain, mother, it can't be well," said sweet MRS. BIB, looking all the sweeter for the mother's look that perplexed her pretty face. "If anything should happen to it"—

"Ha! that's just like you, child. I wonder how I should have brought all of you up, if I'd been half as foolish. Tell MRS. BIB"—here MRS. DAFFY turned to BECKY, hallooing through Baby's screams—"tell MRS. BIB that Baby's charming; a little fractious, that's all; and BECKY"—this was given as private and confidential—"not a word about the pig."

In our last chapter, we expressed a belief that MRS. DAFFY would carry her point, and—in such matters she was not a woman to be baulked—a fragment of roast pig had been silently, stealthily procured, BECKY being the sworn purveyor on the occasion, and secretly administered to the yearning infant; that, in its eager relish of the morsel, gave tremendous evidence of the sagacity of MRS. DAFFY. Great, indeed, was the satisfaction—sweet the triumph of that wise woman—as she looked down upon Baby, sucking the pig as vehemently as the pig itself had ever sucked its parent. Fragmentary but beautiful were the sentences addressed by Grandmother to Babe, some of which went to assure the infant that "it was a love—a pig-a-wiggy—the pig of pigs itself."

And Baby was, in due season—but after long sucking at the sweet, porcine morsel—satisfied, and with greasy lips, and little shining cheeks, subsided into deep sleep. Poor little fellow! this was its first transgression; its first outbreak from a milk diet—from the sweet simplicity of nature—to feast upon the flesh-pots of a fallen, carnivorous world. This was the first time that death had administered to its life—this the first morsel that, with all its delicate flavour, nevertheless smacked of the fall of man,—albeit Baby smacked its lips, luxuriously unconscious of the disgrace of his first father. This the first tit-bit of the thousands and thousands of various joints, and steaks, and chops, and merry-thoughts, and wings "to follow"—things that, to the eye of a philosopher, make adult, bow-bellied man, seem no other than a sort of breathing, human NOAH'S Ark; a machine carrying transformed within it always two of every living thing.

Prophetic imagination looking down upon Baby BIB—its lips still wet and beaded with its first sweet sin of animal flesh—might parcel out its little body, even as cattle-breeders parcel out Smithfield, as a future temporary abiding-place for oxen, and calves, and sheep, and pigs. What a living cattle-market in little had Grandmother DAFFY on her knees, and yet—good thick soul!—how very distant from her the thought of it!

But beautiful is the regularity, the clock-work of nature; and certain and severe the penalty on man for playing tricks with it. Though BACCHUS himself over night lend you his thyrsus to advance the hands and push on the hours,—it is ten to one that in the morning, you will have a smart knock upon the head for your boldness: and even if the knock be delayed, why it is only deferred that it may pay itself with interest, all the single knocks coming down in after years, as double ones. For time—when it trusts at all—takes huge interest of intemperance.

"Now, bless me! what is all this about—and what can it have to do with an infant eating pig?" With ears quite long enough to hear into next week, when these scratches shall be made legible by type, we hear many female voices—silveriest sounds, *when* silver!—asking this. We will answer; we will show, from the after-confession of Baby BIB itself, what infants may suffer from early dissipation, when forced upon their innocence by bad—that is, by ignorant—company.

Baby BIB fastened hold of the roast pig as the one sole thing of this multitudinous world—the one dear, mysterious object—the sweet unknown—that in its long experience of the earth—for it was more than a month-old citizen of the globe—it had yearned, and grieved for. No sooner had Baby the morsel in its lips, than all the common-places about it (for time and custom had made all things very dull and usual) grew and changed into beauty. Its own grandmother—MRS. DAFFY—was very soon an altered person; her dull yellow face shone with golden lustre; her cap seemed like a cloud of glory; and her incomprehensible gibberish, invented by nurses for the especial purpose of insulting babies, was most delightful—most eloquent harmony. Baby BIB—still sucking the pig—sank pleased, melted, soaked in delight to sleep. The little creature was drunk with satisfaction.

But babies, like men, must pay a common penalty. How beautiful would be the bottle, if there was no to-morrow morning in it! Baby BIB, by foolish company, had been forced into dissipation; had been at once tempted and compelled into a debauch—its first transgression—and it awoke in a condition that probably the reader may much more readily conceive than our pen—for we write with only the quill of a goose, temperate waterfowl as it is—can express. Baby had the bile: Baby's head ached; Baby's eyes were fixed like the eyes of a dead fish; Baby looked heavily at all things about it, and saw strange characters written upon them: odd marks that were not there last night. The forms of these new things, however, remained in Baby's memory; strange, cabalistic marks, that even now move much of the world. Baby—become a man—has since put them down; and they run somehow thus:—P.A.M.B.A.G.

And then Baby—not having yet learned to disguise the effects of its intemperance—began to scream, and clench its little fists—and turn purple—and hold its breath, as though it was Baby's own property, and it would not give it up, let them smack its back as they would. And in this disreputable condition, for the present, we leave it.

## THE NEW JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW PEEL WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

Sir Robert was a Minister
Of credit and renown;
And eke, by virtue of his place,
Adviser to the Crown.

Now Richard Cobden said to him,
"Protected Corn has been
Thro' thrice ten tedious years, since eight-
Teen hundred and fifteen.

"Yet landlords and eke tenants say
Of profits they despair;
Despite Protection, growing corn
Is a losing affair.

"There 's Mr. Bright, and there 's myself,
And Mr. Fox—make three;
We 've raised a League, and you must ride
(As Ben says) after we."

Said Peel, "Your doctrines I admire,
But I am only one;
Still, if the Duke will stick to me,
I 'll try what can be done.

"I am a Premier stout and bold,
As all my party know;
And my good friends in Manchester
Will lend their horse to go."

Now see him in his new Tariff,
On Free Trade—noble steed!
Full slowly taking duties off,
With caution and good heed.

Then came the blight, and fears arose
We 'd not have food to eat,
Free Trade, from walking, 'gan to trot,
Which shook Peel in his seat.

"Fairly and softly," Peel he cried,
But Peel he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
And Free Trade flew amain.

Then giving up, as needs he must
Who cannot help his plight,
Peel seized Free Trade, and like a shot
Flew past Protection quite.

Free Trade, who by a Tory lord
Had ne'er been cross'd before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Robert—neck or nought
Past Radical and Whig;
He little thought when he began
His bill would be so big.

The *Post* did bark, the *Herald* scream'd,
Out spoke the farmers all,
And every Duke cried out "For shame!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Robert! Who but he?
Free Trade still gaining ground,
He carries weight—he 'll win his race,
His horse's wind is sound.

Still, as Division-day drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How overboard the men in place
Their old convictions threw.

Thro' manufactures of all kinds
His gambols he did play,
And came to Corn Laws at the last,
Which stood dead in the way.

The sliding-scale he knock'd about
Unto his friends' dismay,
And fix'd how that at three years' end
The tax should die away.

Free Trade, not satisfied at all
To wait for three years more,
Straight gallopp'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Robert, with the Leagu
Still thundering at his heel,
Insisting loud in total and
Immediate repeal.

The county members in the House,
Thus seeing Robert fly,
With Lord John Russell in his rear,
Set up a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief! a highway man:"
Not one of them was mute,
And Ben D'Israeli and Colquhoun
Did join in the pursuit.

In the "Protection" heavy coach,
The Upper House gave chase;
But Free Trade's bottom, bone, and wind,
Made it a hopeless race.

The race is run, the race is won
With credit and renown;
Nor did Free Trade draw breath until
The Corn Laws he ran down.

Now let us sing Long live the League,
And Cobden, long live he;
And when Peel next doth ride Free Trade,
May *Punch* his Laureat be.

## THE BAD ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

The English Parliament, we believe, is supposed to express itself in the English language. In the opinion, however, of a competent judge, this supposition is questionable; for Judge Alderson, the other day, in the Court of Exchequer, on the trial of the case Young *v.* Smith, remarked, respecting the 26th section of 7 & 8, Victoria, c. 110,—the Joint Stock Companies Act,—

"That Clause is generally the most unintelligible in the whole Act; and is not unlike some interpreters, who speak such bad English as to puzzle one more than the language of the party interpreted."

Both the Lords and Commons have standing rules; but these do not seem to include the rules of Syntax. We propose that these rules should be inscribed, by way of legends, on the walls of the interior of the new Houses of Parliament, where, handsomely emblazoned in old English characters, they would form very appropriate decorations. As, for instance, "Ye Nominative Case governs ye verb, and replies to ye Question Who? or What? with Ye Verb," "Conjunctions, copulative and disjunctive, connect similar Moods, Cases, and Tenses;" or, "Ye Relative agrees with ye Antecedent in Gender, Number, and Person."

When Parliament turns over a new leaf in the Statute Book, which we hope, on more accounts than one, that it will do when it gets into its new house, let us trust that the sentences committed to the fresh page will accord with the above-mentioned axioms. Adam Smith is a parliamentary authority; why not Lindley Murray? To the list of officers of the Lords and Commons, it would really be desirable to add a grammarian, to be entitled Professor of Plain English. His duty should consist in putting their enactments into an intelligible form; and surely, so many charity boys as there are in the kingdom, there are plenty who would undertake it for a trifle.

### A Great Idea.

It will be recollected that Mr. B. D'Israeli said that Sir Robert Peel was not a fit Premier, because he had not a "great idea." In the event of a resignation, Her Majesty has determined to offer the Premiership to Mr. D'Israeli, as being, by his own definition, the *beau idéal* of a great statesman: for it is evident that no man, in the course of history, ever had a *greater idea*—of himself.

### THE STAG'S RETREAT.

The French of Boulogne, not understanding the meaning of the word "stag," have nicknamed the aldermen who have run over to their town for refuge, "*Cerfs-volants.*" This translation is not so bad, especially as the flight of the aldermen was probably hastened by the very process of kite-flying.

### MORE PLAGUE THAN PROPHET.

One of our morning contemporaries had an article on Friday, headed "A Voice from the Potteries," and bearing the signature of *Crockery*. We presume the writer wishes to pass himself off as the original Delphic Oracle.

Proper Resentment.—No wonder the subscription for the Nelson column has never succeeded! What Englishman would like to see his name connected in anything with that of the despot Nicholas!

## THE FLIGHT OF THE ALDERMEN.

SEVERAL rumours were rife last week of a sudden emigration of Aldermen, who having exhausted their spirits in the fatigues of Provisional Committees on Bubble Railways, were said to be seeking repose on the Continent. One is reported to have taken a house at Brussels; another to have fled to Malta; while a third is alleged to be contemplating a protracted sojourn in some palazzo of Italy. We should hope, for the honour of the City, that Rumour's thousand tongues are guilty of one enormous fib; but we are compelled to own that we heard the following strain sung in evidently Aldermanic accents, and issuing from the cabin window of a steamer just about to start for the Continent. BYRON'S famous "Adieu, Adieu!" has evidently suggested the ensuing melody:—

A! doo, A! doo, my fav'rite scheme
Low in the market falls;
The lawyers sigh, the brokers scream,
They ask in vain for calls.
You bubble, bursting on the sea,
We follow in his flight:
Farewell! my simple allottee;
My engineer! good night.

With thee, my cash, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care should fortune take me to
The equinoctial line.
Welcome, welcome! ye bulls and bears;
And when I'm out of sight,
You're welcome to my worthless shares;
My Capel Court, good night!

## REMONSTRANCES FROM THE SHADES.

IN the last number, O PUNCHIADES! which MOMUS brought us of thy pleasant scroll, there is that which I, for my part, thy hitherto great admirer, hugely disapprove; and of my disapproval thereof, hasten to make thee aware, inf rming thee likewise that both I myself on the one hand, and on the other many highly respectable Shades of Heroes besides, have determined, if the like occur again, to cease taking thee in, and in thy stead to subscribe to the wise and facetious work conducted by the god-like woman, HARRIS, which work we are informed will prove delectable reading for Shades, as being excessively shady, and which, though having not the ghost of an argument, may soon become the standard argument of the ghosts. Beware, therefore, O PUNCHIADES! how henceforth thou comparest a hero, and a man of mettle, whose dodges, however artful, were generally devoted to such ends as his reminiscent eidolon can now smoke over without a blush, to——a Buckingham; for such, O son of the PUNCHES, is the offence of which thou hast been guilty!

PENELOPE is disgusted, and all the ghosts, my friends, are stamping on the asphodels with impatience; for who indeed knows that he may not be the next selected for comparison with BUCKINGHAM!

ULYSSES.

### Charity over the Water.

THE French Government has kindly consented to allow "A REFUGE FOR DIRECTORS" to be erected at Boulogne. This large and daily increasing class are likely at last to have their wants properly attended to. Several subscriptions have already been made, and the poor aldermen will shortly have a place where they can rest their cervine heads with safety. A charitable gentleman has sent a large sum of money, that each alderman may have a basin of real turtle, at least once a year. The day selected is one fraught with civic recollections—the ninth of November.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS. A body appointed to look into the revenues and duties of the Clergy. They have recommended a better distribution of the loaves and fishes, and have made the extraordinary discovery that the revenue of half the bishoprics did not pay their expenses, the income being positively below the outlay incurred. Perhaps, however, the ideas of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were rather extravagant, and their own notorious bankruptcy may be thus accounted for.

EDUCATION. From *educo*, to lead out. The bringing forth of the innate faculties. The State does not trouble itself much with education in this country, but the most usual schools for the young and destitute are the prisons, where Education of a certain kind is easily imparted. It quickens the apprehension, for it frequently leads to the apprehension of the scholar upon some very serious charge. It moreover sharpens the wits, which are all that they who come under the influence of prison education generally have to live upon.

ELECTION. Literally, the exercise of a free choice,—but practically, at least in many cases—the forced confirmation of the choice of another.

ELECTION COMMITTEES. Tribunals for deciding on the legality of elections, but as the decision usually depends on the politics of the majority of the members, the labours of the Committee might well be spared by settling the matter at their first meeting. The affair could be arranged with arithmetical precision according to the rule of three, in the following fashion. As the politics of the majority are to the candidates, so will be the decision.

ELECTOR. A free voter. An elector is, however, in some cases, one who elects either to support his landlord's nominee, or to take the consequence.

EMANCIPATION. An admirable word in the mouths of politicians, some of whom, however, consider it applicable only to the blacks, in whose behalf the professions of a love for freedom are often very highly coloured. It has been wisely and yet quaintly said by one of the primitive wags, "that he who talks most loudly of emancipation for the nigger would bestow freedom on his own countrymen with a niggard hand."

EMBARGO.—An arrest laid on a ship to prevent its quitting a port. Such as the order of the LORD MAYOR, that the Watermen's steamers shall not start from Blackfriars Pier. An embargo may also be laid on ships to cause them to defend their native land, as in the case of the levy made upon the coal barges and dredgers who were compelled, by a kind of embargo, to join the civic fleet.

EMIGRATION may be defined the act of leaving one's native country to settle in another. When the act is accompanied by that of leaving one's native creditors without having settled in one's own country, the probability that one will go and settle in another country is exceedingly remote—sometimes, indeed, more remote than the place to which the emigrant betakes himself. The object of an emigrant is usually to obtain land abroad, but he has sometimes very good grounds at home for disappearing. Occasionally he goes into the bush, and clears away the wood, an operation for which, by cutting his stick, he has already prepared himself. It is said that an emigrant is one who finds that he is not in demand at home, but this is a mistake, for some emigrants, particularly those to Boulogne, and other foreign watering places, have been in very great demand at home before emigration. Some have objected to emigration on the score that every person who quits a kingdom, takes from it, in his own person, so much capital and labour. This is very true in some cases, for if I lend my friend five hundred pounds, and he suddenly emigrates, it is probable he will take that amount of capital with him, and will cause also a fearful waste of labour by giving me the useless trouble of looking after him. This is sound political economy, which we have acquired by submitting ourselves to a course of good grinding in Mill for the last fortnight.

## THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

**The Militia-Man, having cured his Cold with Rum-and-Water, resolves not to go Home "Till Day-light does appear." He assures the Policeman that "It's all right."**

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has been excited to know the name of *Punch's* One Militia Man; but the gallant fellow has resolved on observing a strict *incognito*. There is a rumour that he has already won his laurels on the field of glory, but we can state that the embryo hero is not the proprietor of any laurels but the two (in pots) beside the gate of his garden. These he did not win, but paid for like a man, at an adjacent nursery.

Among the recent military manœuvres of the Militia Man has been that of taking up a position in the trenches, for which the great open ditch running along Brook Green affords the finest facility. This ditch is further adapted for a military position by the fact, that the vapour arising from it renders it generally unapproachable. The Militia Man delights in exposing himself to it, that he may become accustomed to the atmosphere of any unhealthy climate to which his country may hereafter call him.

There is a rumour that the local police of Hammersmith are infected with the military enthusiasm of the One Militia Man, and the inspector—an old soldier, who has exchanged the bayonet for the baton—has declared himself ready to bring up his little local cohort to death or glory by the eight o'clock 'bus, whenever the emergencies of the nation require the sacrifice.

The ardour for arms is extending to some of the tradesmen in the vicinity, and it is expected that Hammersmith will become a camp, if the same spirit continues to display itself. When it is remembered that the town commands the river on one side, the road to the capital on the other, and is skirted by the Bush in which the Shepherds tend their flocks, as well as the celebrated Scrubs, rich in the Wormwood so useful for chemical purposes; when all this is remembered, it must be admitted that Hammersmith is the CHUBB'S Patent Safety of the metropolis. It is gratifying to know that this lock will not be easily picked by the enemy.

We have heard a rumour that the glazed horse-guard looking hats of the disbanded corps of Hammersmith Sapier Pompiers, or fire brigade, which dissolved itself and its funds some time ago in beer, are about to be purchased for the volunteers who are likely to be embodied in this gallant suburb. Hammersmith will, we suspect, be the Hexham or Hastings of some future history; Brook Green will become a second Waterloo, and the turnpike-gate the Torres Vedras of the twentieth century.

## NICHOLAS "AT HOME."

HIS Imperial Majesty has been in a high passion. Like many small domestic tyrants, he had a face of honey, and words sweet as sugar-plums, when abroad; but, once come home again, he looks the old fury, and raps out his customary bad language. To be sure he gave the Order of Saint Lollypop—or some order worthy of the Calendar—to his son for his good behaviour: (whether the youth had chained and starved and scourged a convent of nuns, after the example of gracious papa, has not yet transpired.) Next, however, his Imperial Cruelty took to task all his ministers; snubbing some, breaking some, and hinting at Siberia to others. And what for? They had brought disrepute upon his Government; they had been tyrannous and sanguinary, and had caused him to be reprimanded by the Pope! And all this is to throw dust—devil's dust, surely, if any dust soever may deserve the name—in the eyes of his Holiness. It is needful that there should be a sacrifice of somebody, to conciliate the Vatican, and so NICHOLAS offers up a minister or a governor. Does the reader recollect the sacrifice required to stay the plague among the beasts? It was not the lion, or the tiger, or the wolf, for its carnivorous sins; not the men-eaters and flock-destroyers; but the poor ass, that confessed, in a moment of temptation, to have eaten a cabbage. And some such victim does NICHOLAS offer to his Holiness!

## LEGAL BIOGRAPHIES.

THE success that has attended the publication of TWISS'S "Life of LORD ELDON," and CAMPBELL'S "Lives of the Chancellors," has, we believe, suggested the notion of a series of Lives of Lawyers' Clerks, which will be a great addition to the legal literature of the country. The struggles of the great are often by no means so interesting as the energetic efforts of the little, and the career of the Clerk is very frequently a series of heart-burnings, which terminate in his getting the sack—which is, after all, the *summum bonum* of the would-be Chancellor. The life of a THOMSON is not likely to be less interesting than the biography of a BACON, for it has been well said by the philosopher, (ourselves, of course,) that it is easier to learn how to act in a high position than to behave with propriety in an humble station.

"I THINK THERE BE SIX RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD."

## THE LONDON GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

"*Aux armes, citoyens; aux armes!*

We are about to confer a tremendous favour on this new Society, namely, to make them known, and charge nothing for the advertisement. Not that we expect their gratitude in return; certainly not. We have suffered—yes, suffered is the word—too much, to hope for it. For instance, did we not make Silk Buckingham known?—Did we not, on the wings of *Punch*, advertise the peculiar advantages of the Foreign Destitute, even as far as Otaheite, that in case any of the aristocracy should come over, they might find their way to Hanover Square? And what was our reward? One tear stands in each of our eyes when we think of it. But "we won't weep." No: we will continue to do good for good's sake; we will still go on, conferring benefits upon mankind, and only pity them, when they throw at us dirt and wicked words in return. And with this preface return we to consider the many nascent merits of the London Genealogical Society.

A prospectus, put forth by this benevolent body, has been sent us. In it all the world—and ourselves, of course, as *minima pars*—are invited to pay one guinea "for the entry of their arms and pedigree:" that is, one guinea "plain;" it being more than insinuated that the charge will be higher, if "coloured;" that is, if "fully illuminated." The Society—like many other societies—intend to go round the kingdom, asking for arms. This "Visitation" began in the cities of London and Westminster on the 2nd inst., and the Society say—

"This Visitation appears the *more desirable* when it is considered that there are so many Foreign Princes, Nobles, and highly distinguished Families (English and Foreign) at this time resident in Middlesex, of whose Genealogies we have no Record, although they possess proofs of their great Antiquity; while there are others—and some *who have gained Rank, or elevated position in Society*—of the early part of whose Pedigrees *no information has been gathered.*"

These latter unfortunates have our deepest sympathies. Imagine the "Visitation" knocking at the door of a man "who has gained rank," and asking, in almost the words of dear Tom Hood—

> "Who was your father?
> Who was your mother?
> Have you a sister?
> Have you a brother?"

And then consider the confusion of the person so addressed! Perhaps his utter inability to answer the first two queries, though, it may be, painfully sensitive—from certain accidents—to the last two! In his despair he calls for his teaspoons, and shows the "Visitation" a something engraven on them between a griffin and a rocking-horse, or a snake eating its own tail. From this hybrid griffin, this suicidal snake, depend upon it, the "Visitation" will make a very pretty illumination; bringing down the griffin from Cathay, the land of griffins, and the snake from the favourite curl—the heart-breaker—in Medusa's head! We have no doubt that the "Visitation" will guarantee antiquity, even if, like certain Roman medallists, they make it.

"Though it is *not doubted* that the Nobility, Gentry, and *Clergy* (few of whose Pedigrees are *perfect* in the Maternal *Lines*) would most readily *assist* the proposed object, the Society has determined not to call upon them to join in Expense, but will charge the fee of one Guinea only, for the Entry of their Arms and Pedigree (unless they *wish it fully illuminated*) in the Visitation Records. *It is desirable* the Nobility and Gentry in all parts of the kingdom should become Members, paying *two Guineas Annually*; and as the early Members *will have peculiar privileges*, their names should be forwarded and enrolled as early as possible—whereby they would secure the desirable advantage of having their Pedigrees traced to *a greater extent in the several Lines.*"

For instance, an "early member" may have his pedigree traced back to a very distinguished hod-man, employed at the building of Babel; whereas a later subscriber may have the founder of his family discovered no later than in the person of some cordwainer to Japhet. This difference ought to weigh with all who think to join the Society. Therefore, again we cry, "Aux *armes*, citoyens; aux *armes*."

There is also a Genealogical Institution to be established, whereat "ladies, noblemen, and gentlemen" may execute their own "heraldic embellishments; such pursuits being now *high objects* of taste," and all blunders avoided;

"For *it is notorious* that the incorrect execution of Armorials, (the mistakes in the Engraving of Arms on Plate, Seals, Glass, &c., and other artistic embellishments) is a source *of daily annoyance to persons of distinction*; for by such means errors in the Family Bearings are to a great extent perpetuated."

We can well believe it. We can feel how certain "persons of distinction" are apt to be misrepresented by what may pass for their heraldic bearings. All sorts of monsters may creep into the Arms of a family, perpetuating the annoyance. It is only by such accidents that we can at all reconcile many seeming anomalies. By the way, do the Society bargain to make every bend sinister all right? Nothing, however, can be more comprehensive than the plans of the Society, for it

"Will have the advantage of Corresponding Members in various parts of each County: and such, likewise, are being appointed in every part of the globe where *British Emigrants, Settlers, and Residents are to be found*; so that the earliest and most extensive modes of information will be insured."

This is consoling. Let a man dwell either in a log-hut of North America, or in the bush in New Zealand, it will henceforth be delightful to him to know that some "corresponding member" from "32, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall," such being the Genealogical Office, may drop in upon him, to have a chat about his family *gules*, and *or*, and *argent!* By the way, the New Zealanders themselves might be appointed agents; all their noblemen carrying their arms upon their bodies, and therefore passionate lovers of the heraldic.

From what the reader has already gone through, he will doubtless acknowledge the astounding utility of this Society; nevertheless, it might, we think, extend its sphere of usefulness. For instance, why should it not propose to quarter armorial bearings with some new device, to illustrate and perpetuate the doings of living nobility and gentry. A few of our dukes, now, would form admirable experimental subjects. Might not the *Times* in flames be brought into the coat of Richmond, and a curry bottle quartered with the marshal's staff of Norfolk?

Let us, however, show our gratitude to the Society, whereof one "E. Wyrrelie M. Weber" is "Marshal and Principal"—gratitude that we ourselves, in the comprehensive benevolence of the College, are not forgotten; for Rule XVIII. states that—

"The Society generally, shall have power to elect distinguished Literary Gentlemen as Honorary Members, *without any payments whatever*, on the nomination thereof by the Marshal."

According to this rule, *Punch* will of course be one of the earliest members. He therefore—that he may find himself properly illuminated—begs that the Society will immediately emblazon all his bearings. When this shall be done, *Punch* demands the same favour on the part of *Toby* his dog. Mr. Weber, "Marshal and Principal," is of course at liberty to correct us; but we, *Punch*, believe that Toby originated with the apocryphal dog of Tobit, with possibly a cross from Cerberus. But of course, the "Marshal and Principal" will easily decide this. However, it *must* be done; for if we do enter the Society, "our faithful dog must bear us company."

## Fights to come off at Blackfriars Pier.

In consequence of the excitement occasioned in the neighbourhood by the Battle of the Thames being fought in the way of a general *mêlée*, it has been arranged among some of the parties to settle the dispute by a series of single combats. The arrangement, we believe, only waits for the Lord Mayor's sanction; and as that dignitary has formally joined the war-party, it is very probable that he will at once give his encouragement to any measure having a fight or series of fights for its object.

We understand that the following propositions for pitched battles will be among those submitted to the approval and patronage of the Cockney potentate. Little Dick, the Bridegroom's pet, will be matched against Sawny Brown, the Paul's Wharf dredger-boy; Stoker Tugs, the Moonlight deaf 'un, will undertake to fight City Policeman Snobbiss, the Kitchen Romeo; the Chairman of the Directors of the Watermen's Steam Packet Company will fight the Lord Mayor, and allow him his mace against an ordinary hockey-stick; Water Bailiff Smith, the long shore skull-cracker, will fight any three passengers of any one of the Watermen's Navy, two up and the other down, for forty minutes.

The above are only intended to make a beginning, and induce other champions to fall into the arrangements. The parties will therefore fight, *pour encourager les autres*, who are requested to enter their names forthwith, at the Beadle's Box on the Blackfriar's pier, or with the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House.

### PRINCELY GRATITUDE.

We are happy to state that Prince Albert has appreciated, in its true spirit, the address that was presented to him by the Windsor Authorities about his Flemish farm, for he has sent every person who signed it a cake of the very best Windsor soap.

## Exposition of Industrial Art at Manchester.

HERE has been a grand Exhibition at Manchester, of the produce of native industry, which is highly creditable to all parties, from the designers of the patterns of the various objects, to the porters who carried them to the Exhibition Room.

We have not time to chronicle all the various inventions that are worthy of praise; but we shall call attention to some of the most laudable and prominent. Considerable praise is due to Messrs. COPELAND and GARRETT, of mug and pipkin notoriety, for their endeavours to give a classical aspect to the plates and dishes of an every-day dinner-service. It is a glorious notion to educate the people through the medium of earthenware, placing classical subjects beneath their very noses, by bringing the finest passages in HOMER into the bottoms of the tea-cups of the people. Instead of a cow drinking the grouts at the bottom of a slop-basin, how much more instructive it would be if ÆNEAS were seen carrying ANCHISES on his shoulders through the tea leaves that are likely to form a sediment at the bottom of the vessel! We are delighted to find a disposition to apply the higher departments of art to the ordinary tea-tray.

We can imagine what WILKIE might have done with a set of japanned waiters. What a splendid effect would be produced by the removal of every plate or glass that was being handed round, revealing at every movement of the crockery some new bit of colouring, some unexpected burst of nature, which might previously have been concealed under cakes, wine, or sandwiches!

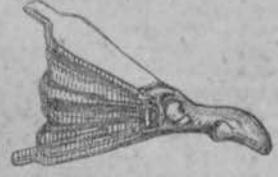
CLASSIC BELLOWS.

Among the choicest objects in the Exposition is a pair of library bellows, which some artist in the antique has poured his whole soul into; so that the bellows may be said to breathe with the purest spirit of classicality. Considerable taste has been expended on the improvement of that social article commonly known as a brass footman; though the brass for which all footmen are notorious is by no means of a pliable character. A wreath of laurel is thrown tastefully round the top of the footman, showing what may be done with the humblest article, by a happy combination of skill and industry.

Much taste and fancy have been displayed in the construction of an easy chair made of wrought iron; the ease of the chair consisting of the seat being a good deal like a gridiron, while the back of it is thrown up into such relief as can be afforded by clusters of prickly flowers, made of the hardest metal, to lean against.

Some stir at the Exposition was made by a poker of polished steel, modelled after the original rod of iron with which the tyrant CALIGULA is supposed to have ruled his subjects.

An umbrella-stand, representing DANAE descending in a golden shower would have been a good idea, if there had been any room for the umbrellas; but it unfortunately happens that the article is utterly useless. Its ornamental aspect may perhaps in some degree compensate for the deficiency. Such are the principal features of the Exhibition; the last feature we shall mention being a beautiful and classical Roman nose to a pair of drawing-room bellows.



BELLOWS WITH ROMAN NOSE.

POOR STUFF.—The Members for Dorset have been addressing their Constituents in the most fulsome strain of compliment. We regret to say that we never saw so bad a sample of Dorset butter.

## SHALL THE QUEEN OF SPAIN HAVE A HUSBAND?

WE are really tired of this question, and wish it were at once fairly settled by the ring and the priest. SENOR NARVAEZ—that great Spanish fly—lately declared that Her Majesty herself had no notion of marriage. Like the fair *Juliet*, "'twas an honour she dreamt not of." The last accounts, however, from Madrid, assure us that the Queen has now serious thoughts of wedlock. Several patterns of husbands have been submitted to her; in the like way that little girls are shown a variety of dresses, mamma all the while being determined upon the only one the dear child shall wear. Thus the COUNT TRAPANI seems to stand the fairest chance of obtaining the Queen's hand, and with it the contempt and hatred of the chivalrous Spanish nation. NARVAEZ, however, has declared—and we must believe him—that the Queen shall not be coaxed into holy wedlock; that she shall marry, if it shall so please her, "an African Prince;" yes, a blackamoor, with a crown of parrots' feathers, and a robe of tiger's skin. This is very generous, indeed, of SENOR NARVAEZ; but if the Queen *may* exercise her taste upon African Princes, it would be only fair that she should be permitted to see certain samples of them. After all, it is a fine, ennobling thing for humanity, that the security and happiness of millions of mankind should be brought into question by the marriage of a little girl with some very little prince!

## A WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

RAISE high the shout of warfare!
E'en now proud England cowers,
As Washington upon her head
Scorn and saliva showers.
Soon the great Columbian Eagle
O'er ocean wide shall soar;
With cock-tail and mint-julep,
He's already half seas o'er.

Arise, arouse for Oregon!—
Prate not to us of *Right!*
Sons of the Pilgrim fathers,
We take our stand on *Might.*
The favoured race of Freedom
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery
And the blessed law of Lynch.

'Tis not in down-trod England
As in this happy land,
Where each man wops his nigger,
And none may hold his hand;
Not as in out-worn Europe,—
Opinion here is free,
And no man dares to contradict
The sovereign mob's decree!

Democracy wants elbow-room
To put its branches forth;
Our South is cramp'd by Mexico,
By Canada our North.
Spread, pioneers of Progress,
Your sway from shore to shore,
With unanswerable arguments
And mounted rifle-corps.

With bowie knives and bullets
We'll enforce the rights of man;
In the holy name of Justice
We'll take whate'er we can.
The South shall send her slave-holders,
To bid the world be free!
Pennsylvania her defaulters,
To teach it honesty!

### Timely Liberality.

IT is well known that MESSRS. JONES, LLOYD, & Co. recently made a very handsome present, in money, to their clerks. Other bankers, we perceive, have followed the example (with a difference), presenting to their employed, in lieu of filthy lucre, religious tracts. We understand that other firms are about to give to *their* clerks a significant volume entitled, "*How to live on a hundred a-year.*"

## GLORIOUS NEWS.

"Well, Ruggles, it 's all right!"
"What 's all right?"
"Why! we are to have Rubini again."

## A MINISTERIAL QUARTET.

The following little classical quartet was sung just before the temporary dissolution of the Ministry. Lord Stanley, who took a part in the quartet, destroyed the harmony and ultimately put an end to the concert. He would not agree to subdue his voice sufficiently, or, in other words, to sing small, and he was consequently kept out of the arrangements when the Ministerial Sons of Harmony met together again for the purpose of practising the new tunes, and adopting the airs and variations of the Premier. But we are losing sight of the quartet, which ran as follows :—

Lord Stanley, (*andantino*).
Corn must go up, up, up.

Sir R. Peel, (*con expressione*).
Corn must come down, down, down.

The Duke of Wellington, (*con strepito*).
Here we go backwards and forwards.

Sir R. Peel, (*vivace allegro*).
I shall go round, round, round.

After giving this line with unusual emphasis, Sir R. Peel, looking round him, exclaimed, with considerable meaning, "Now then, chorus, Gentlemen, if you please; let me hear you all sing out plainly after me,

"I shall go round, round, round."

Lord Stanley positively refused to do so, observing, that it was quite out of his compass, and he had not sufficient flexibility to get over the difficulty.

A long discussion ensued, which ended in the entire destruction of the concert, and the total sacrifice of harmony. After a little rehearsal, however, the difficulty has been got over by nearly all the principals, who now sing

"Here we go round, round, round,"

with as much energy as the Premier himself could desire to throw into it.

## VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF PROTECTION.

There is no doubt that Protection originated in a mist, which, however, was not a fine mist, but an intellectual fog of singular density. Its vestiges are apparent in the imperfect state of Agriculture, which no doubt would have been improved by competition; also in a crippled and shackled condition of Commerce. Pauperism and the Union Workhouse are vestiges of Protection, which are also observable in the ducal skull; with whose thickness it has an evident connection.

## WHAT TO DO WITH THE DUKES.

"We should very much like to know of what use those Dukes are!" This is a question which many thinking persons have lately put to us. In reply, we have reminded them of the services of the Iron Duke; but that Duke, they have said, is not one of those Dukes, whom, in contradistinction, they have styled Wooden Dukes. Then we have pointed out to them the fitness of the Dukes in question for the dignities of Earl Marshal, and of Knight of the Garter or of the Thistle—the last named order especially. The answer we have received has been—Pooh, pooh! We have adduced the value of such Dukes as patrons of the Turf, and thus maintainers of the equestrian order of nobility; which argument has been met by the exclamation of—Stuff and nonsense! and the remark, that it was the asinine and not the equestrian order that was maintained by those noblemen.

We have instanced their qualifications for the post of Grand Falconer; but were told that they were qualified for nothing grand, except for the situation of Grand Gamekeeper, if such an office existed. In vain have we insisted on the importance of the ducal name in prospectuses, and of the privilege possessed by Dukes of making Duchesses, and thus supplying Lady Patronesses to fancy-balls and so forth. With as little success have we enlarged upon the encouragement which they afford to that truly national institution, the Italian Opera. The reply to our plea has been, Fiddle-de-dee! or, Rubbish! We will not, however, give up our Dukes as good-for-nothing; because we are firmly persuaded that they are good for something; and what that is, we believe we have found out.

We have heard them traduced as haughty aristocrats—scorners of trade and commercial pursuits. On the contrary, we are satisfied, from their anxiety about their rents and profits, that their bent is purely mercantile, and that their main object is the main chance; so that their sympathies are peculiarly civic. Nay, we are sure that they would make the first citizens of the first city in the world. From a comparison of the wisdom of the Dukes with that of Solomon on the one hand, and that of Lord Mayors in general on the other, as evinced in their respective aphorisms and argumentations, we are convinced that the ducal and aldermanic are precisely the same order of minds; and hence that their Graces are just the very persons to grace the throne of the Mansion House. Venice had Doges; why should not London have Dukes! We may say, with propriety, of the Wooden Dukes, that they are completely cut out for Lord Mayors. They would commit prisoners with the assistance of the City Clerk, and themselves without any assistance at all, as cleverly as any one of their predecessors, from Whittington down to his present Civic Majesty.

The chief business of Dukes at present, particularly of Royal Dukes, is to preside at dinners; which is also the principal duty of a Lord Mayor. Born to consume the fruits of the earth, and having hitherto had little else to do, they would vie, as trenchermen no less than magistrates, with any member of the Corporation. Their antiquated predilections would enable them to fraternise admirably with Goo and Magog, and with the Man in Armour.

By the union of the Dukedom with the Mayoralty, the splendour of the latter office would be much augmented; and the Duke, on his inauguration, on taking the water, might, in imitation of the Venetian Doges, marry the River Thames.

Let the Lord Mayor, then, in future, be chosen from among the Dukes instead of from among the Aldermen, and thus will many heartburnings be removed. Many of them are already free of the City Companies, and more might become connected with them; as it is, several game-preserving Dukes are poulterers; and why should they not become fishmongers, or mongers of any other description—not to mention boroughmongers as well!

## A CARD.

M. Jullien begs to announce that, encouraged by the unrivalled success and distinguished patronage which have attended the production of his "Cricket Polka," and other compositions of a similar kind, he will, in his ensuing season, introduce to the public notice two new pieces, namely, "The Household Valse," and "The Menagerie Quadrilles." The former will include faithful imitations of all the peculiar sounds incidental to the course of household occupations during the day, from the cleaning of the boots and knives in the morning, to the fastening of the hall-door at night. M. Jullien conceives that this valse will be particularly adapted to the domestic and home-loving habits of the British nation.

The Menagerie Quadrilles (dedicated by permission to the Zoological Society) will comprise combinations of the cries of the principal animals of note in the Zoological Gardens.

The very flattering reception which has been given to M. Jullien's musical productions has emboldened him to bring forward these novelties, in doing which he believes he ventures upon ground which former masters have hesitated to tread.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ALDERMEN.

## THE LANDLORD'S "HEAVEN."

At an Anti-Corn-Law meeting held at Atherstone, one Rev. T. C. Pell, vicar of Sheepy, was very tremendous against the League.

"*I hope to God* (said his Reverence) these over-grown manufacturers will never over-ride the landed interest: as sure as they obtain possession of the land, you 'll become a parcel of *impoverished creatures* directly, with threadbare coats, and lank of countenances."

Of course, he spoke to those fabulous animals of our time, the "happy peasantry;" none of them already impoverished; none with thin, white faces; but all with an odd yellow-boy or two in an old stocking or tea-pot at home; and all looking sleek and rosy, the painted pictures of rustic contentment! The Vicar next—is he from Cam or Isis?—in academical language, denounced "Peel's speech and his plan as all fudge," and closed with this remarkable peroration:—"He 'd rather like the chance of going to heaven with the *landed interest* than go with the manufacturer." We are always prone to bow to a clergyman when he talks of the peculiar privileges of heaven: he is supposed, *ex officio*, to know them. Henceforth, it would appear that Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and all the lost ones of wicked Manchester and forlorn Leeds, have but little chance of future bliss, when compared with the abounding hopes of a Duke of Richmond or a Duke of Norfolk. Their earthly coronets are but the shadows cast from the immortal crowns, already prepared for them! Now, the wicked manufacturers—living as they do beneath a canopy of smoke—seeing smoke, smoke, smoke, nothing but smoke—vomited from their tall, melancholy chimneys, may see and feel in the stifling vapours, rolling upward from blazing fires, a terrible type of their future doom. Judging from the expressed opinions of the Vicar of Sheepy, we have no doubt that he has the highest and the profoundest veneration for Adam; not merely because he was the prime author of the human race; not that he was the First Man; but the Garden of Eden being awarded to him, that he was the First Landowner! Again, too, the excellent vicar—the reverend *laquais de place* to heaven—may, possibly, not so much mourn the Fall of our First Parent, for the Fall itself; but for the melancholy fact that it made Adam, from that moment, in some way dependent on some manufacturer. There is little doubt—according to the Vicar of Sheepy—that when Satan tempted our first parents, he had in his wicked and far-seeing eye the chimneys of Manchester.

After all, is it not remarkably pleasant—very improving, too—to have a Reverend Vicar carving up our after-life as though it were a tythe-pig: giving the tit-bits to his friends, and leaving the poorer parts for the servants!

## MAKING THE MOST OF A VICTORY.

There has been a grand Review at Paris before the Ambassador of the Emperor of Morocco, on which occasion the French, with national gallantry, fought their battle of Isly over again. The old Umbrella was brought out from the Invalides to do honour to the victory, and nothing was wanting to perfect the illusion of the scene but the presence of Abd-el-Kader. Marshal Bugeaud had sent word that the Emir would be sure to attend, and accordingly the battle was kept waiting several hours expressly for him; but at last an apology was made by the Duke of Nemours, that a previous engagement unavoidably detained Abd-el-Kader in Algiers. His part, however, was undertaken at the shortest notice by an actor of the Cirque Olympique, who having acted it a hundred times before, went through it with the greatest *sang froid*, and came off, as usual, with flying colours.

### Mildness of the Season.

We have noticed several roses, of this year's sowing, in young ladies' bonnets. Flowers altogether are very forward this season. They are so plentiful that immense bouquets are thrown away for nothing every evening on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. We must not forget to mention that an early dandelion was gathered last week in Fitzroy Square. An enormous double carnation was picked also at Lady Grumpy's party in Gower Street. It was planted, singular to say, in the middle of a very fine ham, and partook very much of the flavour and perfume of the Swedish turnip. A slip has been forwarded to the Botanical Society.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, Feb. 14, 1846.

## MRS. BIB'S BABY.

### CHAPTER IV.

REALLY MR. BIB was a good, working-day husband. We do not mean to back him against any romantic sample of a spouse; such husbands being too often worked in silk or painted on satin, like rosebuds and canary-birds, solely for the amusement of young spinsters. He loved his wife in a plain, straightforward fashion; and as he was never lavishly tender to her before company, there is the greater reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone. For some married folks will keep their love like their jewellery, for the eyes of the world; thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fire-side. MR. BIB, too, was reasonably proud of his child. His wife—dear soul!—had her private opinion that, old as the world was, and multitudinous as were its children, there had never—until the advent of her Babe—been a proper child born. They had been very well; they had served to keep up the stock of mankind, but they were not like Baby BIB. And who shall blame her for so sweet a prejudice? Natural to her as her mother's milk!

In our last chapter we left Baby in a tremendous passion; and the roast-pig, lying heavily on its stomach, it would not be comforted. MRS. DAFFY was somewhat ruffled by the perverseness of the child—whose ill-humour was, in truth, a reflection on her judgment; a condemnation of her election of pig as the one thing needful for its peace of mind and body. She was, we say it, a little angry with Baby; but her greater cause of concern was, lest Grandmother BIB should bounce into the family circle, and—for she could not help it—enjoy the triumph conveyed by Baby's ill-humour. MRS. DAFFY dreaded that icy smile, those coldly gleaming eyes, and that prophecy—uttered with a sort of relish—of Baby's certain decease, if certain people would have their way with it. And still Baby screamed; and with an energy that gave high promise of its future strength of character.

"I do think, SARAH," said MRS. DAFFY, "that a little aniseed would quiet it. Just a drop."

MR. BIB entered the room as his mother-in-law delivered the above opinion. He stopt short; looked, for him, a little sternly in that gentlewoman's face, and with a kind of menace, wagging his forefinger, said—"MRS. DAFFY, you will, I trust, allow me to have some property—just a little—in my own child."

"Why, of course, MR. BIB, it's your own—nobody that looked at it could doubt that," said MRS. DAFFY. "To be sure it's your own, and though 'tis my daughter's child—which is something more—still I must say this, the blessed infant does you credit."

"Being then, my own property," said BIB, "it is my intention, MRS. DAFFY, not to have it tampered with."

"Tampered! La!" cried MRS. DAFFY. "Who'd think of doing it? Bless its little heart! I'm sure I could eat it." So spoke a grandmother's love.

"I'll not dispute that," said BIB. It may speak a great deal for your affection, though I can't very well allow that it says much for your taste."

MRS. DAFFY looked at her son-in-law with a perplexed face. Could the man be such a simpleton as to believe that she could really digest her grandson? But, then, in the matter of babies, men were such fools. "Why," she at length observed, "you didn't think I meant what I said? But you're all alike—you men do so like to take women up. It's just the same with her father. You're all alike." and MRS. DAFFY essayed a slight laugh, though not from her heart; for there was something odd and strange—almost rude in the manner of her son-in-law. Here Baby took new breath, and began to scream afresh. "SARAH," said MRS. DAFFY, very earnestly, "it *must* have some aniseed."

"Not a drop," said BIB; and he knitted his brow, and looked authority.

"Well, MR. BIB, if you like to kill your child," and MRS. DAFFY spoke as though she sarcastically allowed BIB's perfect right to such enjoyment—"if you like to kill your child."

"I neither intend to kill it myself," said BIB, "nor to let anybody else poison it."

Different thoughts started into MRS. DAFFY's brain, and starting from different points and jostling one another, leaving the owner in an interesting state of irresolution. The first tremendous thought was to ask MR. BIB what he really meant. Thought the second was to rise from the chair, and majestically depositing Baby in the arms of its mother, to leave the house and never again to enter it. Thought the third was merely to echo BIB, and cry "poison!" Another thought was to take out a pocket-handkerchief. At length MRS. DAFFY made her election. She chose thought three, and did say "Poison!"

"Exactly so: poison," said BIB. "I heard you speak of giving the Baby aniseed."

"To be sure: why not? I gave it to all of mine," replied MRS. DAFFY very courageously.

"Well, I daresay their brains have proved none the stronger for that," said the coarse, uncivil BIB; his sweet little wife rather opening her eyes at the strange ill-manners of EDWARD.

"I am sure, MR. BIB, I don't know what you mean," said MRS. DAFFY, in tones that declared she too acutely felt the insult of every syllable. "I believe I've had nine children." MRS. DAFFY was suddenly touched with such humility that she would not, on her own responsibility, vouch for the number. "I believe I've had nine; and a finer family never—but that's nothing to do with it. Nothing. I'm sure, too, their brains—not that I wish to say anything; I've no right, I know—still their brains have been quite as good as other people's. The DAFFYS were never fools, MR. BIB." And here the good, insulted soul *did* take out her handkerchief. In fact, if BIB had had any knowledge of human nature, he must have known that that white flag of female distress would be duly hoisted at the rounding of the proper period.

"There's no necessity for crying," said BIB; for he saw his wife begin to wink her pretty eyelids, and try to swallow the tears that were coming up; tears at times being very catching. "Can't I say that I won't have the child drugged and poisoned without having such a high-service of water played upon me?"

"Now, don't be unfeeling, EDWARD," said meek MRS. BIB. "I'm sure dear mother means for the best."

"To be sure she does. I know that," said BIB; "I don't complain of her evil intentions, good soul, but only of her ignorance!"

Ignorance was the word. And the hearth-rug was not suddenly rolled up like a scroll, and the flooring did not open at the feet of MRS. DAFFY. After a moment's pause of consternation she smiled a smile, intended to cut like a razor, and said, with a slight hysteric chuckle,—"Ignorance! Nine children—only nine! I never knew that aniseed could hurt a baby yet! But you've such strange ways, MR. BIB: you'd bring up a Baby like a little heathen savage, and not like a Christian child. If it's a cripple, it isn't my fault, for it isn't half-rolled up enough. I don't know who'd be your Baby, I'm sure, to have such new-fangled tricks played with it. I never heard any other man talk about babies as you do. For my part—not that I've any right to speak—I don't see what fathers have to do with children at all till they're called upon to pay the school-bills. DAFFY never meddled. *I* took care of that. But some people are so clever, talking about a natural way of bringing up children, just as if precious children were to be brought up like kittens. I should like to know what sense was given to us for, if not to invent aniseed, and peppermint, and such things, to comfort their dear little hearts. It's all very well with black savages, that don't know what 'GODFREY'S' is—that never heard of the 'Soothing Syrup' no more than of KING SOLOMON,—it's very well for them to trust to what they call nature,—but I should hope that Christians know a little better."

BIB would not continue the fight. Taking his hat he emphatically said, "Mind—I insist—not a drop of your comfort as you call it, to stupefy the child—not a drop." With this injunction he quitted the room.

MRS. DAFFY suffered due time to elapse for the master of the house to get a safe distance from it, when—tugging at the bell-rope—she said, "SARAH, my dear, we'll now send BECKY for the aniseed."

## GOING OUT TO A PARTY.

*Exquisite.* Aw! Dri-vaw—Have you a good horse?
*Cabman.* Yes, Sir! A werry good oss.
*Exquisite.* Aw! Then dra-ive me to next door.

## AN OLIVER FOR A ROWLAND.

The great genius of Macassar has been outdone by an unknown author, who has sent forth a powerful piece of writing on the subject of

"THE NEAPOLITAN CREAM,

"FOR BEAUTIFYING AND NOURISHING THE HAIR, ETC."

It is pleasant, indeed, when history may be studied in the simple advertisements of a pomade for the hair, and we think the proprietor of the Neapolitan Cream here shows his superiority to the Monarch of Macassar. The former, in his handbill, gives us an insight into some of the remarkable events connected with the temporary establishment of Napoleon and his satellites on the various thrones of Europe. We are informed, for instance, that

"This extraordinary preparation for the Hair, as used by Joachim Murat, (the late King of Naples,) is prepared faithfully from the Receipt originally in the possession of His late Majesty's first Valet-de-Chambre, and who was induced at a very great price to part with the Original Receipt to Gian Carrari, now Sole Proprietor."

We here find that Murat used the cream, and that the Receipt was fondly cherished by the king's first *valet-de-chambre*, from whom it was torn—heartstrings and all, no doubt—by its present proprietor. There is also a most beautiful and affecting turn from the pomp of courts and the downfall of kings to the quiet associations of the nursery. What can be more charming than the following home thrust at our home affections?

"For the Nursery it is invaluable, and no Parent having any regard for the future personal appearance of her offspring, will neglect to avail themselves of the use of this truly valuable discovery."

What a delightful yet severe reproach is conveyed in these lines against the occasional neglect shown by a parent of "the future personal appearance of her offspring!" No wonder that the writer gets hurried from the singular to the plural by the intensity of his emotions, and after talking of "her," suddenly charges upon "themselves" the sin of neglecting "this truly valuable discovery." We are sure that after the specimen we have given of his powers, our readers will inquire curiously where the *littérateur* of the Neapolitan Cream has hitherto hid himself?

### TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

The Strawberry leaf is the distinctive sign of the Ducal Coronet. It is proposed that the Strawberry should be altered to the Gooseberry, as being more indicative of the fools certain Dukes have lately been making of themselves.

## THE POLITICAL STORM.

Cease, rude Richmond, blust'ring railer!
List, ye farmers, grumbling band!
Statesmen, hear a mimic sailor
Sing the dangers of the land.
From Mr. Villiers, first in motion,
'Gainst the tax on Labour's meal,
To St. Stephen's troubled ocean,
Where the Dukes contend with Peel.

Hark the Landlords, wildly bawling,
By tip-top rents and prices stand,
Keep the quartern loaf from falling,
Close your ports, lads; hand, boys, hand!
Now Whigs threaten; shake their places,
Now their measures overthrow;
Vote, boys, vote, my Lords and Graces,
Send their schemes to Jericho.

Now all you in Fact'ries sporting,
Fondly wrapped in cotton twist;
Foreign trade and markets courting.
Safe from all but want of grist;
Louder roars the people's clamour,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet and yet they hammer;
Hark! again the Landlord calls!

Prepare anew to brave the wind, boys;
Stop the League's terrific force;
Let the Tariff pass—don't mind, boys,
Though the matter should be worse;
The sliding-scale make safe and fast, lads;
Bread, we'll hope, will still be dear;
Nail your colours to the mast, lads,
Up and at them, boys; d'ye hear?

Now the British Lion's roaring,
Peel and Peel contending clash,
Former friends, behold! he's flooring,
Lo! our cause he means to smash:
One vast League is all around us,
From our ranks deserters fly;
Facts and figures stern confound us—
Hark!—what means that gen'ral cry?

"The harvest's fail'd!" cries every tongue out,
"Through the year our wheat won't last;
Free Trade's banner's proudly hung out,
And Repeal must now be past."
Quick! or else we go to pieces—
Fight, my hearties stout and bold,
Rally round your rents and leases—
Vain the struggle! we are sold!!

While in our ears huzzas are ringing,
For the good old times we mourn;
Which back, alas! there is no bringing,
Of which, alas! there's no return.
Competition's gaining on us;
Bread will fall and rent be low;
Common sense come down upon us!
For only that can save us now.

Cultivate your barren land, boys,
Let your wastes with grain be sown;
To the plough come every hand, boys,
Eh! by Jove! our panic's flown!
More mouths to feed, more corn to feed them,
Has broken our tremendous fall:
Protective laws! no more we need them;
We're saved, we're saved, lads, after all!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since we've saved our precious wealth;
Come, the glass, boys! let's be drinking
To the British Lab'rer's health!
Fill it up, around we'll wheel it,
Three times three, with Kentish fire:
Where's our ruin now—who feels it?
None, not e'en the country 'Squire.

## SIR ROBERT'S VELVETEEN.

'Twill, doubtless, be remembered by our readers that, on a certain occasion, not a very long time ago, Sir Robert Peel was presented with a handsome piece of velveteen—of a new and peculiar kind of fabric, the offering of certain manufacturers. The velveteen was graciously accepted. Sir Robert would have it made into a garment of honour. The velveteen was about to be despatched to the family tailor, when Sir Robert's eye, or some other eye interested in the consistency of the Minister, discovered in the elaborate pattern of the manufacture certain ears of wheat, surrounded by letters, very minute, making up the words—"Free Corn!" Since the classic and fatal gift of the shirt of Nessus—since proved to be of Caledonian fabric—there had been no such wickedness smuggled in what appeared to be the gift of kindness—a genuine *gage d'amitié*. The velveteen was immediately returned to the donors with a tart and expressive missive, in which Sir Robert very much wished to know how it could be supposed that, as a Minister of the Crown, he could be thought to go about the fields of Tamworth covered with ears of wheat, and branded with "Free corn!" It was a sort of fraudulent tattooing to which he would by no means submit. The manufacturers of the velveteen were to consider themselves snubbed—and they were snubbed accordingly.

Times are changed. Sir Robert has since thought it a pity that he should have so hastily returned what was intended to do him honour, and, therefore, feeling that he now has "Free Corn" written upon his heart, thinks it nothing more than appropriate that it should be inscribed a thousand times upon his coat and waistcoat. Whereupon Sir Robert has written a letter (of which the subjoined is a correct copy) to the manufacturers of the rejected article.

"TO MESSRS. ——.

"Gentlemen,—In my deliberate judgment I do not hesitate to say that never in my life did I feel so much regret that—from unforeseen circumstances—I returned into your hands a certain piece of velveteen, marked with ears of wheat, and inscribed 'Free Corn.'

"Gentlemen, I am not to be put aside from the course I now propose to myself, by the taunts or the vituperations of any honourable person soever. I confidently leave my reputation in the hands of posterity. My opinions have undergone a great change with respect to the Corn Laws, and I therefore unhesitatingly, and careless of clamour, propose to you, gentlemen, that you should return to me the piece of velveteen which, in my deliberate judgment I could not, at the time you offered it, send to the tailor.

"Gentlemen, if I mistake not, it appears to me, on my deliberate judgment, that there was sufficient velveteen to make up not only into a coat, but also a waistcoat. Now, Gentlemen, I propose to wear the waistcoat as soon as the measure can be taken. The coat, gentlemen, I fear I cannot wear—unless my friend the Duke can be brought to think differently—under three years. In 1849, I propose to put on that garment; and in the meantime trust that my wearing the waistcoat—occupying the post I do—will, upon your deliberate judgment, be considered a step in advance of the right path.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obedient Servant,

"Robert Peel."

"P.S. Several of my friends, who have been recently and suddenly 'convinced' of the impolicy of the Corn Laws, beg me to state that, in due season they should have no objection to appear in velveteen as well as myself. In proof of this I send you the measure of Mr. Sidney Herbert, for one."

### A Lesson for M. P's.

The Messrs. Everington, of Ludgate Hill, have transmitted an extraordinary piece of information to the papers. It appears that a cow—a "she-cow," as Tom Thumb has it—entered their shop. The cow looked at herself in the mirrors there abounding, walked very gingerly amongst a set of valuable porcelain jars, and walked out again, "doing no mischief." Oh that certain Members of Parliament would copy this example of "the mother of the milky herd,"—walking into St. Stephens, just reflecting themselves, and walk out again, "doing no mischief!"

## PUNCH'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

### HICKS'S HALL.

Previous to entering on the subject of Hicks's Hall, it may be curious to inquire who is Hicks? for "it is a settled point," as the lawyers say, that if there be no Hicks there can be, *à fortiori*, no hall belonging to that imaginary individual. We have searched very accurately into the civic annals for the purpose of ascertaining who is Hicks, where he originally lived, and how, when, or why he flourished, but hitherto all our researches have been far from satisfactory. There is a legend that the Hickses of the Hall were burgesses of Clerkenwell, and had their domicile in or near the Sessions House, which has encouraged the notion that Hicks's Hall was, in fact, the Sessions House; but as there is no proof of this hypothesis we unceremoniously throw it overboard. In the maze of perplexity which surrounds the subject we have been compelled to draw upon the imagination of our artist, who has drawn upon the wood such a Hall as it is probable that Hicks—if he ever existed—might have inhabited. It is very possible that he would have resided at the end of an avenue such as we have before us, and we can only say that if any one will give us a more accurate design of the very identical Hall of the very identical Hicks, we will pay any sum of money that any one may have the impudence to ask us for.

We confess that in the statistical part of this article, we have not been particularly happy, but in the ideal and imaginative we have amply compensated for any deficiency in the historical. But we defy any author, living or dead, to make anything of such a subject as Hicks's Hall, when both Hicks and his Hall enjoy but a very apocryphal existence. Nevertheless, as one of the remarkable places of England, we give it a place in our series. Shakespeare has a line in which he talks about

"A local habitation and a name,"

but Hicks's Hall is an illustration of the exact opposite, for it is a name without any local habitation belonging to it. With this excessively "wise saw" we quit this very attractive subject.

## THE VERDURE OF BUCKINGHAM.

In the *Times'* report of the tomfooleries attendant on the late Buckingham borough election, at which the juvenile Marquis of Chandos was returned as a fit and proper person to represent that independent borough in Parliament, it was stated that

"The Marquis's colour is green. This is the Buckingham colour generally."

Not only, we apprehend, is green the Buckingham colour, but also the ducal colour generally; and the dye appears to be one of singular intensity. It is a curious coincidence that the colour of the noble Marquis should be green, since, according to the Rev. W. T. Eyre, his proposer, he is only twenty-one years of age; so that it is hardly using too strong an expression to say that he is a green young man.

## THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

**The Militia Man having been drunk and disorderly, is ordered by his "Dashing White Serjeant" to do Double Duty.**

## EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF THE DUKES.

*(From our own Reporter.)*

Understanding that a meeting of several of the Dukes was to take place last night in Palace Yard, I was early on the ground. There were, however, no signs of the gathering until about two this morning, when carriages—coming from various points—drove up near to Canning's statue. Several parties then alighted; some of them carrying very handsome lanterns. Footmen spread various turkey carpets on the stones; and a van driving up, a table and easy chairs were taken from it for the convenience of the distinguished noblemen assembled. These preparations being completed, the footmen took a "sentinel ground" and the police—having assured themselves that the Dukes contemplated no breach of the peace—made no attempt to interrupt the proceedings.

The Duke of Norfolk, being unanimously called to the chair, said he would not trespass long upon the time of his noble brethren. They all knew the cause of their meeting. They were—many of them—in the direst state of intellectual destitution. (*Cries of "You're right—we are."*) He himself had heard of such a thing as the History of England,—but he had never read it. (*Cries of "We believe it."*) He had heard of inductive philosophy, and Bacon too; but he had never known what Bacon was in all his life. (*Cries of "shame!"*) For his own part, he did not care what Parliament did for them; as it was impossible that their condition could be worse.

The Duke of Richmond declared that in all his days he had never heard of *Delolme on the English Constitution*.—If it hadn't been that his brother, Lord William Lennox, had once read him a little bit of *Blackstone*, (it was in one of his Lordship's novels,) he should not have known that a Peer was not allowed to make Members of Parliament.

The Duke of Buckingham assured the meeting that his condition was no bit better than that of the last speaker. He knew something of arithmetic, and was not ashamed to say that he knew a little of poetry,—in proof of which his Grace immediately recited,—

> "But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

The Duke of Marlborough said that, in all his life, he had never read a book upon political economy. He had heard of Ricardo and Macculloch, and had once gone through half of one of Cobbett's *Registers*, but that was all. His cry, therefore, to the Queen was "Free knowledge for the Dukes."

The Duke of Rutland addressed the meeting in the like strain; declaring that he had never read anything but the Game Laws, which he had by heart—(his Grace repeated many of his apparently favourite clauses). He also knew the price of game at London poulterers', but nothing more. And his Grace spoke with such a touching earnestness of manner, it was impossible not to believe him.

After a few other speeches of similar purport, a petition was agreed upon to the Queen, praying that Her Majesty would do something, as, in the expressive terms of the prayer, they (the Dukes) come what might, "could not be worse."

## RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the railways that have complied with the standing orders, is the "John o'Groat and Land's End Junction, with Branches to Ben Lomond and Battersea, and an Extension from Pannyer Alley to Peterloo Direct." The standing orders consisted of an order to stand anything that the Chairman liked to call for at the bar of the house where the company holds its meetings.

We understand that the secretary of one of the new lines was upset in a cab with all the plans, which were accordingly thrown out, and the papers are in the position of dropped notices.

The traffic on the Kensington railway, as taken from the bed-room window of the house opposite, has consisted of a ton-and-a-half of coals and a load of gravel. The pedestrian traffic of boys up and down the line is somewhat increasing. A dividend has just been declared of the cabbages grown on the bank. The policeman took one half, and the secretary the other. We are happy to see that there is to be an extension of the line of lettuces, which will be carried further north till they join the trunk of the old beech-tree at the corner.

THE ANTI-CORN LAW ORGAN.

## LITTLE FABLES FOR LITTLE POLITICIANS.

### THE PARROT.

Parrot was boasting of its extraordinary powers of talking. "Name the subject," it pompously said, "which I cannot say something upon." "It's all very fine talking," said its master, "but the question is, when you talk, how much of it do you understand?"

The same question might be put to Lord Brougham, with about the same chance of a reply.

### THE OLD COCK AND THE BANTAM.

A bantam was once on the top of a dunghill He kept crowing, as he scratched up several pieces of grain, but as they were always more than he could swallow, no sooner had he crowed than he was obliged to let them drop again. An old cock—well known in his neighbourhood as the cock of the walk—was always on the look out, and as the corn fell from the bantam, he had nothing to do but to pick it up, and turn it to his own use. At last the bantam, by dint of scratching away the ground from under his feet, had nothing left to stand upon, and the consequence was he tumbled down from the top of the dunghill. As soon as the old cock saw this, he quietly jumped into his place, and ever since has had the pickings of the corn all to himself.

The bantam is Lord John, and Sir Robert is, of course, the knowing old cock.

### THE DRONES.

A swarm of drones lived for a number of years in a rich beehive, helping themselves to the best of the honey, and contributing nothing to the store. This was endured for such a length of time, that the drones at last really believed that the honey was of their own making, and that the hive could not get on without them. Whenever a poor "busy, busy bee" came to ask for food, they would set upon him in the most violent manner, and, with a tremendous hum, call out for "Protection." This was more than the blood of the bees could stand, so they all united in a body, and attacked the drones. In a very short time there was not a single drone left in the hive.

We implore our venerable Dukes to have the above little Fable read to them at least once a day.

### THE CUNNING OSTLER.

An ostler wanted to catch several wild horses, that had long eluded his grasp. He whistled to them, coaxed them, called them by all sorts of winning names, but the horses would not be caught by chaff. The ostler at last went to them with a large corn measure in his hand. The horses, at first so wild and restive, became all of a sudden tame, gradually approached the ostler—looked into his measure, sniffed the corn, and—after turning it over and nibbling it a little—quietly allowed themselves to be led whichever way the ostler wished.

In the same way, Sir Robert Peel, in the new field he has lately entered, will catch several members who have always avoided him, by going to them with a corn measure in his hand.

### THE DEEP OLD FILE.

An old file was boasting of having once brought down the lightning. "Yes, so you did," retorted a lightning-conductor from the top of a powder magazine, "and would have been blown to pieces only you knew perfectly well I was close at hand to save you."

We do not know how it is, but the wonderful way in which Mr. O'Connell has kept out of all explosions, reminds us very much of the deep old file above.

## THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

These delightful little Hundreds have latterly become a place of fashionable resort. We have Lord Ashley staying with us, and other distinguished members of the House of Commons. The Hundreds have not been so gay for many years past; and during the season Lord Arthur Lennox, together with other celebrated characters, have alternately acted as Stewards. There is some talk of races for the Chiltern Hundreds, if they continue their present attraction. Several individuals, who have just broken off from engagements which they have been under for some years, have sought distraction in the excitement of acting as Stewards in the romantic little Hundreds of Chiltern.

Some have come among us to drink the waters of political oblivion which abound in this romantic spot. Others have been to try the cold water cure, and Lord Arthur Lennox has done so upon the recommendation of his brother, the Duke of Richmond. It agreed with him very well, and he has gone back to the Treasury quite another man. Everybody says that the Chiltern Hundreds have completely got him round.

## NEWCASTLE'S FREEDOM OF ELECTION.

The Proposer, Seconder, and 900 Free and Independent Electors of Newark.

Literary Novelty.—There is another book published about the captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena. A work of the kind must be dreadfully wanted, for, if we recollect rightly, there have only been six-and-thirty published upon this subject before.

## CHANGES OF MINISTERIAL HEADS.

LORD WORSLEY has been very hard upon certain of the Ministers, especially on SIR ROBERT PEEL and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, for abandoning their former opinions respecting Free Trade. His Lordship, nevertheless, failed to prove that the change on their parts was not for the better. But perhaps LORD WORSLEY's text is literally, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." Be that as it may, the noble lord, by holding up to these statesmen the reflections of their former selves in the Mirror of Parliament, has much diverted both the House and the Public. He might, however, have created much more amusement, had he been possessed of certain means which, for the interests of science, no less than of jocosity, we wish had been at his command.

We believe that MR. DEVILLE, the phrenologist, exhibits several casts of the heads of so many individuals, taken at different periods of life, and under different circumstances of mental and moral culture. What a pity it is that casts of our statesmen's heads are not taken regularly every five or seven years! Had this been done, LORD WORSLEY might—if there is truth in Phrenology—have held up the PEEL and GRAHAM of other days to the very eye. He might have said, "Behold the Premier and Home Secretary of 1839, 1842, and 1846! This is their style of head before being converted to Free Trade: that, after being converted to Free Trade. Here, what a development: there, what a deficiency! What a bump you perceive in this situation: what a hollow you observe in that!"

There is only one slight objection to this mode of argument, in its bearings upon LORD WORSLEY's cause. The increase may have been in the intellectual and moral; the decrease in the lower regions of the ministers' crania. It would hardly have answered his Lordship's purpose to have said, "Here you see that SIR ROBERT PEEL has a quarter of an inch more of 'Conscientiousness,' and SIR JAMES GRAHAM at least a tenth more of 'Benevolence,' than they had six years ago; and that the reflective and perceptive organs of both are five-eighths more prominent than they were then." For then it is clear that a fact would have been established, *quod*—as concerning LORD WORSLEY's line—decidedly, NON *erat demonstrandum.*

## NICHOLAS AND THE NUNS.

WE know not by what accident the subjoined epistle found its way into our letter-box. It was evidently—being written by a lady of quality—intended for the *Morning Post*. Nevertheless we give it.

"Sir,—I have been very much distressed at reading a scandalous account of the treatment of some nuns at a place they call Minsk—if, indeed, there is such a place, which I very much doubt. The account goes on to say that a barbarous man—an *archi—archi—archi* something—in the employment of that dear man the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has cruelly flogged, and beaten, and tortured, and at length killed some nuns, and all for the sake of religion; to make 'em turn Greeks, I believe. Well, the Emperor—it is printed—sent a letter written by his own gracious hand, in which, writing of his officer, he, in the words I believe of the Poet BUNN, but correct me if it's BYRON—

'Very much applauded him for what he had done,'—

thereby thinking it very proper that poor women (for religion's sake) should be lashed, and chained, and killed.

"Now, sir, I don't believe a word of this. It 's all a piece of slander, concocted, I have no doubt, by some—radicals I believe you call 'em—who sneer at everybody with crowns and coronets upon their heads. Sir, when the EMPEROR NICHOLAS was here, I had the honour to be introduced to him. Can I ever forget the presence of that magnificent man? Can I ever cease to remember the balmy look that beamed in his celestial eyes; the musical smile that played about his imperial mouth; the softness—soft as evening breezes whispering amid the orange groves of *bella Italia*,—the softness, I say, of his condescending voice! Is it likely that so splendid—so dear a man would demean himself by having nuns whipped and put in chains, and made to work at building—what do you call 'em—fortifications?

"Sir,—I have a rose—a rose presented to me by HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY in the gardens of Chiswick. That rose is faded; but when I look upon it, even in its ruins, and remember the glorifying effulgence that lighted the EMPEROR'S whole intellectual fabric, when in much better than Parisian French he told me that that rose was not *si belle que moi*—when I remember this, and a thousand other nameless prettinesses, I cannot, I will not believe the wicked stories of the tortured nuns.

"The dear creature couldn't do it, and so pray contradict so shameful a calumny.

"Yours, GLORIANA WESTEND."

## The Blockade of Kilburn.

KILBURN has lately been the scene of an invasion of a right of way, which has been met by a determined resistance on the part of the friends of free footpaths. It seems that the inhabitants are justly incensed at a recent attempt to stop up twelve ancient footpaths leading from the Avenue Road to Kilburn. The people have put forward a spirited manifesto, calling upon "everybody" to insist on going through the disputed footpath, in which case "nobody" would suffer. We fear, however, that this vigorous demand upon the enthusiasm of the whole population of the British Empire will not induce the entire public to rush to Kilburn to try the right of way, for the sake of the residents in the immediate neighbourhood.

We, however, wish them success in their patriotic efforts to open the arteries of Kilburn, and prevent that stoppage in the lungs of the Avenue Road which might prove fatal to the health of the neighbourhood. We had rather see a martial spirit evinced in behalf of the native right of way than in the cause of warfare.

## A PROTECTIONIST MELODY.

AIR.—"*Love was once a little boy.*"

PEEL was once the Farmer's friend,
Heigho! heigho!
Then on him we could depend,
Heigho! heigho!
He with sliding-scale content,
Not, as now, on Free Trade bent,
For support upon us leant—
Heigho! heigho!

PEEL is now another man,
Heigho! heigho!
And a very cruel one,
Heigho! heigho!
He acts so well his novel part,
That he has won each Leaguer's heart;
But he has made our feelings smart—
Heigho! heigho!

PEEL has his supporters sold,
Heigho! heigho!
The Corn-Law knell 's already toll'd,
Heigho! heigho!
When 'tis dead and buried too,
What shall we poor landlords do?
I 'm sure I cannot tell—can you?
Heigho! heigho!

## TRANSLATIONS.

NOTHING more difficult than to get at the real meaning of things. Some subjects have become so false by constant corruption, that their origin is now almost a matter of speculation. We hasten to supply the sense of as many expressions as are not yet entirely perverted. Our labour has been one of great research.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| When you read in the papers that a person died "universally regretted," | It means | That he died very rich. |
| If a person is reported in the papers to have gone on the continent for the benefit of his health, | ,, | That his disbursements have for some time been exceeding his receipts. |
| If a theatre has "crowded houses" every night, | ,, | That there are more places vacant than occupied. |
| If the British Lion wags his tail, and begins to roar, | ,, | That the landowners' rights are assailed. |
| If a porter wishes you a happy new year, | ,, | That he wants you to give him a Christmas Box. |
| If you receive a general invitation, | ,, | That you are not wanted at all. |

## THE MILITIA MOVEMENT.

BRITISH military ardour, like the measles, is catching, and the valour of the Brook Green Volunteer Militia Man has kindled a sort of scarlatina, or desire to appear in scarlet uniform, amongst the youth of Dover. It is delicious to know that the spirit of military enthusiasm prevails in that port which would probably be the first landingplace of an invading enemy. With the Brook Green Militia Man as an inland hero, and the youth of Dover to protect us on the side of the sea, we may sit down comfortably in the assurance of the security of our "right little tight little island."

The mothers of England may rock their babies on their knees, and remembering the suburban soldiery of the West, as well as the warlike youth of the South-East, may warble in tranquillity over their infants' cradles the following touching ballad :—

Oh slumber, my darling ! thy mother 's all right,
Thy father will never be wanted to fight;
The youths who reside on the coast of the sea,
They all will be soldiers, dear infant, for thee.

We had written thus far, when our special express from the newsvendors arrived by the overland staircase, bringing extracts from the Dover paper. We find that the Cinque Ports were in some commotion on account of a rumour that MR. HUNT, the town-councillor, the SHEER-LAL of Dover, had received letters from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, the Cinque Port Pacha, refusing to sanction the enrolment of the young Sheikhs and shop-boys into a corps of Volunteer Infantry. The Duke, who combines all the firmness of ABDALLAH BEN COOLLY with the vigour of the MEER SINGHS, has written the following very characteristic note, which it will be seen dashes the ALBERT hat from the brow of the Dover youth, snatches the bayonet from their hands, and tears off the uniform in which they had in imagination already dressed themselves. We give the document, which is curious as a regular right down Wellington despatch. We will, however, interweave our comments with the text.

"London, Feb. 3rd, 1846.

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to MR. HUNT. He has received his letter."

Who has received whose letter? Has MR. HUNT received his own letter?

"The Duke is the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army."

This little passage contains two "great facts," and is therefore full of historical, statistical, and national interest. The Duke is not, however, the "unqualified" head of the army, as LORD ELLENBOROUGH may be termed the "unqualified" head of the navy, and EARL ST. GERMANS the "unqualified" head of the Post-Office. No! there is a "but," a qualification after the statement of the fact that His Grace is Commander-in-Chief.

"But he is not aware that in either capacity he has legal authority to enable him to organise and form bodies of armed men in the Cinque Ports."

In replying to this, we are reminded of the celebrated rebuff of the milk-maid, in the old song,—

"'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said."

Nobody asked the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to organise and form bodies of armed men in the Cinque Ports. The valorous request of a few boys to be allowed to dress up in regimentals, and play at soldiers, should not have been tortured into an alleged application to the Duke to organise bodies of armed men in the Cinque Ports. His Grace next plunges into an entirely new subject, without even beginning a new paragraph.

"He has no information upon the intention of the calling out of the Militia."

This innocence of the intentions of his colleagues is rather affectingly brought out; but we come next to a piece of composition in which grammar is battered to atoms, and LINDLEY MURRAY'S lines are blown away into thin air.

"It has been stated that one of her Majesty's servants has given notice, in the House of Parliament of which he is not a member, of his intention to introduce a Bill for the Amendment of the Militia Laws. The Duke has not heard that such Bill has been introduced.

"JOHN HUNT, Esq., Dover."

How has notice been given by a Member of Parliament in the House of which he is *not* a member? This is a climax, and the subject must accordingly be dropped.

### A SUBJECT FOR POSTERITY.

WE suggest, since the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA contributed so largely to the NELSON pillar, that one of the devices on the base be devoted to a subject in his honour. What say you, gentlemen, to the following:—NICHOLAS signing the Ukase sentencing the Polish Nuns to be flogged! Granite is the very material for the subject.

## MORE DWARFS.

IN consequence of the success of GENERAL TOM THUMB, diminutiveness appears to have come into fashion, and we have not only an English THUMB, but a Spanish speculator has imported a THUMB, for the purpose of having a dip into JOHN BULL'S pocket. The American THUMB being in Scotland, and jealous of any other THUMB having a finger in the pie, has addressed a letter to the people of London, entreating them not to bestow their patronage on any opposition littleness, but to wait his return to the metropolis. This is rather worse than the dog in the manger, for the avaricious little dog is positively pocketing all he can in Scotland, but feels annoyed that he cannot be draining the public pocket in two countries at once, and is jealous of the crumbs which he has left at the Egyptian Hall being picked up by the English Dwarf that has come after him.

The fact is, there appears to be a regular glut of Dwarfs, or Dwarves, at this particular time, and there is some danger of overstocking the market. We are surprised that an agitation is not commenced on behalf of native littleness, calling upon the Government to lay a heavy tax upon the foreign article, or put a protective duty on the Spanish gentleman who has just come over. If this, however, were the case, GENERAL TOM THUMB would have been subjected to the tax as a raw article of American produce. We believe Dwarfs are not mentioned in the new Tariff, but the principles of Free Trade would be as applicable to them as to any other article of speculation. They might be admitted as measurement goods upon an *ad valorem* duty.

## A TRAFALGAR SQUARE ECLOGUE.

[It is necessary to premise that we take a poetical license in making such undeniable dumb-waiters as the Fountains speak.]

THE FOUNTAINS.

OH! cruel Lamps! 'tis hard for us to play,
Two public laughing-stocks throughout the day;
Fain would we rest from ridicule at night,
But you expose us with your plaguy light!

THE BUDE LAMPS.

Why us with cruelty, ye Fountains, twit?
You know we cannot help it, if we 're lit;
All public works Commissioners obey:
We 're forced to shine, as you are forced to play.

THE FOUNTAINS.

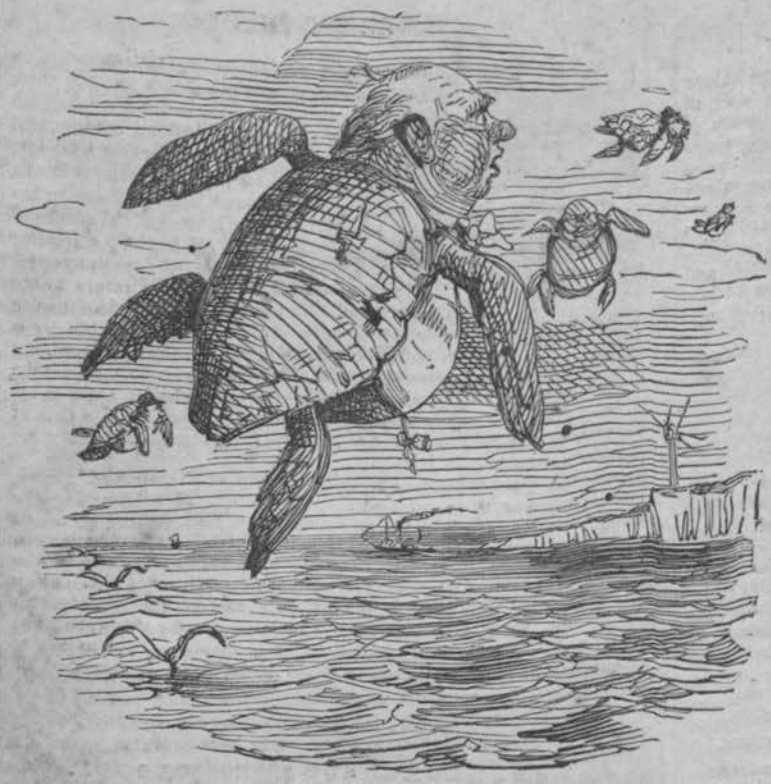
When will some friendly hand cut off our main,
Remould our forms, and bid us act again?
We don't object to spout the crystal brook,
But cannot bear to think what frights we look.

THE BUDE LAMPS.

When shall we cease monstrosity to mock,
From curfew to the crowing of the cock!
Against our will, poor squirts, your woes we flout;
Oh! that the Pow'rs that be would put us out!

## DUCAL DUMMIES.

A FEW nights ago, the DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM and RICHMOND afforded to the House of Commons two curious specimens of their manufacture of Members of Parliament. The articles were very much approved. They were called CHANDOS and LENNOX, and walked up the body of the House "jointed just enough to move." They took the oaths and their seats, and there is little doubt—so perfect is their internal machinery—that they will never fail to say "aye" and "no" according to the will of their makers. They are wound up to go for even seven years if necessary; and—considered in every respect as pieces of machinery—are very far in advance of cuckoo clocks. It is reported that the MARQUIS OF EXETER,—who lately gave one thousand pounds to a church, though we have never heard of any remission of any part of his Corn-Law rents—is very desirous to copy the example of his friends the Dukes, but meets with most vexatious obstacles. The aristocracy are, at times, prone to charge the plebeian world with a disrespect for their order. Surely no such feeling can exist; or if unhappily it should, it must die in penitence and shame, seeing that Dukes are so enlightened, so patriotic, that—not caring to trouble constituencies—they make their senators themselves. We really do not see why these ingenious noblemen should not add to their titles that of "*doll*-makers to the House of Commons."



A STRANGE BIRD SEEN OFF BOULOGNE.

## SUNDAY TRADING.

CERTAIN zealous folks, of the very pious locality of Lambeth—is it that the Archbishop's palace exerts so benign an influence thereabout?—have banded together to put down Sunday trading. Little boys and girls should not buy wicked oranges and apples—no better than apples of the Dead Sea—on the Sabbath. Lollipops should be put down by the strong hand of the beadle, and the police have stringent directions to watch the goings-on of the vendors of hard-bake. Well, these very pious people, many of whom are apt—

> "To frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
> The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly,"

—these swan-white souls have had an audience of SIR JAMES GRAHAM. Well, we positively feel a delight—a sort of pen-and-ink rapture—to be able to praise the Home Secretary. He certainly makes the feeling a great luxury from making it so difficult to attain. SIR JAMES at once put down the pseudo-pious. He would have nothing to do with their measure. Government would reject it; for SIR JAMES "could not see wherefore the poor man should not have his enjoyments—his pipe of tobacco, his drop of beer, and his newspaper—on the Sunday, as well as the rich." Very true, SIR JAMES; but you might have said *more* than the rich, inasmuch as the wealthy may—for leisure and enjoyment—make every day of the seven a Sunday; whereas the poor man has but his one day—a day that foolish zealots would turn into a time of melancholy and sadness, thinking themselves "pious, when they 're only bilious."

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A BARGAIN.—To be Disposed of, a Ducal Coronet. It will be parted with very cheap, as the proprietor is anxious to retire into private life. It has very few stains upon it, and is capitally adapted for a pantomime or a *Bal Masqué*. Address to "*Mens conscia absurdi*, Agricultural Protection Office, 17, New Bond Street."

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## A VISIT TO THE PUNCH OFFICE

BY THE KING OF SAXONY AND DR. CARUS.

BEING, like SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, believers in "the great German nation" as critics, we extract from the very characteristic work of DR. CARUS, who accompanied the KING OF SAXONY on his visit to England in 1844, the following account of a visit to our Office. We remember the incident perfectly. We translate, as literally as the language will allow, from the DOCTOR's work, *England und Schottland im jahre* 1844, *von Dr. C. G. Carus, ster theil Berlin*, 1845:—

"In the evening we again enjoyed the richly-tasting-though-appetite-of-the-uninitiated-foreigner-provoking-and-over-loading-English-dinner. (*Leckerhaften-sonst-aber-des-ungewohnten-Auslänaers-appetit-erregenden-und-gleich-uberladenden-Mittagsmahl.*)

"His of all highest and most gracious Majesty indulged in the contemplation-provoking-and-indigestion-in-most-cases-averting pipe, and after longest drawn puffs, suddenly me, his favoured and devoted Chamber-and Privy-Councillor on the back slapping, said—'Shall we to the laughter-provoking-and-with-kings-freely-but-inoffensively-joking *Punch* (*Spotthafte-undmit-Königen-im-freien-unschuldigen-scherzen-spielendes-Punch bureau*) betake ourselves!' 'Gladly,' replied I. The handsome English carriages, each by four foaming and glossy horses in harness of the brightest-and-with-the-most-expensive-ornaments-bedecked. (We spare the reader the German equivalent, which fills four lines,) leather-caparisoned, drawn, were at the door. The faithful, Royal-and-Court-highest-ceremonial-coachman Johann, proud to carry his Majesty, drove with impetuous speed to the with-dirt-obscured-but-with-the-rays-of-humour-magnificently-irradiated region of Whitefriars.

"Here, indeed, were we royally and with beaming cordiality by the intelligent and maliciously smiling (*höhnisch lachend*) *Punch* received. *Ach Gott!* This was an evening to be ever by us of the royal suit remembered. I, to-grave-studies-from-my-youth-addicted-and-at-Ulm-by-my-comrades-of-the-Kneipe-often-as-'Dummy'-(*Dummkopf*)-saluted man, felt inspired by the atmosphere, and, the permission of his Gracious Majesty first procured, retired to a small, and with-mean-furniture-sparingly-filled room, which was the central point (*das central punct*), as I was informed, of the great I (*des grosses Ich*) which, subjectively considered, may be described as humour of the finest and most Shaksperian,-as-by-the-Germans-alone-understood-character, and objectively contemplated is *Punch*. (We have not the least notion what the Doctor means; we remember he insisted on being left alone in the Editor's room, where he remained for nearly half-an-hour, groaning heavily but refusing all offers of assistance or refreshment. We did not know till we read his book, how he was employed.)

"Here did I earnestly and with true German honesty (*wahre Deutsche Tapferkeit*) to make a joke endeavour—unhappily—without success.

"How often have I excellent jokes in church, and otherwise at my leisure in unsuitable places, made! Yet now, after strenuous and long-repeated efforts, my brain, without the least glimpse of humour, to dry and unsatisfactory scholastic recollections abandoned remained.

"His Majesty, who knew the object for which I the small room had slily sought, seemed at my failure, in his indulgent serenity, disappointed.

"Here, in this magnificent establishment, is joke-making in its highest and most sublimated form, at-an-immense-expense-by-richly-remunerated-humorists carried on. The number of every-week-by-the-engines-printed-and-through-the-Post-office-distributed copies amounts, as I was by a small but intelligent printer's boy informed, to half a million; and is into all the-in-this-vastly-extended-empire-used-languages, by the authors themselves—of-languages-universally-perfect-masters—translated. Gifts in rich profusion, from kings and ministers, lie in warehouses under the printing-office—but these, by no bribe, could I induce the guardian of them to show us.

"That evening remains in my memory a clear and brilliant, with-rivers-of-pleasant-recollection-perpetually-green oasis. But one regret is present—that I could not make a joke."

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### "WANTED, A FEW TURNOVERS."

WE saw the above announcement in the window of a printer's in Fleet Street. At any other time we should have said, apply to SIR ROBERT PEEL; but we are afraid that at present he will require all the "turnovers" he has in his employ to work the new engine he has lately set up—the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1846.

## ROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

(Air—"*The British Grenadier.*")

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Wellington,
Of Blucher, and Lysander,
And of Napoleon.
But of all the gallant heroes,
There's none for to compare,
With his Quick march! to the right about!
Face!
To the Brook Green Volunteer.

Without the least occasion,
He rushes to the field,
From peril of invasion
Old Hammersmith to shield.
The geese loud cackling round him,
The donkies braying near,
Appal not the truly British heart
Of the Brook Green Volunteer.

Retreating do not mention,
Nor talk of War's alarms,
When Duty cries, Attention!
And Valour, Shoulder Arms!
The soul despises danger,
The bosom knows no fear
Of that fine, handsome, spirited young man,
The Brook Green Volunteer.

In spite of vilest weather
Erect, and proud of mien,
Each night, for hours together,
He guards his native Green;
Catarrh and cough defying,
No matter how severe;
What a downright thorough-going trump
Is the Brook Green Volunteer!

At this inclement season
The hero must be bold,
For no particular reason
To brave a death of cold.
Then yield the palm of glory,
And stand a drop of beer
To that gay, gallant, promising recruit,
The Brook Green Volunteer.

## PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

We have perceived with great pleasure, that an attempt has been at last made to improve the National Gallery. The architectural elevation has been improved by the addition of two gigantic chimney-pots, which are thrown up into very high relief by a couple of very graceful cowls that run into the air, and stand out very refreshingly against the Charing Cross Empyrean. The object of these chimney-pots is apparently to give a loftiness which was previously wanted, and perhaps also to represent a couple of office files on which to file the receipts for building the Nelson column. It is said that these chimneys have been erected for the purpose of letting out the smoke from the apartments of the housekeeper of the National Gallery. We presume, therefore, that the housekeeper was in the habit of consuming his own smoke until he got the chimneys added to his residence.

With regard to the general effect of the two cowls upon the "finest site in Europe," we are sorry we cannot say much in its favour. They certainly throw up the Nelson column, but their influence on the tail of George the Fourth's horse is by no means satisfactory. When viewed in conjunction with the chimneys, the fountains also assume a new phase of absurdity. They are diminished from wash-hand basins to those little arrangements on ladies' *toilette* tables for putting rings upon. We regret to say, that though the chimneys are rather elegant in their appearance, the smoke declines to curl gracefully—as smoke, according to the poet, always ought to do.

## BREAD AND BLOOD.

On the sitting of the American Congress on the 26th ult., Mr. Wentworth gave notice that he should move as follows:—

"But no proposition for arbitration concerning the said territory (Oregon) shall be made by the Government of the United States, until it shall be satisfied that the markets of Great Britain shall be *permanently open to the bread-stuffs* of the United States."

There is here an unmistakable connexion,—it is that of bread and blood. "Satisfy us that you will take our corn," says Jonathan, "and we'll think the matter over; we will not then be in a hurry to go to war about that tarnation Oregon. No, Britishers; for we calculate we shall make more dollars out of you as customers than as enemies. Let us knit our hearts together with our purse-strings, and then our friendship will be eternal!" And Jonathan speaks wisely; albeit his speech rings with dollars—(it always does). Open our ports, and Jonathan will send us wheat instead of gunpowder; he will pour cheap loaves into our cupboards, and will not damage our navy with his cannon-balls. Our pigs and cattle shall rejoice in maize and Indian corn; and Johnny-cakes, excellent as they must be—(for has not their goodness been vouched for by Lord Morpeth?)—will melt in our astonished mouths at our firesides. Considered after this fashion, the Corn Laws are no other than gunpowder-laws; and the protection of landlords is one and the same thing with the protection of our coasts: whilst the Newcastles, the Buckinghams, and the Richmonds are very great guns, noisy and mischievous. Now do away with the Corn Laws, and we bind and gag that very fine ogre war; we reduce his establishment in a tremendous degree: we discharge thousands of his footmen and his horsemen; and for his guns, instead of constantly feeding them with very expensive powder and shot, we only use them on birth-day and other state occasions, to make loud Richmond speeches; yes, to speak with the voice of Dukes; that is to say—but to say it with a great bounce—nothing but blank cartridge.

## CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF BROUGHAM.

Considerable curiosity will be felt to know what Lord Campbell will say of his friend Brougham when it comes to the time of the former to tackle the latter in the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors." We can fancy that we trace in Lord Campbell's Life of Hatton—the dancing Chancellor—a few sly hits at Brougham. While tapping Hatton's toes, the biographer seems to be at the same time rapping Brougham's knuckles. Surely the passages in which we are informed of the effect produced on the people by the elevation of the former, are intended to convey several severe digs against the latter. We are told, ostensibly of Hatton, but we suspect covertly of Brougham, that "when the report was first spread that he was to be raised to the Chancellorship, most people regarded it as a joke, and would not believe in its possibility until they saw him openly presiding in the Court."

Lord Campbell evidently means this as a hit at his friend Vaux, whose elevation was a joke to all but to the suitors in Chancery. For them it was a very serious matter.

In the Life of Shaftesbury too, Lord Brougham evidently comes in for no small share of satire. Speaking professedly of Shaftesbury, but really of Brougham, Lord Campbell observes: "Had he called in Judges and Masters in Chancery as assessors, he might have avoided any palpable absurdities, but *despising all learning that he did not know, he thought he was fitter to decide than any of them, and he scorned their advice.*" This may be like Shaftesbury a little, but it is like Brougham a great deal more; and, as it was said of Cæsar and Pompey, that they were "very much alike," especially Pompey, it must be admitted that Shaftesbury and Brougham seem to have been very much alike in their arrogance, especially Brougham. We thought that Campbell would hardly throw away the chance of having a fling at Brougham, and it is clear that he has not done so.

### A Mare's Nest.

We perceive that Mr. Carter announces "positively the last week of the Mammoth Horse." Does he mean to say that the horse is on its last legs, or that the popular brute, after running a prosperous career, is about to be assassinated. Why should it be the "last week" of the gigantic quadruped? We have heard of horses eating their own heads off, but this fourfooted favourite was in no danger of falling into such a suicidal practise. The last time we heard of the brute he was in excellent health and spirits, and in the name of the whole equestrian race we say emphatically, "Neigh," to the proposition for making the present week positively the last of this amiable old cart-horse. Oh! Carter! Carter! where would you drive him to!

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ENLISTMENT. The process by which fine active young men engage themselves as private soldiers, under the impression that they will have nothing to do but talk to the nursery-maids in the park, or ride upon race horses at full gallop in splendid hussar uniforms. A recruit is not liable to be proceeded against for leaving his wife and children chargeable to the parish; so that enlistment is the only cheap method of obtaining a divorce in the lower grades of society.

EQUALITY. A general levelling, which, when the world is full of flats, may be perfectly practicable.

EQUERRY. From the French *ecurie*, a stable, an officer of the royal household; because, according to MILLER, the household derives from it a stable character.

EQUITY is, according to BLACKSTONE, synonymous with true justice, and is the soul and spirit of law. As spirits do not dwell on this earth, we can understand the visits of real equity being few and far between, in accordance with its angelic character. The humorous MR. SELDEN—by-the-bye, what a melancholy age it must have been when the lawyers were the best humourists—calls equity "a roguish thing," because it varies with the conscience of the Chancellor; and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. Had he lived in these days, he would have compared it to a pair of Indian-rubber trowsers, which, when the straps are cut, fly half-way up the leg, and leave it bare, which he would probably have declared to be typical of the fate of the client. Equity gives relief when law has failed, the relief often consisting of the process of relieving the suitor of his money.

ESQUIRE, (literally, a shield-bearer,) is the next title or dignity to that of knight. Some derive the word esquire from *equus*, a horse; and in Germany the untitled nobility are still called the equestrian order; and it would seem that the company at Astley's, being all of the equestrian order, would rank with the Barons of Germany. The sons of the nobility, and the members themselves of certain professions, are rightful esquires; and writers on precedence talk of esquires having been created by investiture with silver spurs, which has given way to the custom of investiture with a steel pen, for esquires are now created every day by having letters addressed to them. It has been said that such esquires have quite as good a title as the rest, for they can prove their title to the letter.

## A DUCAL POULTERER.

MR. BRIGHT, in allusion to the benefits and beauties of the game laws, said that "in the year 1844 the DUKE OF RUTLAND "paid 915*l.* for game damages on 389 acres of land." Well! His Grace knows what he is about; for as he is the largest wholesale poulterer in England—duly carting his hares and pheasants to Newgate Market—he can show a very pretty profit on the transaction. Besides, his Grace also turns a decent penny with hare-skins; nearly all the buyers of the article being, as we understand, nothing more than middle-men, or middle-women, (as the case may be,) to the DUKE OF RUTLAND. For if a noble deals in the flesh of hares, we don't see why he shouldn't trade in the skins.

## A PROPHECY FROM THE POTATO.

WE remember a nursery fragment—as, doubtless, does the reader—running thus:—

"The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
*All jumped out of a rotten potato!*"

We know not whether the good FATHER MATHEW had this doggrel in his thoughts, but he has hopefully suggested that future plenty may be made to germinate from the present potato blight. The noble meek-hearted man has written a letter to the *Cork Examiner*, in which he dilates on the use and importance of Indian corn as an article of food. He says, "I hope for many ulterior advantages from what at present is a calamity: our people will be deterred from depending solely upon potatoes for food;" and he concludes as follows:—

"With the gratifying prospects now before us of sufficient remunerative labour for the whole unemployed population of Ireland, I indulge in the expectation of soon seeing the potato reduced to *its proper position* of a vegetable, to be used *with flesh meat, &c.*, as an accompaniment, and no longer to be esteemed as an exclusive article of food, except for hogs."

We fervently hope so too. And when Paddy shall enjoy his own pork, with a bit of Sunday mutton or beef; shall break his daily bread of good wholesome corn; when he shall be enabled to secure to his family these small comforts, originating in the present dire distress—made ultimately attainable by him in consequence of the attention of the legislature to his present misery—then let the little children of Ireland be taught the above-named doggrel as a household song of comfort and thanksgiving, and let them (generously assuming the advent of the maker of candlesticks) pipe from contented, full bellies, the realised prophecy:—

"The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
DID jump out of a rotten potato."

We think that VICTORIA herself would hear as sweet music in this as ever she listened to in "God save the Queen."

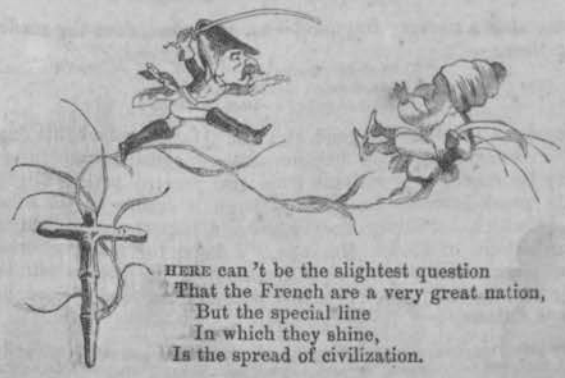
## ECCLESIASTICAL EXHIBITIONS.

As it appears that the taking money at the doors of the Cathedrals, in the same way as payment is received at the entrances of a theatre, will continue a permanent practice, we recommend the erection of regular money-takers' boxes, where a Bishop or a Dean might occasionally attend in person, and thus by gaining a knowledge of the actual receipts, be able to judge of the honesty of inferior officers. A comfortable arrangement with "pay here" written in conspicuous letters over the wicket, would give greater respectability to the exhibition than the verger keeping the door half closed, and parleying about the price of admission with any one who may happen to present himself at the entrance without being aware of the nature of the arrangements. It is a common practice with Toll Contractors to attend in person occasionally at the various gates, so that by the receipts of the day they may check the correctness of the returns made by the ordinary turnpike men. The Cathedrals and Abbeys of the metropolis having become recognised sources of profit, there need be no delicacy whatever on the part of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, who, having an interest in the receipts, cannot think it a compromise of dignity to look after their own business.

### "THE LITTLE STRANGER" FOR WESTMINSTER.

DURING the election of COLONEL EVANS there was a constant inquiry made by the electors, "Where *can* be MR. LEADER?" And the shades of Putney answered—"Where?"

## CATCHING ABD-EL-KADER.



HERE can't be the slightest question
That the French are a very great nation,
But the special line
In which they shine,
Is the spread of civilization.

With pride they may point to Algiers,
And ask you, in Africa where is
Another town
Where a man may sit down,
To dine *à la carte* as at VERY'S?

Some millions of men and money
An insignificant price is,
For instructing shoals,
Of Mahometan souls,
In the practice of Christian vices.

JOHN BULL complains of the razzias,
From Bona to the Sahara;
But they 're all a joke,
And end in smoke,
As witness the caverns of Dahra.

The world says BUGEAUD's troopers
Give no quarter at all in battle,
But 'tis false, I declare,
They *often* spare
The women, and *always* the cattle.

With these philanthropic feelings,
Can anything be harder,
Than that glorious France,
In each advance,
Should be thwarted by ABD-EL-KADER?

So with unfeign'd satisfaction,
We heard that the conqueror of Isly,
Brave MARSHAL BUGEAUD,
Was determined to go
And take this chieftain so grizly.

He made the most perfect arrangements
For catching him ere he started,
But whenever he got
To a suitable spot,
ABD-EL-KADER had just departed.

When the Marshal after him trundled,
To secure the rascal trusting,
All at once he 'd appear,
And annoy his rear
In a manner the most disgusting.

There was great expectation in Paris,
But to the War Minister's sorrow,
The telegraph's tale
Ran thus, without fail,
"The capture 's put off till to-morrow."

Then the Marshal sent GENERAL YUSSUF,
With his cavalry to match him;
They ne'er met with defeat,
And always beat;
But somehow, could never catch him.

France won victories by dozens—
And each day, as the Marshal strode on,
We were sure to hear
That they 'd miss'd the Emir,
But kill'd the horse he rode on.

Six times they 've shot BOU-MAZA,
And given his Arabs a licking;
But each time he was slain,
He got up again—
And still is alive and kicking.

And there 's one fact grows more puzzling
As one thinks about it the longer;—
ABD-EL-KADER's horde,
Tho' oft put to the sword,
Keeps still getting stronger and stronger.

But still, that he *will* be taken,
Is certain from one reflection—
That 'tis ever so long,
Since the folks at Toulon,
Made "arrangements for his reception."

If the Marshal can't make the capture,
He 'd better at once have own'd it;
And to save delays,
Said, in play-bill phrase,
He 'd "indefinitely postponed" it.

Of course we wouldn't insinuate
That brave BUGEAUD *could* throw the hatchet;
But we venture to print
MRS. GLASSE's old hint
About dressing a hare—"first catch it."

## TURNIPS IN PARLIAMENT.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER—who, as an agriculturist, grows his own oakum, and taps his own tar—has delivered a very capital lecture to the House of Commons, startling that solemn assembly with the extent of his farming information. It was as if NEPTUNE had given up his trident for a pitchfork, and left the cultivation of sea-weed for that of mangel-wurzel. He flew from red-wheat to rye—from rye to clover—like any bee gathering honey therefrom. Finally, however, he made a grand rest upon turnips. Glowing, dilating with the subject, and looking very hard at COLONEL SIBTHORP and MR. WODEHOUSE at the time, the gallant sailor said—

"He had one field with turnips *as large as the head* of most of the gentlemen of that house. (*Laughter*). He had had his sheep feeding on these turnips for the last two months."

We have a respect for the House of Commons—a respect that is sometimes, like a cold, very inconvenient to us from its intensity. We, therefore, feel that respect very much violated by the Commodore's comparison of turnips with the heads of Parliament, for in how many cases must the turnips carry it hollow! For we know what excellent uses may be made of a turnip. We know—as school-boys, do we not recollect it!—how the turnip may be illuminated. We remember how we have scooped out the turnip, and cutting certain holes in its round, have put a lighted taper in it, and then, promoting it to a high place, have not rays of light shone from it, lighting men afar? Now, can we honestly say this of every head in Parliament? How many such heads, though in the high place of St. Stephen's, are dark as dark-lanthorns—profoundly opaque—emitting not one solitary ray for the guidance of the wanderers outside, poor fellows, struggling in the bogs and mire of ignorance and error! Therefore are they more worthless than NAPIER's turnips. Again, the Commodore has said that *his* turnips have fed sheep. Now, have we not seen, by the votes against Corn Law Repeal, that certain turnips on Parliamentary shoulders will not consent to feed even men! NAPIER, henceforth respect your turnips. In future, insult not that valuable esculent by any such derogatory comparisons. Let turnips keep their places—and certain members *theirs*.

### A Pretty Turn Out.

AN advertisement in the *Times* the other day announced for sale "a pony equipage, calculated to carry four persons of the most elegant description." It is certainly a great point in favour of this equipage that four individuals crammed into it would fairly come under the head of "persons of the most elegant description." It generally strikes us that four hulking people, seated behind some miserable little under duty pony—who is indeed frightfully under the duty assigned to him—have the most awkward appearance possible. A miniature equipage that can give lightness and even elegance to the look of four persons in this usually humiliating position, must really be worth purchasing. We have been in the habit of regarding such a thing as a mere vehicle for ridicule, instead of—as this appears to be—a vehicle for elegance.

## PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

HAMMERSMITH having become naturally proud of her military prowess, which she owes entirely to her gallant volunteer, it has been at length determined to present him with a pair of colours, in order to give some colour to his warlike proceedings. The brave creature has often been heard to declare that he would nail his standard to the pike-staff of his country's liberties, but the recollection that he has had nothing to nail has suddenly flashed across his fevered brain, and the hero of a hundred pelting showers has

"Wiped away a tear."

The aspect of valour in distress has touched the heart of a British female, who has determined to make a present of colours to the Brook Green Volunteer. Feeling assured that every true-born Englishman must feel an interest in everything concerning the efficiency of our soldiery, we have no hesitation in giving an account of the interesting ceremony.

The Brook Green Volunteer, though he has never been in action, has, in imagination, rallied round the British throne twice a-week for the last month, and intends adding materially to the security of the crown, every Monday night, till further notice.

It is owing to him that the neighbourhood feels able to rest in security. Conscious that the Brook Green Volunteer is at his post, the Lily of Hammersmith sleeps peacefully in her bed, the Rose of Shepherd's Bush reposes on her pillow of rosy posies, and the Dahlia of Kensington Crescent feels assured of tranquillity. It must be evident, therefore, that the Volunteer, as the guardian of the fair daughters of the western suburb, must be a "real blessing to mothers" in that too sensitive locality. In a neighbourhood where

"Five thousand souls shake in ten thousand shoes,"

as the poet graphically hath it, a hero is a boon, and valour must be at least twenty per cent. higher than it would be in any other market.

The ceremony of presenting colours is nearly the same on all occasions, and in all regiments, so that in the case of the Brook Green Volunteer it was only necessary to follow a precedent. It is usual to bring out the old colours, and, furling them up like an umbrella, they are put into a sort of umbrella-case, and marched into the rear, when they are either destroyed or given to the colonel's little girls, to make dolls' bonnets of. We know at this moment a sylph-like creature, with arms of wax, and body of bran, who is always dressed in bits of the old flag of the 34th, with "Culloden" written on her polka, and "Minorca" figuring on the crown of her bonnet.

But to proceed with our description of the ceremony. Miss Snooks, from one of the thousand laundries that abound in the neighbourhood, had been selected to present the Colours. They were received on his knees by the Brook Green Volunteer, who made a few observations on the art of war, and gave a long quotation from *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*. He took a rapid view of heroism from Hannibal down to Shaw, the Life Guardsman, and interspersed his remarks with anecdotes of some of our most distinguished living sentinels. Before he had concluded his discourse, every one had left the spot, and we are therefore unable to say precisely what followed.

## A VOICE FROM THE COMMONS' TABLE.

You may talk about the banquets of Lucullus and Apicius,
Of the Regent's *petit soupers* so volatile and vicious;
Of Turtle soup at Birch's, of Whitebait at Blackwall,
But the banquet nightly spread on me is rarer than them all.
I show no guests round rumps or loins from fatted flocks or herds,
But honourable members all eating their own words.

Of my repast the first course is absurdities and blunders,
And the second recantations and compulsory knock-unders:
On me Sir Robert bolted all he 'd said unto the nation,
And made a meal of his own words about Emancipation;
And the Tapers, and the Tadpoles, who followed his example,
To make up for the nauseous meal, found the loaves and fishes ample.

On me grim Grahame's meal was spread, when (with him no rare occurrence) he
Ate up both facts and figures out of his "Corn and Currency."
And on me, the previous process of rumination o'er,
The world now sees him gulp again what he 'd disgorged before.
I've had Palmerston before me, how oft 'tis hard to say,
To swallow his own high-spiced words in the most unblushing way.

But of all the entertainments I've provided of the kind,
The one that 's just now coming off 's the choicest to my mind:
When in solemn ring of gentlemen, adhesive to their places,
Sir Robert and the ministers o'er Hansard make wry faces,
And the Premier, forced to eat his words, adopts the boldest course
Of washing down his humble pie with floods of his own sauce.

# THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS;

## OR DEATH OF GIANT MONOPOLY.

# THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

## PREFATORY REMARKS.

[*The necessity of a work on Snobs, demonstrated from History, and proved by felicitous illustrations:—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the* WORK *and the* MAN*—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science, and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B). They pervade all classes—Affecting instance of Colonel Snobley.*]

We have all read a statement, (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations I should like to know is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark, that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus at the French Revolution, (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early) when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, ROBESPIERRE was found a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage: thus, when it became necessary to kick JOHN BULL out of America, MR. WASHINGTON stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus when the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH was unwell, PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY appeared with his pills, and cured his Lordship, as per advertisement, &c. &c. Numberless instances might be adduced to show, that when a nation is in great want the relief is at hand, just as in the Pantomime (that microcosm) where, when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle, a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out from behind the side-scenes with the very article in question. And here I cannot help observing how very queer and peculiar the condition of our own beloved England and Ireland must be. One can fancy a great people led by MOSES, or liberated by WASHINGTON, or saved by LEONIDAS or ALFRED THE GREAT; whereas the heroes destined to relieve *us* at present, are a couple of notorious quacks, as SIR ROBERT and MR. O'CONNELL will bear me out in asserting. This I throw out as a mere parenthetic observation, and revert to the former argument, which anybody may admit or deny.

At any rate, men about to commence an undertaking don't deny it—Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that "A more intimate communication between Bathershins and Derrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people." Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that "At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing THE BEADLE newspaper," &c., &c. But one or other of these points at least is incontrovertible. The public wants a thing, therefore it is supplied with it, or the public is supplied with a thing; therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction in my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W; a Purpose to fulfil; a chasm to leap into, like CURTIUS, horse & foot; a Great Social Evil to Discover and to Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street; Seated Itself By Me in The Lonely Study; Jogged My Elbow as it Lifted The Wine-cup at The Festive Board; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row; Followed me in Far Lands, on Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand. The Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea; it Nestles in my Nightcap, And It Whispers, "Wake, Slumberer, thy Work Is Not Yet Done." Last Year, By Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came To Me And Said, "SMITH, or JONES," (The Writer's Name is Neither Here Nor There) "SMITH, or JONES, my fine fellow, this is all very well; but you ought to be at home writing your great work ON SNOBS."

When a man has this sort of vocation it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He *must* speak out to the nations; he must *unbosm* himself, as JEAMES would say, or choke and die. "Mark to yourself," I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, "the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs; they existed for years and years, and were no more known than America. But presently,—*ingens patebat tellus*,—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five-and-twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history; and THE INDIVIDUAL comes forth to write that history in *Punch*.

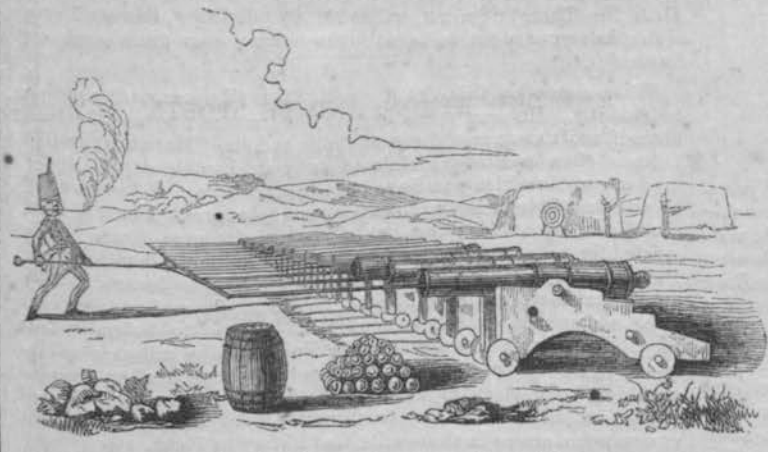
I have, (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful: it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish: to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles: to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, "beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense per centage of Snobs I believe is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was LIEUTENANT COLONEL SNOBLEY, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios: he lisped, drawled, and left the "r's" out of his words: he was always flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first*: then I handed him the paper: then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent. who asked him if he thought PUBLICOALER was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?

126543

## THE NEWLY INVENTED ARTILLERY SPONGE.



As it appears that there is only one gunner in the Artillery to every 250 guns, it has become very desirable that if the guns are to be cleaned, some process should be discovered for doing so. By the apparatus shown in the accompanying engraving, several pieces can be sponged out at the same time, instead of allowing the poor unfortunate guns to feel themselves so neglected that they turn rusty, or burst their sides eventually at the absurdity of their own position. As economy has been the order of the day in all the arrangements made for the defence of England, a proposition such as that we have made must meet with the approbation of the Board of Ordnance.

## AN ACTIVE OFFICER.

We have been favoured by a correspondent with a card of a very peculiar character. The following is a copy of this singular document:—

R. D——

Police Constable.

12, G—— Street,
T—— *Street, W*——.

It speaks volumes as to the disturbed state of the metropolis, when R. D—— thinks it necesary to issue cards stating his profession of Police Constable, and making the public acquainted with his private residence. Such a card ought to be over the chimneypiece of every family that is liable to domestic squabbles; so that, in the event of a row, R. D——, the Police Constable, could be immediately run for by one of the parties who did not happen to be implicated in the "scrimmage." We wonder that this active officer did not add to his card a few of the usual intimations to be found in similar instruments. He might have appended a line to the effect that "evening rows are punctually attended," and "disturbances quelled on the shortest notice." At friendly societies, and other social reunions, particularly at philanthropic meetings, a policeman to preserve harmony would be a most important acquisition.

## FREE TRADE ANTICIPATIONS OF THE FAIR.

Whilst the moody farmers are glumly gazing into the dark gloom which lowers on the agricultural horizon, we are ashamed to say that their wives and daughters, with the characteristic indifference of their sex to politics, and with a vision habitually bounded by their looking-glasses, are now exulting in flattering dreams, suggested by the Free Trade Measures of Sir Robert Peel. Their heads, full of Valenciennes lace, are already, in imagination, bedecked with caps of that material; as are their shoulders with Cardinals, and things of that description. Already Fancy invests the hand which is, or ought to be, wielding the roller, spreading the jam, or mixing the syllabub, if not milking the cow, in the glove of Paris kid.

The damsel who is supposed to be trudging to market, or treading the dairy on the foot supported by the British patten, is trying to think how that foot will look in a French shoe; not only not considering how it will be possible for her to put her foot in it, but how the nation will put its foot in it in another sense, and how soon that nation, no less than herself, will find out where the shoe pinches. Perhaps, too, she is depicting to herself the swain of her heart exchanging his smock frock for a blouse, and appropriately, of course, cherishing a beard and a pair of huge mustaches.

We have always thought highly of the wives and daughters of England; but we are shocked at this want of sympathy with their parents and husbands, and this disregard of domestic ties in comparison with bows of ribbon. We lament to find them thinking of what colours they shall wear, when those husbands and those parents are nailing their own to the mast.

We are sorry to see them manifest so little excitement, or rather, so much excitement of the wrong sort, whilst the British Lion is roaring with indignation, and lashing in fury his mane with his magnanimous tail.

## THE CLERICAL CORNER. A CARD.

"Madame Tussaud presents her grateful compliments to a discerning public. Having had peculiar success with her 'Chamber of Horrors'—a charming apartment, cut off from the public room—in which are tastefully grouped together bloodshed and homicide in every variety,—she has determined to set apart another nook, in which the harmless eccentricities of various gentlemen of the Church may be duly commemorated.

"Madame Tussaud proposes to call this apartment the 'Clerical Corner.' In it will be found the most distinguished clergymen of modern times: reverend gentlemen who have become matters of history, reference, and precedent to all lawyers. Thus, the Reverend Mr. Joshua Day will be placed in the nook with the identical knife with which—on a well-known occasion—he maimed and mangled certain sheep. The Rev. Mr. Cresswell will also have a place with others of the cloth, too numerous to be admitted within the limits of an advertisement.

"Madame Tussaud, however, begs leave to call the attention of the public to her figure of the Rev. Mr. Arden, as the last pulpit curiosity of the kind. Careless of expense, she has purchased of the Reverend Gentleman the identical shirt which he wore 'over his clothes' in his harmless night frolics with the Earl of Ferrers. She has also the exact representation of his reverend face, as it appeared with the moustachios corked upon it by the aforesaid distinguished nobleman.

"Admittance, One Shilling. Bishops, half-price."

## A CANDID ADMISSION.

It is said that a black crow thinks all its little ones white, or in other words, that the parents of ugly children are in the habit of considering the ordinary little darlings as something unusually beautiful. It is therefore refreshing to get a piece of parental candour like that contained in the following advertisement.

LODGINGS WANTED; Parlour and Bed-room, with small plain family, &c., &c.

This acknowledgment of the plainness of the family, proves that there is no parental prejudice in this instance. The family is advertised as plain, and of course it is implicitly admitted that the person letting them lodgings would find them very ugly customers.

## PUNCH'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

### THE CHELSEA BUN HOUSE.

Epping is remarkable for its sausages—which by-the-bye all come down from London by the carrier, and come back again by the coach. Windsor is illustrious for its soap, which is all made in the Strand. Epsom stands on a proud pre-eminence for its salts, which are manufactured wholesale in Bouverie Street. Romford is famous for its stoves, not one of which was ever made at Romford. Westphalia is peculiar for its hams, which are the legs of British pigs rubbed over with a blacking brush to get the true Westphalian complexion. But Chelsea is no impostor, for the Chelsea Buns are actually made on the spot from which they take their title. It is sufficient to say how the Bun first became identified with this popular suburb.

Bath claims also the credit of giving a Bun to the world, but we believe that the Bath Bun—on the principle of no man being a prophet in his own country—is by no means popular in the city from which it derives its name. Perhaps, also, the greater popularity of the Bath Brick may have snuffed out the glory of the Bath Bun, for two suns, it is well known, cannot shine in the same hemisphere. Far otherwise is it with Chelsea, where, in consequence of the dearth of cakes—excepting of course the inhabitants—the Bun is a thing *per se*, and remains the lion of the neighbourhood.

As no one thinks of quitting Milan without seeing the *duomo*, Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or London without making a pilgrimage to the *Punch* Office—so no one thinks of leaving Chelsea without going on an expedition to the "Old Original Bun House." Formerly there were two Bun Houses, both laying claim to be the "Old Original," like those two Harries from America—one Smith and the other Russell—each of whom insists that he is the original Woodman who spared the tree, and the genuine Maniac. Thus it was with the two Original Chelsea Bun Houses in the olden time, and our sketch presents a view of that which still purports to be the Original. It lies a good deal inland, and the traveller by omnibus must take a guide from the Goat and Boots, who will lead him in safety to the object of his curiosity. Over the portico is a classical figure, supposed to be Julius Cæsar, who having arrived with an enormous appetite (for conquest) seized a Chelsea Bun in order to satisfy his appetite in the speediest manner possible.

We regret to say that the palmy days of Chelsea Buns are gone by, but the Bun House still remains. There is the shell, but where! oh! where is the oyster! The Chelsea Bun is like the Corporation and Test Acts, or any other exploded fallacy. Our grandfathers ate it, but we neglect it. Like a Sally-Lunn Tea-Cake, it belongs to the memories of the past. We could philosophise over a Chelsea Bun as *Hamlet* did over the skull of *Yorick*, but as Mr. Ainsworth said when he had made arrangements for smashing Shakspeare, "We haven't time."

## THE NEW TIMON, AND THE POETS.

We know him, out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke;
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke?

So died the Old: here comes the New.
Regard him: a familiar face:
I *thought* we knew him: What, it's you,
The-padded man—that wears the stays—

Who kill'd the girls and thrill'd the boys,
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane en papillotes.

And once you tried the Muses too;
You fail'd, Sir: therefore now you turn,
You fall on those who are to you,
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep Poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content:
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It 's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good 'as *me*."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt!

*You* talk of tinsel! why we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.
*You* prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

Alcibiades.

## A MONSTER PROTECTIONIST.

In our days everything that is great, colossal, astounding, is a monster—and therefore is Lord William Lennox a Monster Protectionist. We have the fact written down by his own pen—his own magpie quill.

He wrote a letter, giving his vote to General Evans. The letter, as it appeared in the papers, was cruelly mangled; we, however, supply in italics what was unaccountably suppressed.

"1, *Berkley Square, London, Feb.* 16, 1846.

"Sir—In reply to your circular, I beg to say I am a strong Protectionist in favour of domestic industry, *[in evidence of which, Sir, I beg to refer you to my novel of the* 'Tuft Hunter,' *in which you will perceive how I protected—making them quite my own—whole pages of* 'The Antiquary' *and* 'Tylney Hall,' *the result of the 'domestic industry' of Sir Walter Scott and Tom Hood]*; but as the choice now lies between two free-traders, I cannot for a moment hesitate to give my vote to the open, honest, consistent supporter of those sentiments, General Evans, in preference to Captain Rous, who, at the last general election, repudiated the very principles which he now comes forward so earnestly to maintain.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Your obedient servant,
"William P. Lennox.

"To the Chairman of General Evans's Committee."

This letter would be only of the value of a spoilt sheet of paper did it emanate from a man of no landed property; but when we recollect the "stake" that Lord Lennox has in the country, the epistle is a document to make us pause.

## THE POLITICAL RIDER, OR PEEL'S RAPID ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

THE world has been lately astonished by the very rapid act of horsemanship performed by SIR R. PEEL on his two celebrated coursers, Protection and Free Trade. Protection is a very heavy charger, but Free Trade is a light and active filly, always going a-head with great speed and energy. The great merit of PEEL consists in the skill he has exhibited in giving the rein, now to one, and now to the other, with wonderful dexterity; now tightening the bridle, and now relaxing it; and, indeed, playing fast and loose with wonderful dexterity. Though he evidently has greater command over Free Trade, he controls Protection with remarkable adroitness. Altogether, his performance is among the most wonderful efforts of modern horsemanship.

## FREE QUARTERS FOR GENIUS.

THE people of the Pontificial States have a magnificent notion of the dues of genius. FANNY ELSSLER—so says the *Journal des Débats*—on her visit to Foligno, was invited to take up her lodgings by many distinguished families. Though very agile, she could not go to all. She therefore thought it "the wisest plan to deposit all the names in a box, and draw one out." Now, it is the excellence of good things to beget good things. Lots of people would do gracious acts if they had only a proper example set them. Well, a musical festival is about to be held at the Isle of Dogs. The Poet BUNN will attend, to hear his *Smile as thou wert wont to smile*. The Islanders, therefore, all anxious to have him as an honoured guest, have resolved—to avoid tumult and bloodshed—to raffle for him!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Offices in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1843.

# MRS. BIB'S BABY.

## CHAPTER V.

RS. BIB, sweet MRS. BIB, with the duty and affection of a wife, would not consent to the aniseed. No; BIB had forbidden it: and she had never yet failed in her obedience and respect for his wishes, and—no, she could not bring herself to do it. Besides, she averred, BIB was a very clever person; he had read so many things; there was nothing he did not know something of; and—there could be no doubt of it—dear EDWARD must be right.

"And this blessed creature is to scream itself to death! SARAH, you're getting as great a fool as your husband. Talking about Nature having its course! You've learnt that gibberish from him! A pretty pickle Nature would be in, if we let it have its own way. No; I've had nine of you: but in *my* time people never talked nonsense about Nature. It's only a new-fangled word that's come up—that people use to excuse their tricks with. He talked about Nature when he wanted Baby not to wear a cap—as if it was born like a Hottentot, covered with wool. Not to wear a cap! Yes—and he called it Nature! Now, SARAH, I wouldn't find fault with your dear husband for the world. But it wasn't Nature, my love—no; it was meanness. Ha! you don't know yet what men are. Yes, meanness: for he only wanted to save his money, and not to buy the lace."

"Oh, mother! How can you?" cried MRS. BIB.

"Ha! my dear," said MRS. DAFFY, with a compassionating smile, "you're a young creature, and so believe anything your husband tells you. It was the same with me when I first married your father. I soon learnt better, SARAH. Nothing but meanness, my dear. You heard, too, what he said about a coral and bells! His child, he said, should have no such trumpery. Nothing like a good hard crust of bread—he said—to bring through the teeth. Of course; a crust's cheap enough—a coral costs money. That's just like the men, SARAH; and so you'll find it."

"Not with EDWARD, I'm sure," said the nice little wife. "He's the best creature in all the world."

"Of course. It's right to think so—it's your duty, my dear, to think so. Nevertheless, you'll see he's just like the rest of 'em. Oh! where *is* BECKY"—and again MRS. DAFFY rang the bell—"for this aniseed?"

"No, mother; it shan't be. I never disobeyed EDWARD's will yet"—

"Well, my dear"—and MRS. DAFFY laughed heartily at the thought—"you're sure to do it some day—don't tell me, it isn't to be expected that you shouldn't—and now, when your dear child's suffering, is the best time to begin. I'm sure its cries would pierce a stone. And how *can* a little aniseed hurt it?"

"But EDWARD always said it never should be drugged," observed MRS. BIB, evidently giving way.

"Who wants to drug it? You don't call aniseed a drug, do you? And only half a drop—just as much as would fill the eye of a needle. *You* always took it—and how can it hurt your child?"

Silently, yet sorrowfully, did MRS. BIB hear her mother give BECKY the fatal order. BECKY—well acquainted with the ignorant whims, as she contemptuously considered them, of her master—looked appealingly at her mistress; and in a moment took her silence for assent. With considerable alacrity did BECKY hasten for the cordial. Most pleasing to her was the errand; for it was to circumvent and confound the nonsense of one of the sex that never did, and never could know anything about babies. It was practically to rebuke the ignorance and presumption of man.

The aniseed was bought. MRS. DAFFY, with considerable presence of mind, poured the liquor into a spoon, proving, by the quantity, her gigantic notions of the eye of a needle. Very curious—very interesting—was it to consider the various expression of that family groups.

NO DONNA TOFANA, no BRINVILLIERS—not even ANNA MARIA ZWANZIGER—not one of these sweet poisoners did or could administer the mortal dram that was to send the drinker to sleep in his coffin—not one of these bold, white-handed women, we say, could show a finer sample of serenity than MRS. DAFFY, with the child roaring in her lap, and the brimming spoon held firmly in her hand. There was a calmness in her face, sweetened by a look of conscious benevolence: it was plain she felt that she was about to do Baby a world of good, and at the same time to triumph over Baby's father. It was a double pleasure. Anxious—more than anxious—was the face of MRS. BIB. Does the reader remember MICHAEL ANGELO's Eve, with her hand among the apples? She cannot but pluck the fruit. Yet in her face, throughout her form, there seems to creep a shuddering sense of the after evil of the inevitable act. It is as if at the very moment the wings of the Angel of Death shadow her paradisaical brightness. Something after this—a sort of prose version of it—looked MRS. BIB. Can we wonder at it? For, considering MRS. BIB—whose heart was grown into BIB's heart, both were so tightly hooped about by that little round of marriage metal which gives the legal "hall mark" to love—MRS. BIB, we say, felt that for the first time she was committing disobedience to the behests of her natural and amen-made lord. The first disobedience! It is a truth, ladies—a truth as truthful as the connubial manacle. Happy couple, MR. and MRS. BIB! They were proud, delighted with their chains. And is it not a charming sight—a touching matter to think of—to see Married Love, like the thief in the *Beggar's Opera*, dancing to the music of his own fetters?

One twelvemonth had MRS. BIB been married, and it was her first disobedience. It must be confessed, as was afterwards said of Baby BIB's running alone, she took to it very late. The first disobedience! And who shall reveal the emotion—what moral line and lead shall fathom the depths of that woman's soul, as she felt that there—standing upon her own hearth, a hearth endeared to her by many teas and toasts—she was coolly, calmly, deliberately, and with malice aforethought, breaking her marriage vow? Or if not breaking it, certainly cracking it? We fear that this domestic wickedness, this treason—for which, by the defect of our laws, there is no hurdle—is done every day. But shall its familiarity reconcile us to its terrible iniquity? Assuredly no. And MRS. BIB felt the awfulness of that moment. As her marriage-vow was flawed—(it went off with a short *tick*, like a cold glass receiving hot water)—she saw the church wherein she gave her virgin hand to BIB. The words, "love, honour, and OBEY," pealed upon her remorseful soul with a solemn organ swell. She saw her own little hand shaking in the hand of BIB. She saw the round face—streaked like a streaked tulip—of the Vulcanic clergyman, welding two hearts together. In that brief moment—yes, again she saw everything. She saw her own weeping face reflected in the double-gilt buttons of BIB. She saw her dear mother letting fall a heavy shower of tears upon a very large nosegay; she saw the pug-nose of her bridesmaid JEMIMA—(one of those charming, almost eatable pugs; dear little knobs, especially made for men to hang their hearts, like hats upon)—she saw her, looking a little misty, yet looking as though she wondered when *her* turn would come. All these recollections—and many more, too numerous for this page—fell smitingly upon the soul of MRS. BIB in that sad, rebellious moment. However, so callous does the conjugal mind become, that, in after years, MRS. BIB every day committed the same sort of treason, and, in her own bravado words, thought nothing of it. Women, be warned!

We must finish our painting of the group. BECKY, the maid—half grinningly, half anxiously looked, now at the spoonful of aniseed—and now at the door. Master *might* come.

It is done. Baby has swallowed the intemperate juice; the subtle prologue to who shall say how much after brandy-and-water?

And the household gods squeak like mice in the waistcoat at the disobedience of MRS. BIB. And BIB himself—whilst this treason is acting, where is he? Unconscious man! he is doing business in the City, to stock his cupboard at home.

Baby turns blue. Baby clenches its fists. MRS. BIB thinks Baby is dying. MRS. DAFFY turns Baby round upon its belly, and pats its back. And whilst employed in this domestic operation, she serenely says to her daughter—"SARAH, my dear, when BIB comes home, don't let him kiss the child, else he'll smell it."

## FANCY DRESS BALL.

"Sir!—Please Mr!—Sir! You've forgot the Door-Key!"

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme,
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars;—

That hate each other for a song,
And do their little best to bite,
That pinch their brothers in the throng,
And scratch the very dead for spite;—

And strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs, and all things here;

When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer Godlike State,
Than if the crowded Orb should cry
Like those that cried Diana great:

And *I* too talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.

Alcibiades.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER IN REGIMENTALS!

Sir Charles Napier, of the Indian army, is, it is allowed, "as brave as his sword." But his courage cannot, we think, exceed his eloquence. His address to the troops in garrison, as printed in the *Kurrachee Advertiser* of December 31, is quite a companion-speech to the oration of Napoleon, in which his troops were requested to particularly remember that "forty centuries were looking down upon them from the Pyramids;" one of those very fine things that the world has consented to receive as fine, without troubling itself to analyse their meaning. Wherefore the French troops should be inspired by the ghost of the legendary Cheops, and the ghosts succeeding him, is a part of the vast ignorance we shall carry to the grave. But to return to the Indian Napier—to consider the affectionate terms in which he addresses his children of the sabre, lance, and bayonet. He shows himself quite a schoolmaster of glory, and when in wrath wields the laurel bough as though it were the birch. He starts with a declaration that in "the 86th there are plenty of good soldiers—as good and better soldiers than he is; but," he adds—

"There are in every regiment *a set of infernal villains*, who break out when war is declared, and commit every atrocity. Now, soldiers, from the moment war is declared, I cast mercy away for all delinquents. *Before God*, in whose presence we all are, I here tell you that I will not spare one of these men whom I catch destroying discipline and the honour and glory of our arms; I will pursue them unrelentingly, *and will destroy their lives without mercy*: they shall show, by their bloody backs, that they cannot escape."

Now Mars himself, after six lessons from Mercury, would scarcely be a greater dab at gory periods, *saniem eructans*, than the eloquent Sir Charles. He continues.—

"*I am ready to march into the heart of Central Asia at your head; but I will march at the head of glorious, honourable, good, and moral men.* I will not march at the head of a mob."

"I am ready," said Alexander the Great, "to conquer the world; to slay any number of thousands,—to beat down cities,—to carry fire and slaughter all over the earth,—but if any petty, peddling, sneak-up scoundrel of a private soldier, putting aside his conscience, should be found with a prigged turkey or a stolen goose, why—as sure as my name is Alexander—that atrocious villain shall have his head sliced from his shoulders as it were a turnip." Thus on a certain occasion spoke Alexander, whereupon the just gods—though Plutarch says nothing of the matter—"laughed consumedly." But we must leave Alexander the Great for Charles the Terrible. With a tremendous burst of indignation against the small robbers that infest even the most moral of armies, he cries:—

"Where you see one of these ruffians *disgracing the cloth*, seize him by the neck, and bring him to your officer at once."

When the varlets are taken, then they shall see what they shall see:

"I have got two, and there are four more; I know them, and here tell them I will have them yet, and when I get them they shall hang on the nearest tree I come to, and if no tree is in sight I will shoot them on the spot—ay, if need be, even with my own hand."

The high rank of the executioner would, no doubt, mightily sweeten the fate of the executed.

This address, however, should be well considered by those persons about to enlist. They should thereupon commune with themselves; they should make an inward inquiry, whether they are fit to become units of a "glorious, honourable, good, and *moral* army." (The morality of recruiting-serjeants is, by the way, proverbial.) They must search their souls; and finding the slightest flaw—the smallest speck—in their divine parts, they must immediately believe themselves unworthy of pipeclay; and instead of becoming good, moral, and religious consumers of bullets and gunpowder, they must be content to dig the soil, or to work at any handicraft. In future, the recruiting-serjeants ought to wear ribands of unmixed virgin-white; significant that none but the very purest will be thought worthy of the man-purchasing shilling.

## THE BATTLE OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Considerable consternation was excited at the Nelson Column on Thursday the 28th of February, by an attempted invasion of St. James's Park. A desperate gang of barbarians, carrying wooden benches, had collected in large numbers for the purpose of entering the Park, planting their forms along the road, and remaining as squatters while the carriages were passing with the company to and from Her Majesty's Drawing-room. Fortunately, a strong body of police happened to be in attendance at the Column, and resisted the efforts of the invaders. At one time K 25 had his flank turned by an approach of the foe, with their benches, full charge; but by the bravery of Private Jones, of the 3rd Foot Guards, who happened to be on duty, the invaders were repulsed, after having been severely routed with the butt-end of the musket. We regret to say that the local Guards entrusted with the charge of the fortress beneath the Column were seized, at the very outset of the engagement, with a panic, which kept them skulking behind the base of the structure from the beginning to the end of the battle. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of Private Jones, who executed his different manœuvres with a mixture of good humour and firmness that was truly laudable. K 25 seemed to carry out the orders of his superiors in sorrow rather than in anger, and the man of the world seemed to be struggling with the policeman under the cape which covered his bosom. The enemy ultimately retired across the road with their benches, and having sat down upon them for a short time, firing a few verbal squibs at the soldiery, made a precipitate retreat towards Storey's Gate. Here another unsuccessful attempt was made to force the Park lines, which having entirely failed, they repaired to their respective fastnesses.

## PROTECTION AND NATIVE PRODUCE.

THE theory of protection for native produce is all very well, but the practice would, we fear, be somewhat ridiculous. We might raise a shout of protection for the native sloe-leaf, and insist on the prohibition of tea, while the exclusion of the mild Havannah and the penny Cuba might be demanded by those enthusiasts who would ask protection for the British lettuce and the cabbage leaves of happy Albion. But if we extend the principle of protection still further, if we carry it to its legitimate end, or, in other words, carry it to the clothes, we should have wardrobes consisting only of such articles as might be grown in our own country. The sheep-skin would take the place of the eight-and-twopenny registered Paletot, and the hayband would become the substitute for the trowser. Such a set of fashions as would be the result of the prohibition of foreign articles can only be conceived by the imagination of the artist, and to him, therefore, we leave the task of depicting them.

## The Royal Doll's Court Circular.

IT has been already announced in the papers that the PRINCESS ROYAL has received a present of a doll, with a complete wardrobe, from LOUIS-PHILIPPE. The completeness of the wardrobe of course admits of the various processes of dressing—for the promenade, for dinner, or for an evening party or ball, to be carried out with reference to the doll of royalty, which is subjected to all the strictest rules of court etiquette and fashion. Feeling the importance and interest of the subject, we have made arrangements for presenting our readers with a Royal Doll's Court Circular, of which we furnish a specimen :—

"The Royal Doll was taken her accustomed airing in her go-cart, drawn by a superb pair of calves, bred by JOHN the royal footman. The Royal Doll attended in the schoolroom for an hour, and reposed in a drawer with her head downwards during the time devoted to study.

"The Royal Doll left the drawer at exactly twelve, and was danced for a quarter of an hour on the rug before the fire, where she sustained some inconvenience from the heat, and has looked considerably paler ever since that period. The Royal Doll had her eyes exercised with the wire in the usual way yesterday morning. The Royal Doll had an airing, by being left in the garden of Buckingham Palace all night on Wednesday last. Her dress was somewhat deranged by the moisture, but having had her toilette changed, she speedily recovered."

## AN ALARMING REPORT.

CONSIDERABLE consternation was excited a few nights ago by a succession of loud reports, which were heard all over the metropolis, just about the hour when quiet and industrious people were seeking their nocturnal repose. Children who are teething, of whom it is calculated there are nearly seven thousand—got off to sleep with difficulty every night—in the metropolis, were all suddenly woke up by a series of bangs such as have not been heard for a very considerable period. It is estimated that at least three dozen of "Godfrey" and two dozen of "Mrs. Johnson" were consumed in the half hour, during which the successive explosions were heard on the night alluded to. At the lowest computation, three thousand fathers had to turn out of bed to nurse seven thousand children, allowing two children and a half to each father, and four fathers to every seven families.

All sorts of speculations were indulged in as to the cause or meaning of the series of reports. Some thought it was DR. DEE's overdue earthquake, which was payable some time back, according to the bill drawn by DEE on public credulity, and those families who expected the earthquake were making arrangements to get up immediately, and repair in cabs to some sheltered suburb.

Others thought the reports might proceed from the Park and the Tower, and that they were possibly intended to announce one of those events which are so frequently adding to the happiness of the nation in general, and the domestic circle of royalty in particular. It was not until the following day it became generally known, that the sounds proceeded from the firing of guns in celebration of the frightful slaughter that has recently taken place in India, and which we are told is a matter for general rejoicing.

We confess we have not yet been able to get up any high degree of hilarity after reading the accounts in the newspapers.

### A Query.

CHILDE HAROLD, speaking of the Church of St. Peter's, Rome, says :—

> "But lo ! the dome, the vast, the wondrous dome !
> To which Diana's marvel was a *cell*."

Which is the more deserving of the term—the "Ephesian's miracle," or the Exhibition of St. Paul's ?

## THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

Owing to the Mildness of the Season, the Militia Man looks up his Ducks.

## THE LATE FLEET PRISON.

This venerable institution—one of the many evidences of the wisdom of our ancestors—is fast vanishing. The ruthless hand of reform is casting brick from brick of the time-hallowed edifice, and in a few days we may say of the Fleet what was long since said of Troy—*Fuit!*

However, not wholly unmourned does the fabric disappear. We own it; our pen weeps ink, confessing it, that we have fallen upon a money-changing, utilitarian age; nevertheless, it is an age not wholly unredeemed by some lovers of the ancient and the picturesque; for, at the late sale of the materials of the Fleet, *Punch* was happy to see the old familiar faces of various sharp attorneys, levitical and others, with the well-known countenances of distinguished officers of the Sheriff. They all attended—we were delighted with the knowledge of the pleasing fact—to secure for themselves various articles and fragments of a building endeared to them by so many ties, and associated with so many bygone years of happiness and profit. Several of the late turnkeys (in very decent mourning) were upon the ground, and excited considerable interest as living relics of the past.

Messrs. Pullen & Son were the gifted auctioneers employed on the melancholy occasion. The gentleman who wielded the hammer was evidently elevated by the subject. He felt that "the eyes of all Israel were upon him," and did his best. He commenced his address by stating that the materials which he had the honour to offer to an enlightened Public were associated with the social history of England. Men of the highest and profoundest genius—men very dear, indeed, to their fellow-Englishmen—had, from time to time, dwelt in the Fleet, making every brick of it truly classic. He would not weary the attention of his auditors, otherwise he could tell them how many had not only lived there—but died there, and all to prove to surrounding nations that the English Constitution gave freedom to every man—though there had been some people so obstinately constituted as to refuse to accept it. However, the levelling spirit of the times had doomed the Fleet; that ancient fabric was to be swept away. He (the auctioneer) was not an alarmist—certainly not. But he must say this much: He had always looked upon the stones of the Fleet Prison as the brightest gems in the British crown. He only hoped that revolutionists would know where to stop; and with this patriotic aspiration, the man of the hammer proceeded to knock down right and left. We can only give one or two of the lots, and purchasers.

Lot 1.—The tin-box which the prisoners used to rattle whilst crying, "Please to remember the poor debtors," was very fiercely contested. It was ultimately knocked down at ten shillings to a distinguished attorney of Cursitor Street, who purposed to use it as a family tea-caddy.

Lot 2.—The bolt and lock of the outer gate of the Fleet. Bought by Mr. Lazarus Macnab, Sheriff's Officer, of Fetter Lane, for the garden-gate of his villa at Hackney.

Ten thousand bricks were purchased by the celebrated novelist, Mr. Ainsworth; that gentleman being about to add *Fleet Prison* to his *Old St. Paul's*, and other public buildings; and being desirous—to give the weight of truthfulness to his book—to employ the original bricks in the composition of his three volumes.

## Nine Groans for the Man that we Cheer'd!

A SONG OF MONOPOLY.

Ye Dukes, Lords, and Squires, and Knights of the Shires,
Cry Out on the name once revered!
We 're abandon'd by Peel for the national weal:
Nine groans for the man that we cheer'd!

What is it to us, all this clamour and fuss
Concerning the famine that 's fear'd?
Our sole int'rest we thought he 'd consult—as he ought:
Nine groans for the man that we cheer'd!

Whilst we howl, hiss, and yelp, we 're aware he can't help
Pursuing the course he has steer'd,
But we 're vex'd and we 're griev'd, and, besides, we 're deceiv'd;
So, nine groans for the man that we cheer'd!

For our cause going in, through thick and through thin,
We believ'd that Opinion he 'd beard,
Right or wrong, never mind — he has left us behind;
Then nine groans for the man that we cheer'd!

Though the Sovereign's behest back'd the country's request,
That 's no reason why he should have veer'd,
No: our rents to defend should have been all his end;
So nine groans for the man that we cheer'd!

## HINTS FOR THE FORMATION OF A MILITIA.

We understand that considerable sensation has been caused in White Cross Street Prison, by the Militia Movement; for some of the unfortunate debtors are willing to serve as substitutes merely on consideration of being released from custody. As many of them are confined for very insignificant amounts, it would be actually much cheaper to take these poor fellows at the mere outlay of paying their debts, than to seek substitutes on the usual terms. The debtors would be exceedingly glad to exchange their present condition for that of soldiers. The hardships of the field and the tent cannot be so hard as the tent bedsteads upon which they are now compelled to bivouac. Besides, being just released from the horrors of captivity, they would make admirable soldiers; for none feel so much ardour as those who have recently burst from an ignominious bondage. The provisions upon which they have been lately living—consisting chiefly of gruel—must at all events have accustomed them to privation, and rendered them callous to the quantity as well as the quality of their fare.

# THE DEAF POSTILION.

A POLITICAL PARODY, AFTER GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

# THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

## CHAPTER I.—THE SNOB SOCIALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness—and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting COLONEL SNOBLEY; viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the Europa coffee-house, (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples,) ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the HONOURABLE POLY ANTHUS) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting MR. MARROWFAT'S honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the DUCHESS OF MONTE FIASCO'S ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the DAMON and PYTHIAS—indeed, MARROWFAT had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen MONTE FIASCO clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H. I. H. the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman!) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like RAMO SAMEE, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely AMALIA! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with MARROWFAT I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at SIR GEORGE GOLLOPER'S. We were placed he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable LADY G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw MARROWFAT helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the COUNTESS DEI SPINACHI—his lending me the 1700*l.* I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion.

"FRANK, my boy!" I exclaimed, "FRANK MARROWFAT, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!"

Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, FRANK answered, "*George, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did LADY GOLLOPER know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has FRANK repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas, and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the SILVER FORK SCHOOL, and if this tale induce but one reader of *Punch* to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, "Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?"—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be who contribute to this miscellany, I flatter myself SILK BUCKINGHAM will at least say that *I* am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history *is*. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and Heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever)—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker—I should be insulting society, and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory SNOB. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for the common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since—(on a delicate mission)—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an *extra negotiator*. LECKERBISS PASHA of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee; and the Russian agent COUNT DE DIDDLOFF on his dexter side. DIDDLOFF is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain; he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation: but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bow-string has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafœtida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I never shall forget the look of poor DIDDLOFF, when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming, "Buk Buk" (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to DIDDLOFF. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it; he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he swallowed nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him; he was carried away from the dining room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said Bismillah, licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and

popped it down the old Galcongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of Court at once, *and the treaty of* Kabobanople *was signed.* As for DIDDLOFF, all was over with *him*, he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and SIR RODERIC MURCHISON saw him, under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

## FATHER AND SON.

SCENE FROM AN OLD COMEDY.

A REGULAR piece of comedy, of the Old School, has lately been enacted by LORD LINCOLN and his father the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. The latter has appeared as a testy old man, a regular political *Captain Absolute*, threatening to knock down that young jackanapes of a son of his if he should run counter to the wishes of his kind and indulgent old governor. The EARL OF LINCOLN has been figuring as the light comedian of the political world, a dashing young scapegrace, following the last new fashions, and, in fact, showing all that kind of spirit that is generally met with in the modern farces, or those repositories of worn out rubbish, the sterling, legitimate, five-act comedies of the early part of the present century.

The scene, as lately acted, comes upon the public with all the freshness of a revival, but we cannot say that it has been a very successful one. The choleric and impetuous style of the testy old man is quite gone by in the present day, and there is no longer any fun to be found in the mixture of obstinacy, stupidity, and violence which made up the characters of the dramatic "fathers" of thirty years ago; when, if they went fuming about, calling their sons rascals and making fools of themselves, it was merely put down to the score of testiness. LORD LINCOLN has not been particularly happy as the dashing young fellow, flying in opposition to his father's wishes.

In order to render the farce complete we ought to have had old NEWCASTLE relenting at the last moment, handing over Nottingham, the object of his affection, to LINCOLN, and saying to him, "There, there, you dog; go, and be happy."

A few purses pitched about among the populace would have rendered everything perfectly *en règle* for the fall of the curtain.

### A Good Speculation.

WE have to notice a gross oversight on the part of Ministers, the more remarkable since they are converted to Free Trade principles. One of the leading axioms of Free Trade is, that prices are created by demand. Surely, the demand for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds would create a good price for it: why do they not, then, make it a saleable office?

## THE POLITICAL BIRDS—AND OTHER ANIMALS.

(NOT OF ARISTOPHANES.)

THE GEESE.

QUIRK! quirk! quirk! quirk! quirk!
Gobble! gobble! gobble!
Here 's a pretty piece of work!
We 're in a hobble.
To feed on the land
Our species was born;
But our ruin is plann'd
Through Free-Trade in corn.
What a villanous shame!
Let us hiss PEEL and GRAHAM.
Oh! can't they the sliding-scale manage to cobble?
Gobble-gobble! quirk-quirk! quirk-quirk-quirk! gobble-gobble!

THE BEES.

Hum! hum! hum!
Nonsense! stuff!
Come, come, come,
You 've been gobbling long enough.
Gobbling up the land's best fat,
Now we 'll have no more of that;
Yet your fields will pasture raise
Whereupon you still may graze:
If, O Geese, you 'll only please
To imitate th' industrious Bees.

THE OWLS.

Boohoo! boohoo! boohoo!
Oh dear! what shall we do?
Political economy's new light
Bewilders, dazzles, and confounds our sight.
Oh, for the ancient way!
Oh, for our good old day!
Which was night!
We then our prey could manage to pursue.
Uhui! uhui! uhui! boohoo! boohoo!

THE RAVENS.

Kurroak! kurroak! kurroak!
The fatal word is spoke.
The axe we see
At thy root, oh tree!
British oak!
When they 've repeal'd the tax on bread.
How shall we and ours be fed?
Woe! Disaster! Revolution!
Ruin to the Constitution!
Nay, the matter 's past a joke;
The nation 's doom'd: kurroak! kurroak!

THE DONKIES.

Eehaw! eehaw! eehaw! eehaw! eehaw!
Let 's ha' no alteration o' the law.
We 'll goo on like our veathers afore we was born,
They didn't want none o' your vorreigners' corn.
Doant talk to we
Of imports free;
We wunt hear on 't,
Doant you fear on 't;
Naw naw! Echaw!

THE RATS.

Weak! weak! weak! weak! weak!
Is the cause that once we stood by;
For another row we 'll squeak,—
One that we may get some good by:
At Protection let us gnaw.—
*Bees.* Bravo, Rats!
*Donkies.* Oh, oh! eehaw!

BEES.

Cackle, Geese, your silly strain;
Hoot, ye Screechowls—"hoot owa'"
Croak, ye Ravens, croak amain;
Donkies, raise the loud eehaw:
Though 'twill be of little use,
Donkey, Raven, Owl, and Goose,
Cackle, hoot, and croak, and bray,
Since you 've got no more to say.

## MILITARY FASHIONS.

We have received the following letter from a female correspondent. We will reserve our comments until the conclusion of the document:—

"Miss Seraphina Scligal presents her compliments to *Mister Punch*, and has remarked with much surprise the adoption of a certain article of female dress by the British soldiery. The article in question cannot be intended for protection in the field, as Miss Seraphina Scligal is proud to say that the troops of her native land are not in the habit of turning their backs upon the enemy. The appendage is certainly no ornament, for it is only calculated to set off to advantage a very full skirt, and the great coats of the grenadiers are remarkable for their excessive scantiness.

"That these appendages should be worn only on wet days materially adds to Miss Seraphina Scligal's perplexity. If *Mister Punch* can give any explanation of the mystery, he will confer a very great favour on Miss Seraphina Scligal."

Immediately on the receipt of this communication we called at the War Office, and ascertained that the appendage which has so much excited our fair correspondent's curiosity consists of the cartridge-box, which is worn in wet weather underneath the coats of the soldiers, that the damp may not reach the ammunition.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Estate. The title which a man has in his lands or property. Land is real estate, and goods are personal estate; so that the earth in the flower-pot is real property, but the pot itself is a simple chattel. Suppose them both to descend at the same time, the earth out of the flower-pot would come down upon my heir, but the pot would devolve upon my executor.

Evidence. The legal means of getting at facts—or concealing them. There are many general rules of evidence, but the chief art is required in dealing with adverse witnesses, who must either be bullied or bothered, according to circumstances. When all other resources have failed, it is safe, as a general rule, to ask a witness whether he has ever compounded with his creditors. As he will probably become very indignant, and lose his temper after this question, an important point has been gained, for the barrister by keeping cool will have an advantage over the witness during the remainder of the examination.

Exchange, Bill of. A convenient mode of settling a debt of many pounds by the outlay of a few shillings. The expression of a philosophic debtor, who exclaimed, "There! thank Goodness, that 's paid!" was used on the occasion of his giving a Bill of Exchange which he had not the smallest hope of taking up when it should happen to arrive at maturity. It is said that exchange is no robbery, and, *à fortiori*, a Bill of Exchange can be no robbery; therefore, in giving such an instrument, when it is really of no value, some persons seem to think they are not robbing their creditors. So long as the bill has the legal stamp, it cannot be said to have the stamp of fraud upon it. Bills of Exchange are of very early origin, and it is clear that the Greeks and Romans had a great many bill transactions. In the time of Julius Cesar, Brutus quarrelled with his friend Cassius because he had been raising money improperly; and very likely on a bill, which he had got discounted by what Brutus delicately calls an "indirection." It is thought by some that Cassius got his name from continually going about among his friends, exclaiming, "Cash us a Bill," an hypothesis which is much in favour, though admitting of a good deal of controversy. His exclamation,

> "I sent to you for gold to pay my legions,
> Which you refused,"

proves that he had been wanting to borrow money, and it is very likely that his "legions" were the swarms of creditors by whom he was continually pestered.

Exchequer, Court of. So called, according to Camden, because the table of the Court was covered with a checkered cloth, upon which the king's accounts were made up, by putting the money on the different squares or chequers. This mode of keeping accounts may have been very ingenious, but we defy the most acute accountant of the present day to discover the principle on which this odd mode of bookkeeping was effected. We have tried the experiment of using a draft board for the records of our domestic expenditure, but the attempt proved futile. We made every effort to square our accounts, and get them into black and white, on the black and white squares, but we ultimately abandoned the project as hopeless. Several officers of the Exchequer were abolished by the 2nd & 3rd William IV. c. 110, which gave the sack to the bag-bearer, got rid of the clerk of the pipe, the deputy clerk of the pipe, the comptroller of the pipe, and deputy comptroller of the pipe, by putting out all their pipes at one blow, and sent several of the copyists to the right-about by leaving them nothing to write about. The same act dispensed with the Surveyor of the Green Wax, by giving one of those legislative whacks at the abuses of the law which have been used with such wholesome effect within the last ten years. The Court of Exchequer has much about the same jurisdiction now as the other Courts, but it is presided over by a chief baron and four puisne barons, none of whom can have any retainers—which are the very essence of baronial dignity.

## SUNDAY TRADING IN SOLDIERS.

It is a wicked thing—according to the tender Christianity of some folks—to deal on Sundays. We must not deal in apples, or oranges, or lollipops, or newspapers. Nevertheless, the Government, among other things, permits Sabbath-trading in soldiers. Recruiting serjeants may ply their trade on Sundays—angling for gudgeons on the seventh day. This pleasing truth has been lately declared by the Secretary of State, for we learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that Mr. Trafford, magistrate of the New Bailey, refused to attest recruits caught on Sundays; whereupon he received notice from the Government minister, "to the effect that the law officers of the Crown are of opinion that Sunday enlistments are *quite legal*, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly." To deal in muffins—giving note of such dealing by means of the very smallest bell—on Sunday or any other day, would submit the criminal to a fine or imprisonment; but to purchase men—biped "food for gunpowder"—on the Sabbath, is "quite legal." This is encouraging for recruiting serjeants, who may now look out for the human commodity even at the church door.

## Extraordinary Madness among the March Hares.

The periodical mania which is well known to be epidemic in the month of March amongst hares is, we understand, unusually prevalent this year, in consequence of Lord Ashburton having, in his place in the House of Peers, announced his intention of proposing, at some future stage of Lord Dacre's "Game Law Amendment Bill," to take them out of the class of Game. The hares are frantic at the prospect now before them, of being deprived of that protection which they have hitherto enjoyed in common with the Landed Interest in general. They are said to utter in their paroxysms of frenzy, ravings of the most awful description, yet exhibiting a certain consistency; so that there is some method in their madness. We are informed by several rural correspondents, well versed in the interpretation of the animal languages, that the tenor of their valid effusions is as follows:—

They declare that if Protection is taken away from them, it will not much longer be afforded to the partridges. The partridges having been deprived of their ancient privilege, the next step will be to withdraw it from the pheasants. The spoliation of the grouse, quail, landrail, and woodcock will follow, till at length the deer itself will be levelled with the vulgar herd. The suppression of stag-hunting will be the consequence of the stag's debasement, and by a necessary result the abolition of the order of stag-hunters will succeed. This will be tantamount to the extinction of the aristocracy, which will involve the subversion of the Church and the overthrow of the Monarchy.

The lunatic hares call loudly on their species to rally round their forms, and take all constitutional means that they can devise for maintaining their vested rights, and perpetuating their existence in their native clover. In this effort they invite all other descriptions of game, and all those who are interested in its preservation, to join; and further, in their behalf, they loudly invoke the British Lion: which is a sane mark of their insanity; for that noble animal, being a beast of prey, will be only too happy to eat them all up.

## THE EXETER 'CHANGE ARCADE.

Recently a convulsive attempt has been made to give an air of life and gaiety to this dreary abode of dentists and doll-merchants. There has been a vigorous effort to get up a kind of season by the engagement of a small band of three musicians, of which the cornet acts as conductor, the fiddle as first and only violin, while the harp takes the position of *répétiteur* with amiable humility. The active and energetic beadle officiates as master of the ceremonies, and during the playing of the various *morceaux*, he occasionally lolls back in the state Windsor chair with his legs crossed, or resting on the sill of the unoccupied *boutique* in the corner. There is something charming in the easy *nonchalance* with which he dandles backwards and forwards the weapon of office—now placing it across his knees—now poising it on the tip of his toe—and now brandishing it playfully in a half-menacing manner at some passing associate.

At present the attempt to get up an excitement and gaiety in the Exeter 'Change Arcade has not been followed by the happiest results, though the band has played nearly two hundred polkas during the past week; and the beadle, in the enthusiasm of the moment, has not only beaten time with the iron heels of his high-lows, but mildly whistled an *obligato* accompaniment. The promenade has occasionally been brisk, but it has not added much to the commercial prosperity of the Arcade, for people do not rush into dentists' shops to have their teeth pulled out, nor do they stop suddenly to buy a doll, to the sounds of cheerful melody. There is generally a somewhat extensive juvenile *conversazione* at the gate of the Arcade, which is instantly turned into a rout by the beadle, who routs out the boys with the butt end of his staff, and insists on their keeping moving. It is whispered that the cornet will take a benefit in the course of the Easter week, when he will play a *solo* on the triangle, for that night only. No money will be taken at the gates, but a hat and three saucers will be handed up and down the Arcade in the course of the evening. Herr Von Row has promised to attend with his drum and Pandean pipes, but as he never keeps his word his presence cannot be counted upon.

## WANTED, A NEW GOVERNMENT.

The country party will be very much puzzled to find a Premier in the event of Sir R. Peel being unable to carry his measure. The public may judge of the extent of the difficulty when they are told that a serious proposal has been actually made by Mrs. Harris to write up Brougham into the position of Prime Minister.

Every one knows our fondness for the ex-Chancellor, and no one will deny that we have taken every opportunity of writing him up, drawing him up, dressing him up, and touching him up in first-rate style; but we should as soon think of recommending Professor Risley, the posture master, to regulate the present posture of the nation, as dream of accepting Brougham in the capacity of a Prime Minister. Mrs. Harris broadly insinuates that Sir R. Peel wrote a leader the other day in the *Times* against Lord Brougham. Whether the Minister really is engaged to devote his spare time, after governing the country, to the service of our contemporary, is a secret that our contemporary alone can tell; but Sir R. Peel must have enough to do if he has to sit down and write a leader after quitting the House of Commons.

This sort of thing is more in Brougham's way, and if there were a little more life and spirit in the ex-organ of the Government, we should fancy that he might be taking a sly turn at the handle. By the bye, if Peel does write, he seems to be writing in a good school, for we are told he is trying to imitate ourselves, who, we always thought, were utterly inimitable. But, says Mrs. Harris,—

"*This writer* may affect to follow the example of *Punch* and the *Times* in speaking slightingly of the noble and learned lord; but he, at least, well knows that there is not a man in England who occupies *a higher* place in the estimation of his countrymen, or *so high* a place in the estimation of foreigners, as the truly great man at whom he points his hypocritical sneers."

By the way, who is He that knows this, that, and the other, so thoroughly? Is the He *Punch* himself or the *Times*, or the noble and learned lord, or *this writer*, who is so emphatically italicised. High position indeed! We know very well that Brougham occupies a high position, for we have given it to him.

## THE CRIES OF PARLIAMENT.

Among the London Cries alluded to in various descriptions of the metropolis, those uttered by the voice of Parliament have been somewhat unaccountably omitted. These cries, and their import, are principally the following:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Hear, hear!* | implies | An obvious truism. |
| *Oh! oh!* . . | ,, | A disagreeable truth. |
| *Tremendous cheering* | ,, | A bit of claptrap. |
| *Ironical ditto* . | ,, | An hon. gentleman committing himself. |
| *Question!* and *Spoke!* | ,, | We don't want to hear you. |
| *Order!* . . | ,, | Turn him out! |
| *Cock-a-doodle-doo!* . | ,, | A moral maxim. |

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 7, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. II.—THE SNOB ROYAL.

ONG since, at the commencement of the reign of her present GRACIOUS MAJESTY, it chanced 'on a fair summer evening,' as MR. JAMES would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the KING'S ARMS, kept by MISTRESS ANDERSON, in the royal village of Kensington. 'Twas a balmy evening, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace, where princely SUSSEX (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his royal niece at a state banquet. When the *caroches* of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquet-hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the King's Arms garden, hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface! 'twas a rare sight!

The tulips in MYNHEER VAN DUNK'S gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long-caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary, and crimson, and light blue. Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) HER MAJESTY'S OWN CRIMSON FOOTMEN, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor JOHNS slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkies. They left the walk: they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkies we never saw more.

My dear Flunkies, so absurdly conceited at one moment, and so abject at the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place THE SNOB ROYAL at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkies before the royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such and such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that His Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, JAMES I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains: but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! CHARLES II. his grandson was a rogue, but not a Snob; whilst LOUIS XIV., his old squaretoes of a contemporary,—the great worshipper of Bigwiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented GORGIUS IV. With the same humility, with which the footmen at the King's Arms gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before GORGIUS, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it 's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman, when they gave GORGIUS such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature, that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage, and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question to all instructors of youth—to MRS. ELLIS and the Women of England; to all schoolmasters, from DOCTOR HAWTREY down to MR. SQUEERS. I conjure up before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors, (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity-children in Saint Paul's) sitting in judgment, and GORGIUS pleading his cause in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old FLORIZEL! Beadles, turn out that bloated, pimple-faced man!——If GORGIUS *must* have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkies' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. He also invented Maraschino punch, a shoe-buckle, (this was in the vigour of his youth, and the prime force of his invention,) and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton Coachman, could fence elegantly, and, it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination, that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

I would wager that if MR. WIDDICOMB were, by a revolution, placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when GORGIUS visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the BARON OF BRADWARDINE—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which GORGIUS had drunk, put it into his coat pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much; and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O noble BRADWARDINE! what Old-World superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of GORGIUS in his real, identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance one shilling. Children and flunkies sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

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## CHIVALRY FOR THE CITY.

WE observe that a grand contest is pending between the Lord Mayor on the one hand, and the President of Christ's Hospital on the other, as to which of those dignitaries shall take the chair at the hospital suppers at Christ's Church. An interchange of protocols and manifestoes has taken place; but these have been unsatisfactory: and the matter stands over for consideration. An appeal to law would involve an awful expenditure of both civic and hospital treasure, and we earnestly hope that the dispute will be submitted to arbitration. Any good Bluecoat-boy would be an appropriate reference. He would ask no more than a halfpenny to consider the question, and the same coin, should the claims of the high contending parties prove equally balanced, would enable him, by an obvious expedient, to effect its settlement. Failing this, the ultimate resort would be an appeal to arms; and we would suggest knives and forks—yes; war to the knife and fork. Let the lists be spread in Guildhall in the shape of tables, and let the champions make trial of their respective prowess, by an onslaught on the turtle and venison—defying one another to the teeth. Surely this form of the "Wager of Battle" would be the best for determining precedence at a supper-table.

# THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

## A Grand Opera, in Three Acts.

ON THE APPROVED PRINCIPLE OF HISTORICAL COMBINATION, BY WHICH AN INCONVENIENT CENTURY OR TWO MAY BE SKIPPED AT PLEASURE.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in* OLIVER CROMWELL'S *house.* CROMWELL *discovered resting on a sofa. Several puritanical young ladies dispersed about the stage, some executing plain needle-work, others working with Berlin Wool.*

*Chorus.*

Oh! he is sorrowful—No, he 's not glad!
Could we discover why he is sad?
Ply the needle maidens, ply,
Though we heave the bitter sigh.

*Cromw.* Retire! (*Exeunt ladies.*) Now I am alone, and none can behold how policy presses on my anxious soul. Yes, I have beheaded King Harold, but the long Parliament still defies my power. Away, painful thoughts, I cannot bear ye. I will call my minstrel. Page!

*Enter* PAGE.

*Cromw.* Desire John Milton to come here immediately with his harp.
*Page.* I will. [*Exit.*
*Cromw.* Faithful and obedient youth!

*Song.*—CROMWELL.

When nearly every one we know
Is faithless and unkind,
'Tis sweet to find affection's glow
Can yet remain behind.

*Enter* JOHN MILTON, *who takes his harp and stands in a picturesque attitude behind* CROMWELL.

*Milton.* Noble Master, I attend.
*Cromw.* Good! Let the voice of thy melody shed a sunbeam over my soul.

*Song.*—MILTON (*harp obligato*).

Alas! our childhood's happy days
We never twice can know;
Because the stream of envious time
Will never backwards flow.

Then still let mem'ry build a dream
Of all that 's gone and past,
And hope contrive to shed a gleam,
To cheer our hearts at last.

*Cromw.* Ah! how does thy wild music accord with my own sentiments! (*Clock strikes.*) But 'tis the hour—*my* hour. [*Exit.*
*Milton.* And *mine* will soon approach. [*Exit mysteriously.*

SCENE II.—*The House of Commons, with the Long Parliament assembled. In the front various dancing-girls.*

*Chorus of Members.*

Thus with wine, and dance, and song,
Relieve the cares of state;
Let us, since life won't be long,
Taste joys allowed by fate.

*Enter* SIR HARRY VANE.

*Sir Harry.* Still at these idle revels? Recollect that though Harold is beheaded, his spirit still endures. And know ye not what Cromwell purposes to do?
1*st Member.* What?
*Sir Harry.* To dissolve you! (*All start with horror.*) And behold him here!

*Enter* CROMWELL, *with soldiers, who surround the stage.*

CROMWELL.

Begone, begone, Long Parliament—
I come to cut you short:
For Fate perceives you have not done
Your duty, as you ought.

(*Ensemble.*)

Take up that bauble, (*pointing to mace.*)
My meaning is quite plain—
And Oh! may Heaven preserve me
From base Sir Harry Vane

*Chorus of Members* (*joining with last verse*)
We 'll take the bauble—
Your meaning is quite plain;
We all feel that resistance
Is utterly in vain.

*Cromw.* Then my cause triumphs—

*Enter* BAREBONES, *pale.*

*Bare.* No, most noble Cromwell—not yet. The daughter of Harold has raised the standard against you, and the valiant Iceni proclaim Boadicea for their queen.

*Grand Chorus.*

All is confusion,
We are perplex'd—
Is this delusion?
What will come next?

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Country of the Iceni, with the Camp of* BOADICEA. *Female Soldiers arranged about the mountains. Male Soldiers warming themselves at a large fire.*

*Chorus.*

Thus we attend
By the watch fires' light,
Sworn to defend
Our ancient right.

1*st Sold.* Aye!—My lad, what is a soldier's right?
2*nd Sold.* Why, right-about-face, to be sure.
1*st Sold.* Ha! ha! ha! the same mad wag as ever.

*Enter* BOADICEA.

*Boadicea.* Soldiers! you all know that my noble father Harold was beheaded and dethroned by the tyrant Cromwell.
2*nd Sold.* Dethroned and beheaded, I should have said, your Majesty.
*Boadicea.* Peace, ribald. You will all avenge his death?
*All.* We will.
*Boadicea.* And you swear to place me on the throne of white-cliffed Albion?
*All.* We do.
*Boadicea.* Then raise the song of battle.

*Chorus.—Soldiers.*

Death unto the traitor slave
That doth not think as *we* do,
For the craven, treach'rous knave—
What on earth should *he* do?

*Boadicea.* Ah! I think more of the fair youth I saw five years ago in blissful Normandy, than of my father's death, or the throne either.

*Song.*—BOADICEA.

Bright Normandy, I think on thee
When the evening sun has set,
And all that round me I can see,
With the evening's dew is wet.

For, oh! there 's one that I must love,
Dwells on thy sunny plain,
And hearts which warm affections prove
Will surely meet again.

[*The Female soldiers come screaming down the hill.*

*Boadicea* (*scornfully.*) Do ye call that hardihood?
[*The heights are occupied by* CROMWELL'S *soldiers.* CROMWELL *comes forward.*
*Cromw.* Haughty beauty, you are in my power. Accept the hand of Cromwell or a dungeon.
*Boadicea.* Neither: this terminates the race of Harold and their sufferings. (*She is about to stab herself, when* JOHN MILTON *rushes forward, snatches the dagger from one hand, and slips a letter into the other*).
*Cromw.* How, minstrel! Why didst thou save the life of that audacious woman?
*Milton.* That she might grace thy triumph.
*Cromwell.* Craftily conceived.

FINALE.

*Boadicea* (*recitative.*) Where'er I turn, some curious thing I view,
Whom shall I trust? and oh! what shall I do?

(*Reads.*) "Fear nothing: William of Normandy is at hand to save you from all peril."

*Air.*—BOADICEA.

Oh joy beyond all language,
If this can be believed;
And yet, there 's something tells me
I cannot be deceived.

CROMWELL.

Quick, without fail,
Fetter that woman—
Feminine tears
Are not uncommon.

*Ensemble.*

SOLDIERS.

Yes, great master, we obey:
You shall surely have your way.

MILTON (*apart.*

Though at present they obey,
He won't always have his way.

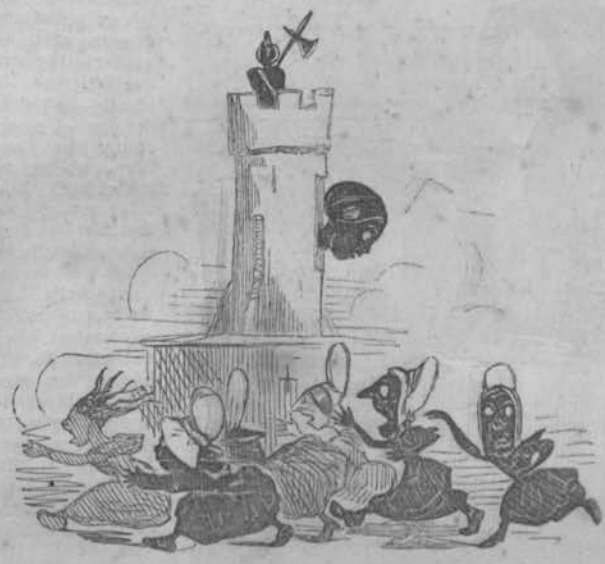
BOADICEA.

Oh, I pray, one moment stay;
Do not drag me thus away.

[*Soldiers chain* BOADICEA, *and are in the act of dragging her from the stage, when the Drop-scene falls.*

## ACT III.

SCENE—*The Market-Place at Hastings. In the centre a tower, through the grated window of which is seen* BOADICEA. *Women run screaming across the stage.*



*Enter* CROMWELL *and Soldiers.*

*Cromw.* Ha, ha, proud beauty! thou mayst look over the walls, and see the flight of our foes.

*Boadicea.* Never! Justice will ever be on the side of Right.

[*Two or three houses are knocked down, and make way for Norman soldiers, who soon overpower* CROMWELL'S *party. Then comes a long procession of drummers and trumpeters; and, finally,* WILLIAM DUKE OF NORMANDY, *with his vizor down.*

*Recitative.*—CROMWELL.

Thy vizor down! oh, prithee, let me see
Who is it could be conqueror of me.

*William.* Behold! (*lifts vizor.*)
*Cromw.* John Milton!
*William.* Yes, I am the same,
Now Duke of Normandy.
*Cromw.* Oh, burning shame!

AIR.

I thought you only wrote to tell
How Paradise was lost;
But now, alas, I see full well
You came to spy our coast.

*William.* I did indeed,—and now blending the happiness of future years with that of my fair bride (*presenting* BOADICEA, *who has been brought down from the tower*), I intend to occupy the sturdy throne of British valour.

*Cromw.* Do so—but first secure Britain's liberties, and you have Cromwell's consent. Sign this paper.

*William.* What is it?

*Cromw.* MAGNA CHARTA.

*William.* I will. (*Retires.*)

*Finale.*—BOADICEA.

Now grief no more can exercise
Its sway upon my heart,
And far away all sorrow flies,
Impatient to depart.

[*A large door flies open, and discovers* WILLIAM *in the act of signing Magna Charta, while* OLIVER *stands behind him smiling. The soldiers of both parties drop on their knees, and the curtain falls.*]

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

EXCISE DUTIES. The taxes levied on articles of consumption produced within the kingdom. The word is derived from *excido*, to cut out, and means that a good slice is taken out of everything affected by the Excise duties. They commenced in the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST by a tax on beer, and OLIVER CROMWELL being a brewer, was no doubt excited to rebellion by this attack on his double X. If he had been a milkman, and there had been a duty on chalk, he would probably have been equally refractory. Among exciseable articles we find soap, which was felt to be such a grievance, that "How are you off for soap" has become a common mode of salutation among the poorer classes of society. There is a heavy excise duty on hackney coaches, but the heaviest duty of all falls upon the horses employed in drawing the vehicles. In these cases, however, there is often a tremendous drawback, of which nobody gets the benefit.

EXILE. A state of exclusion from the isle, though there has been no regularly recognised exile since the celebrated "Exile of Erin," whose remarkable case will be found stated at length in one of MISTER CAMPBELL'S charming songs. The form of dooming a person to exile is still occasionally gone through on the British stage, when a prince at a pound a-week dooms a traitor at five-and-twenty shillings to perpetual banishment. Practically speaking, however, this species of exile only consigns the object of it for a few minutes to the green-room.

EXPORTS. Things sent out of port. PUFFENDORF doubts whether a large lump of doubtful beeswing taken from a bottle of two-and-fourpenny port can properly be termed an export.

EXTRA-PAROCHIAL. That which is beyond the bounds of a parish. The unbounded quantity of gold lace on the coat of PUMMELL, the Kensington beadle, seems to be rather extra parochial. It is certain that, comparing it with the quiet and sober surtout of the peace-officer of the district, the parish, in the excessive finery of its beadle, may be said to have outrun the constable. Some of the inhabitants are of opinion, that—

"PUMMELL when unadorn'd 's adorn'd the most;"

but our own view of the question is, that there might be some reason in observing a medium.

FACTOR. A mercantile agent who buys and sells. Some derive the word factor from *facio* to do, because some factors are in the habit of doing their customers. The chief duty of a factor is to receive consignments and remit money or goods, but he occasionally performs only the first part of his duty, and wholly neglects the second.

## THE LUCKY RUSSIA COMPANY.

A DAY or two since, the Russia Company held its Anniversary Dinner, in commemoration of their connexion with the land, or rather the ice, of the Czar. It is a very old Company, having been the purveyors of bears' grease to QUEEN ELIZABETH and her maids of honour, for in those days ROWLAND was not. The Company meet every year, for the principal purpose of laying on—very thick—a lot of paint and gilding upon the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, just as the Saracen's Head is newly decorated every twelvemonth. The room was ornamented in the most complimentary way to the Emperor, being festooned with knouts. A picture, showing the wickedness of the Minsk nuns, was exhibited for the first time, and drew forth great commendations for the natural way in which some received stripes—in which others sank beneath their burthens. BARON BRUNNOW declared the work a *chef-d'œuvre*, from its fidelity to the real scene.

Many speeches were made. BARON BRUNNOW threw the company into delirious ecstasy by observing—

"You are now *the only commercial corporation* enjoying THE HIGH DISTINCTION of having in your possession *the portrait of the Sovereign of Russia* and of the Hereditary Grand Duke. (Cheers.)"

Yes: the ledger-loving, slaves "cheered." The portrait of NICHOLAS! Well, heaven knows it is bad enough to know that the portrait of the Royal child-stealer, the woman-torturer, is among us: it is certainly bad enough to have his portrait; but oh, Englishmen! how grateful ought we to be that we are spared the original!

ON THE DULNESS OF THE DEBATE, AND THE LITTLE INTEREST FELT IN IT.

No wonder the debate fell dead,
'Neath such a constant fire of lead.

# DON ROEBUCCO, THE SMALLEST MAN IN "THE HOUSE."

AMID the glut of dwarves that have lately been thrown upon the English market, we must not forget the genuine smallest man in "the House," DON ARTURO ROEBUCCO, who beats TOM THUMB to the very smallest atoms, and snuffs out all the English and Spanish THUMBS that have been lately trying to make the *maximum* of profit out of the *minimum* of material. The great free-trade principle, of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest, is exemplified by the dwarfish practice of making the most money of the smallest parcel.

There is one great peculiarity in DON ARTURO ROEBUCCO, in which he is distinguished from all other dwarves that have preceded him. Every little lump of humanity, from the half-crown's worth at the Egyptian Hall, to the pennyworth in the caravan at Greenwich Fair, has been in the habit of making himself out exceedingly small, while DON ARTURO ROEBUCCO not only avoids this appellation, but really runs into the opposite extreme, of thinking himself the greatest, instead of the smallest man in England. He reminds us, in this respect, of the goose which, it is said, lowers his head when passing under a barn-door; and ROEBUCCO is continually lowering himself to all intents and purposes. In his own estimation he is a giant, and bangs about his great noisy gong to call attention to his wondrous altitude; but when he begins to make an exhibition of himself, it is evident that he is only remarkable for his excessive and supernatural, or rather infra-natural, littleness. He stands—in public opinion — something less than four-and-twenty inches high; and it is a remarkable fact that he seems to be executing a *diminuendo* movement every day, for he gets gradually less and less; so that we should hardly be surprised at his eventually going out of sight altogether. Like his rivals in the dwarfish profession, he undertakes various characters for the amusement of lookers-on, and he succeeds in producing ludicrous effects by contrasts like that between General TOM THUMB and NAPOLEON. DON ARTURO's favourite impersonations are those of a politician and a Queen's counsel. The latter is one of the richest pieces of burlesque that has been seen for a very long period. He seems as absurd in his silk gown, as General TOM THUMB does in the uniform of BUONAPARTE.

## THE MARLBOROUGH PIECE OF PLATE.

THE newspapers have published an account of a centre-piece just manufactured by the MESSRS. GERRARD, for the illustrious DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. The account forwarded to us does certainly differ from that given by our respected contemporaries; nevertheless, as it is supplied by a valued and trustworthy correspondent, we are prone to believe that our version is the genuine one, and therefore give it. The group is intended to illustrate the independence of the Electors of Woodstock; they are therefore bound hand and foot, with ropes round their necks. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH himself is represented as a money-taker, looking from his box at the entrance of Blenheim Gardens, with a notice above him, in frosted silver, running "Pay here."

"WHAT? YOU YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE, STRIKE YOUR OWN FATHER!"

## THE SHREWSBURY PET.

I saw a week or two ago an anecdote which went the round of the papers — in which we were told that the Duke of Nassau, his dignity unknown, asked of a peasant, if the Rhine rose or fell. The peasant replied, "What an ass you must be not to see that it rises." Immediately after this, the peasant learns the rank of his querist; whereupon he thus congratulates himself:—"Well, I'm glad *I wasn't rude!*" It was plain that the peasant was never rude—never "abused" anybody; he was, in fact, an inglorious Disraeli.

The Irish pilot only knew every rock by continually making his ship bump upon it; now, on the contrary, it is wonderful how very closely the Member for Shrewsbury can steer to Billingsgate, without touching upon its mud.

Benjamin, it has been thought, has flung the bad eggs of rhetoric right and left. Quite a mistake, says the urbane Ben. Examine the missiles—smell them. They are nothing but carnival eggs; mere shells, filled with rose-water. What they break against, they inevitably perfume.

At a grand meeting of the beasts—unnoticed by Æsop—the fox was twitted by the ermine with his disagreeable odour. The circumstance reached the ears of the pole-cat; who, lamenting the fetor of the fox, said very meekly of himself, "I thank my stars, whatever may be my faults, my scent 'abuses' the nose of no one. Nobody can say the polecat smells!"

## A JUDICIAL DILEMMA.

We really believe there is not a more amiable man on the bench or at the bar than Mr. Serjeant Adams. He is, like a summer cabbage, all heart, and we regret to see him puzzled what to do with the juvenile criminals upon whom, in his capacity of Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, he is compelled to pass sentence. He usually appeals pathetically to the jury, as if they could get him out of his dilemma. "Here," says he, "is a boy of tender years, and what am I to do with him? If I send him to prison, I send him to ruin. They won't let me send him to Parkhurst: I can't discharge him. If I were to flog him, it would do him no good. His mother is always drunk, and his father has been transported." It is with no desire to ridicule Mr. Serjeant Adams's amiable anxiety on the subject of juvenile offenders that we notice the predicament he is continually being placed in for want of reformatories instead of prisons, for the reception of young delinquents. The worthy Serjeant keeps up the agitation of the subject with most praiseworthy pertinacity, and never lets an opportunity pass for showing the perplexity in which he is placed by the supineness of the legislature. "Here I am again, gentlemen," he cries, "with another little pickpocket of tender years, that I have no means of disposing of in a satisfactory manner."

The jury can only look stupid when the worthy Serjeant adroitly takes advantage of that fact to exclaim, "I see by your faces, gentlemen, that you quite agree with me in my view of the case:" and a report, of course, goes forth, that the jury perfectly coincided in every word that fell from the lips of the Chairman. Formerly he could enlighten the little boys about Parkhurst, telling them he was going to send them where they would have an opportunity of becoming decent members of Colonial society at a future period. Parkhurst being now closed against all but mature criminals, Serjeant Adams has nothing to say to his little thieves, but to sentence them, and lament over their probable corruption in prison. It is, however, seriously speaking, "too bad," and we have no doubt the worthy Serjeant will, by constantly keeping it up, ultimately compel attention to the complaints he is always making. Already there have been one or two meetings in the City, and if Adams only goes on asking the jury what he is to do with little pickpockets, and the juries go on looking stupid at the question, the legislature will at last be compelled to stir itself.

## Punch's Testimonials.

Beleiving that one of the most profitable branches of literature in the present day is that of supplying Testimonials to the qualities of sundry specifics that are being continually advertised, we have some idea of "doing a little in that line," and we beg leave to offer the following specimens of our qualifications for this very lucrative department of an author's profession. It is true that we have not a title, like the Earl of Aldborough, who is continually being cured of every malady under the sun, by Holloway's pills; but we may at all events claim to be among that class of aristocracy familiarly known as "nature's noblemen," and usually occupying the sixpenny gallery at the minor theatres. As a portion of the peerage of the people, we consider that our Testimonials will be almost if not quite as respectable as the Earl of Aldborough's. Our terms for a recommendation in the following strain will be found very moderate, and we have no objection to have our portrait prefixed to the advertisement, showing us as we were before the specific (in a state of perfect prostration of course), and as we were after one bottle of the mixture (that is to say, dancing about our apartment, hopping, skipping, and jumping over the chairs and tables, in the usual style of people just recovering from a recent illness). The following is a specimen of a Testimonial in favour of

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

"Sir—I was overrun with black beetles. I had tried hedgehogs out of number, without effect, and had spent a little fortune in those absurd machines called black beetle traps, when I was persuaded to try your pulmonic wafers. Such was their wonderful effect that in a few days there was not a cockroach to be met with in the whole of the premises."

TESTIMONIAL IN FAVOUR OF MACASSAR OIL.

"I had for some years been afflicted with a most obstinate lamp, which would not burn either Solar Oil, Sperm, or Camphine. At length I tried a bottle of your Macassar, which answered every purpose, and, indeed, the luminous effect was so decided, that I have been light-headed ever since I had recourse to it."

TESTIMONIAL IN FAVOUR OF HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

"Sir,—I beg leave to state that the creaking of the wheels of my dust-cart had become so severe, that my nerves were fearfully affected by the harsh discord. I had used the common cart-grease very copiously without effect, when I, in a fit of desperation, bought a box of your invaluable ointment. By continually applying it to the wheels, all unpleasant noise has been stopped, and my cart is now the admiration of every one who formerly used to be shocked by its dissonance. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter.

"J. Bugden."

"Please to send me eighteen more boxes. The man will pay for them when he comes round to empty the dust-hole."

TESTIMONIAL IN FAVOUR OF MORRISON'S PILLS.

"Gentlemen,—My garden had been for several years infested with grubs, wire-worms, snails, and slugs, so that nothing would grow in it. Having seen the advertisement of your pills, I was induced to purchase a box, and I sowed a few of the pills among a quantity of onion-seed. I am happy to say that your pills killed everything that came near them, and I do not think a single grub 'survives to tell the tale.'

"I am, sir,

"Your grateful and obedient servant,

"John Sharpshoes."

The above are a few specimens of what we are able to do in this style. The proprietors of any specific or medicine for curing every disease, may be treated with, on liberal terms, by applying at the *Punch* Office.

### The Pot and the Kettle.

Mr. Roebuck, during the recent debate, took occasion to repudiate the practice of using coarse language, descending to vulgar menace, and being guilty of violent personalities in the House of Commons. This reminds us of the Regular Dustman who, in his Christmas circulars, never fails to let the public know, through the medium of a haughty N.B., "that he has no connection with the scavengers."

*Eton Boy, (loq.)*—"COME, GOVERNOR! JUST ONE TOAST. THE LADIES!"

## MRS. BIB'S BABY.

### CHAPTER VI.

BABY BIB is a doomed infant—a ruined child—a tippler in long clothes; the seductive aniseed curdling "the innocent milk in its most innocent mouth." Only a few weeks old, it is given to drinking, and the sweet vice growing with it, makes it in a very few days a roaring, screaming, fighting, bullying, most disreputable Baby. Its character as the best of infants, was gone for ever. There it would lie upon the threshold of the world—like a sot upon a door-step—very drunk indeed. And the callous, destructive grandmother would smile upon her victim, as though particularly proud of the ruin accomplished. The one spoonful of aniseed soon became one and a half; then two; then three; —and when at length Baby BIB was in the depths of sleep and liquor, MRS. DAFFY would cackle a laugh, and cry she "knew what the blessed darling wanted; just a drop—only a drop,—to comfort it."

Search every nursery throughout the kingdom—canvas the merits of every Baby, from the very best porcelain babies of the best houses, to the common red clay babies of Indian wigwams, and it would be impossible to find any individual in long clothes, born with sweeter disposition—with more temperate habits—than Baby BIB. With what an earnest, business-like faculty it would imbibe the blessed fluid—heaven-distilled—to nourish it. Every atom of it would seem engaged in that most comfortable employment: every pore of it seemed to drink, drink, drink.* It looked neither to the right nor the left, but, with the vigour of new life, did nothing but drink. And then would an angel of Peace—one of the host appointed, whose duty it is to linger at mothers' laps—at cradles and cots, and wheresoever the human nestling rests—its soul scarce breaking through its baby eyes —then would an angel, with its harmonious wings, fan Baby to sleep, and its little upturned bud of a face would look beautiful with the spirit of quiet that had entered it, and at its little half-closed mouth would seem some half-uttered sound! But this was in the days of Baby's innocence and unmixed milk.

Thus was Baby BIB taken from the pure path—from its true *via lactea*—by its dissipated old grandmother, and the change in its peaceful, sober habits was shocking for even the most stolid nursery-maid—albeit used, indeed hardened to children—to look upon. That which before was Baby BIB's great solace and delight—the blest and blessing point of its existence, whence it drew forth life, and happiness, and marble-looking sleep—became a thing of second thoughts: Nay, at times Baby BIB would scream at it, and grow red in the face at it, and by no manner of coaxing be made for a moment to endure it, but with both fists fight wildly about it. And, in a word, from the very best and most mother-loving of babes, it became little better than a mad little NERO in long clothes.

It is an astounding truth—a truth little considered by man, when, in his bridegroom best, he stands before the altar, for the moment manipulating the ring end of the chain ere he fixes it—it is an astounding truth that there is no household noise like the noise of a baby, when determined to make a ruffian of itself. There was not a macaw in the Ark that would not have been silenced by SHEM's Baby, had the little one resolved to test its screams. Now Baby BIB could get anything by crying for it. At a remarkably early time of life Baby became acquainted with the value of this truth, and therefore shrieked and cried with amazing sagacity. And so, with a growing love for aniseed, with a determination not to go to bed without it, passing to sleep upon the mere insipidity of milk, Baby BIB never saw its night-gown unfolded—never felt itself turned upon its stomach to be undone at the back—that Baby did not begin to shout, and roar, and scream, and threaten to stop its breath, and go out of the world at once in a spasm.

"What would it have, then? Would it have its comfort, and be good?" Comfort! At the word the red and purple-faced little rebel would kick, and turn up its nose, and halloo, as though the proffered comfort was a vinegar-cruet. No: it had been used to aniseed; and it would no more go to bed and be quiet, and let its father rest without it, than would any sea-captain pass into the sheets without his stiff nightcap of stiff grog. No. Baby BIB would have its tipple; it looked and roared determination upon that point. And if it did not have it, why it would make such a noise about midnight, that Father BIB, roused in his first sleep, would say something impatient, something disrespectful of babies in general; whereupon Mamma BIB would meekly remonstrate, and then meekly weep,—and then get out of bed, and walk the room with the sweetest, dearest, noisiest, little precious that was ever made,—the father of the blessing rolling his head in the bed-clothes, and muttering deep bass in the sheets.

"SARAH, my dear," said MRS. DAFFY, as Baby BIB lay upon her lap helpless in all but shrieking—"SARAH, this dear infant must have something. It's plain aniseed 's no good now—not powerful enough. For the child is wonderful strong; wonderful indeed; quite gets up in my lap. SARAH, you must try some GODFREY'S."

"Not a drop; no, that I'm determined upon, mother. I'm only sorry that the dear love has had anything but its natural food, as BIB says. Very sorry, indeed," said MRS. BIB.

"SARAH," observed MRS. DAFFY, considerably hurt, but kindly endeavouring to control her feelings, "SARAH, you don't think *I'd* injure your blessed child, do you? Natural food, indeed! Well, it isn't for me to interfere, of course, with other people's children; but I've had nine—only nine babies." (MRS. DAFFY always invoked her tuneful nine.) "BIB will have no rest again to-night, and of course come down like a fury to breakfast. And then the names he sometimes calls the blessed infant, when he 's only been kept awake, is dreadful to think of. He doesn't deserve such a child, and I only hope he won't lose it, —that 's all. All I know is, SARAH, if your father—ha! the nights he used to walk the room with my first three!—if your father, SARAH, had said a twentieth as much against any of you, I'd have—but, of course, BIB 's your husband, and I've no business to say a word. I should never forgive myself if I did. Never, SARAH. Still, I can't see this blessed creature suffer as it does, when I know that a few drops—just a few—drops of GODFREY'S, as innocent as mother's milk, would comfort its little inside, and make it as good as any angel. And I'm sure, SARAH, you look quite worn-out; and I know you 've been crying because of BIB's ill-temper. Now, don't let him know it, SARAH; don't—if you wouldn't be an unhappy woman. If I'd have given in to crying with your father—and I was very near it—a pretty time I should have had of it. Now, you must send for the GODFREY'S." —The bell was rung.

"If BIB should know it!" cried the weak MRS. BIB, the weaker that she had given in to aniseed—"if he should know it!"—

"How should he know it? He 'll know that he 'll get a good sleep to-night; and that 's all men—if they spoke in their hearts—care about. He 'll sleep, and this dear creature will be pacified. BECKY, run for some GODFREY'S."

Cherub Drops—Eden Balm—Paradise Elixir—Nectar of Poppies—the Cream of Peace—the Mother's Blessing—all these anodynes discovered by inquiring wisdom, and further legalised by the solemnity of a stamp, were one after one swallowed by Baby BIB ere he counted twelve months old.

Before Baby BIB was short-coated, Baby was a confirmed drunkard.

* ST. AUGUSTINE—we fear no such remorse ever smote Baby BIB in after-life—vehemently accuses his babihood of gluttony "at the breast." See his *Confessions* for both the melancholy fact and the after penitence.

## PUNCH'S TOUR IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

*Punch* is suddenly smitten with the spirit of utility; he therefore purposes to throw open his pages—wide as his heart—to *fac-simile* engravings of all that is new and beautiful in household decoration; and requests that pembroke-tables—scroll fenders—ottomans—lounging-chairs—reading-desks—with every description of new crockery and pottery, may be immediately forwarded to him. He promises to review them; and he also promises to keep them. For, shall not the reviewer be paid for his ink?

In this brief preface, however, *Punch* can only hint his intentions. It is his purpose to make a tour in the manufacturing districts, that he may, in his pages, display to astonished Englishmen the wealth and ingenuity of England. *Punch* purposes to begin with the eatables. Hence he will make a pilgrimage to Richmond, to report upon and give cuts of the melting maids-of-honour. He will next visit Chelsea, for the purpose of making known the virtues of the humble bun. He will then proceed to Epping, to inspect the large sausage manufactory, taking with him his artist to faithfully represent the scene. He will next make a descent upon the town of Banbury, distinguished for its cakes; and, heedless of time, labour, and expense, will go through the whole of Hampshire, giving splendid cuts of its bacon. Cambridge butter will find a place in his pages, which will also be open to Canterbury brawn.

It being the wish of *Punch* to furnish his larder with the greatest possible despatch, and the least possible expense, dealers in the above commodities are requested to furnish early copies for *Punch's* artist.

Further particulars in *Punch's* next.

## EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

"Mr. Punch,—I possess a most sagacious dog. I am no stranger to the exploits of the Great St. Bernard dogs who carry the bells; I admit the shining qualities of the dog Emile. But, sir, I consider that my dog bears the bell from the dogs of St. Bernard, and takes the shine out of the Canis Major of Astley's. You shall judge.

"When I show him one of your engravings of Sir Robert Peel, he shuts his left eye, at the same time wagging his tail respectfully; this, sir, I interpret as a recognition of superior sagacity, truly worthy of a sagacious animal.

"When shown a head of Lord John Russell, on the other hand, he immediately elevates his off fore-paw to a level with his snout in a significant manner. Am I, can I be wrong in supposing this to be his imperfect method of inquiring whether the fact of his Lordship's absence from Downing Street is, in the maternal department, as yet a secret?

"Lord Brougham and Vaux being brought under his notice, the animal gave vent to several short, dry barks; this, sir, was canine laughter, not unmixed with sarcasm.

"The sight of the Poet Bunn produced a long and melancholy howl.

"When, however, I spread your pages before him, and direct his attention to the letter-press, he immediately falls over on his back and rolls about in convulsions, barking spasmodically, the tail in perpetual motion, the eyes filled with tears of laughter, and the *tout ensemble* (I quote the *Morning Post*) bearing witness to an intensity of enjoyment almost painful to behold.

"The result of showing him the celebrated speech of Mr. D'Israeli, on the virtue of consistency, was precisely the same as that brought about on another occasion by the picture of 'Richard III. at his Prayers;' viz., a long low growl of true cynical disgust.

"I tried another experiment, which had such sad effects, that I much repented it; I offered the poor animal a speech of the Member for Knaresborough; the result was vomiting, followed by indigestion, loss of appetite, bile, fever, distemper, and all the maladies to which his too delicate nervous organization rendered him liable.

"On seeing Lord Palmerston, he significantly turned himself six times completely round.

"On being shown two speeches of Sir James Graham's, one delivered in 1841, and the other in 1846, his gestures were exceedingly curious; he looked first at one, then incredulously at the other, then up to me, as if for an explanation; but receiving none of a nature to satisfy him, he shook his head, and (looking me in the face) pointed with his fore paw first to the North, then to the South; which I took to mean, that the two were as far as the poles asunder.

"Seeing an engraving of the Liberator of Ireland, he immediately begged.

"The speeches of Mr. Miles and Sir John Tyrrel and others, in the late debate, had also a curious effect upon him. Taking between his teeth my pocket-handkerchief, (a large and magnificent bandana,) which happened to be within his reach, he made as if he would nail it to the leg of the table; at the same time endeavouring (and really not without success) to imitate the roar of the British lion.

"When I wish to signify that it is bed-time, I show him the *Morning Herald*, and he instantly retires to his kennel.

"Once I tried the *Standard* for the same purpose; but on that occasion he slept heavily, and seemed oppressed with nightmare. I have, therefore, since preferred the milder narcotic.

"I cannot but think, sir, that the society of my dog may prove both interesting and improving to Toby; to whom I shall be happy to introduce him, if you will do me the honour of calling to witness his sagacity.

"I am, Mr. Punch, your admirer,

"A Natural Historian."

## PROGRESS OF HORTICULTURE.

Having lately visited Golden Square, we are desirous of calling the attention of the Horticultural Society to the remarkable series of experiments annually performed by the square-keeper in endeavouring to promote vegetation in that arid district. His last achievement has been to throw a quantity of sawdust over the grass, in order to bring out by contrast the rich green of the lawn, which otherwise appeared remarkably brown and mangy. His efforts to get up a plantation are of the most vigorous kind, but we regret to say success has not hitherto attended them. He has tried old trees, young trees, and middle-aged trees, without any satisfactory result; and we understand that he has now given orders to a carpenter to make six trunks of substantial-looking monarchs of the forest, which he intends supplying with branches, by pots of evergreen ingeniously introduced into the artificial stem, giving an air of leafy luxuriance. This is the boldest application of the principle of grafting that we ever remember to have heard of. The ingenious fellow has been trying to accomplish an imitation of a rich loamy soil, by digging in some lamp-black among the [illegible] of the centre border.

We regret, however, to say that there is a most obstinate insubordination in the kingdom of Flora as far as Golden Square is concerned, for every flower refuses to flourish in that locality. The square-keeper has been engaged day after day in coaxing a daisy to put forth its charms, but the rebellious root seems to say it will see the square-keeper blowed, before it will itself perform that operation.

## TITMARSH *v.* TAIT.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*,

"You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*. What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own; and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

"But there is a passage in the Tait criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

"'In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of Forth, or Clyde (this 'even' is very *naïf* and fine), or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces.'"

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

"It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who '*sends round his hat*,' that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

"He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not 'crimped' by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons, by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, &c.; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists; but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

"If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur;—I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men, now-a-days, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

"That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear *Mr. Punch*, the humble prayer of

"Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,
"Michael-Angelo Titmarsh."

"*Blue Posts, March* 10, 1846."

## MRS. HARRIS HOAXED.

It seems after all that poor *Mrs. Harris*, when she was "authorized" to give a flat contradiction to the announcement in the *Times* of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, was cruelly deceived by some unprincipled person, who took a fiendish delight in playing upon the poor old creature's credulity. As she has confessed having been made to "tell a lie in the words of truth," we are not disposed to be very severe in our condemnation. We can only attribute to the proverbial weakness of her sex her having placed confidence in her heartless betrayer. Henceforth, it is to be hoped that she will not lend so willing an ear to the wily words of the flatterer, which in her extreme softness of disposition have led her from the paths of rectitude. The question now is, who has been the betrayer of so much innocence? We ask, in the emphatic words of the poet:—

Who hoaxed poor *Harris*?
"I," said Lord S———y,
"I own it wasn't manly,
But I hoaxed poor *Harris*."

Who told a fib?
Said *Mistress H.*, "Don't scold me,
They regularly sold me,
So I told a fib."

Who came and clenched it?
"I," said *Mrs. Gamp*,
"I gave the fib the stamp;
I came and clench'd it."

## THE HEAVY MAN OF PARLIAMENT.

Mr. D'Israeli compared the member for Bath to the heavy man in a melodrama "bating his breath," "wagging his finger," and indulging in "Sadler's Wells' sarcasms" in the House of Commons. Roebuck's ironical speeches certainly amount to little more than the celebrated and sardonic "Ha! say'st thou," of the minor drama. There was something touching in his acknowledging professional failure to be the cause of his soreness, for we sympathise even with the "heavy man" at the Surrey, when he stalks about with a bosom full of crushed hopes, as the alleged cause of all his bitterness. If Roebuck had not been himself, he might have been the "recognised tragedian" of the New Cut, and have shared with Mr. N. T. Hicks the laurels of Lambeth.

Now that the latter gentleman is, according to the bills of a suburban tea-garden, creating a "tremendous excitement" at Hoxton, Mr. Roebuck would have had the whole of St. George's Fields to himself, without any formidable competitor.

There has been nothing since the days of Blanchard and Bradley to compare with the recent terrific combats between Messrs. Ferrand and Roebuck. We are convinced that the latter gentleman has all the qualities necessary to make him a favourite with a Victoria gallery.

### The Late Debate.

Every one was astonished at the durability of the late debate, in which—when there was confessedly nothing to say on either side—people went talking on for twelve nights together. The effect, at the close, was something like that produced by having the paper handed over to us by one who, after poring over it for an hour or so, resigns it to the person who has been waiting for it, with the encouraging assurance that "there is nothing in it." This, however, might literally have been said of the debate; and we can only account for the perseverance of the Protectionists in keeping it up, by the following

EPIGRAM.

In lengthening by dull speeches the debate,
They hop'd the final blow awhile to parry;
They thought a question so oppress'd by weight
Would prove, perchance, more difficult to carry.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 14, 1846.

## AN ASTRONOMER IN A FIX.

We find from a statement in the *Glasgow Argus* that Professor Nichol, who is a sort of local Herschel for Scotland—a kind of Glasgow Galileo, has been in a fearful fix during some sagacious observations on a supposed hurricane. What chiefly puzzled the professor was, that there seemed to be "no commotion whatever in the atmosphere," though everything was being carried away on all sides of him. The anemometer with which he had been measuring the force of the wind got smashed very speedily, and the astronomer was compelled to calculate the strength of the gale by the energy with which it "dashed in the front window of the observatory," and "blew down, under peculiar circumstances, the stand of the Herschelian telescope." It seems that though attached to a block of about a foot in thickness, it was tossed ten yards from its place, while the magnetic house—an attractive little building, no doubt, in its way—was levelled to the earth, and the floor of it carried to six yards distance. The professor must have fancied he had found his way into Aladdin's flying palace. He adds with much simplicity, "I am quite at a loss to account for this storm." The rudeness of some people is really quite unaccountable, and under this class comes the brutal *brusquerie* of that blusterer, Boreas. The Scotch astronomer, however, philosophises very quietly on the subject, and says he thinks "it must have been a storm of translation, or a mobing whirlwind of large radius but immense power." This is a comfortable way of consoling one's self for having one's house blown about one's ears, at all events. A "storm of translation" we do not precisely understand the meaning of. We know that translations shower pretty copiously upon the theatres now and then, and occasionally bring down houses with thunders of applause, but otherwise we cannot account for Professor Nichol's theory.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. III.—THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS.

Last Sunday week, being at church in this city, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the Parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? "He is Mr. So-and-so," the second Snob answered, "domestic chaplain to the Earl of What-d'ye-call'um." "Oh, is he?" said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction.—The parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former; and went home quite contented with his reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon; and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lord-olatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What Peerage-worship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees.—And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of Snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in the aid of a minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer, who makes a multitude of fees and ascends the bench; and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title, and a rank as legislator. "Your merits are so great," says the nation, "that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool, we think your services so remarkable, that he shall have the reversion of your honours when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest-born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make Peerage common and crowd the house of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give. they shall get the pick of all the places: they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill: they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours."

How can we help Snobbishness, with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand this prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least-conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz., Toadyism, organised:—base Man-and-Mammon worship, instituted by command of law:—Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated, and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one I wonder whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of Dukes down Pall Mall? No: it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a Snob.

On one side it encourages the Commoner to be snobbishly mean: and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble Marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steam-boat travellers labour of being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people." implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior:—when, I say, the Marchioness of Londonderry writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing, which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady,—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds, has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general; and that people are not to associate with her except awfully at a distance. I recollect being once at the City of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the Court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent. was a Prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on; he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his Aide-de-Camp to come and speak to me.* It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it; and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotoo performed before us every day,—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration, we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance out of Lord Londonderry's travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussels, his Lordship says:—"Staying some days at the Hotel de Belle Vue—a greatly overrated establishment, and not nearly so comfortable as the Hotel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L——, the physician of the mission. He was desirous of doing the honour of the place to me, and he ordered for us a *diner en gourmand* at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy."

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L——, desirous to do his Lordship "the honour of the place," feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant! it was not extra-

vagant to *him*;—Inferior! MR. L—— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my lord receives the entertainment, and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three-tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory bucksheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lord-olatry is part of our creed, and our children are brought up to respect the Peerage as the Englishman's second Bible?

## BURGLARY AT HERNE BAY.

OUR readers have doubtless heard of a church mouse, and are acquainted with the proverbial starvation which is the general fate of an animal that is rash enough to look for food in an uninhabited edifice. We should imagine there must be a very considerable analogy between a church mouse and a Herne Bay burglar. Such a miserable creature as the latter was, however, found a few days ago, in the act of practising the trade of a burglar in that desolate settlement. If he had been given into custody he might well have set up a plea of insanity on his trial, for who would have disputed the madness of a man attempting to get a living as a Herne Bay burglar? The effort to extract blood from a stone is not more insanely desperate than the endeavour to squeeze an income even as a robber from this impoverished district. People go to Herne Bay to spend money, it is true, but who ever heard of any one visiting the spot in the hope of profit?

It seems, however, that one unhappy man has made the experiment, and started in a small way of business as a housebreaker. For a young beginner in the burglary line, it was not perhaps a bad idea to set up at Herne Bay, where the housebreaker finds nearly every house already broken to his hand; for most of the premises are in an unfinished, and consequently a broken condition. The Herne Bay burglar proved to be exceedingly young in his profession, as might have been expected from the choice he made of his field of enterprise. He had packed up all the plate, when he was overheard by a female in the house, who confronted and completely cowed the unfortunate housebreaker. The poor wretch proved to be in such a weak and pitiable condition—such a church-mousian state of starvation, that instead of giving him into custody as a burglar, the woman relieved him with half-a-crown as an object of charity. He quietly relinquished the spoons, gave up the whole of his intended booty, and sneaked away with tears of blended terror and gratitude.

We are not surprised at the *dénouement;* but we confess we are astonished and indignant at the absence of the one policeman, who, it is evident, is quite sufficient, when he is in the way, to defend the Bay from the milk-sop marauders by whom it is threatened. The one policeman, had he been attending to his duty, would have warned off the one burglar, who, it is quite clear, was afraid to say "Bo to a goose," and would consequently have been dumbfounded at the sight of the local unit.

A SEVEN DAYS' WONDER.—A whole week has passed without a single new Comet being discovered.

## "BUTTERED THUNDER."

IN the noble poem of *Festus* it is alleged against an illustrious individual, that he looks as though he fed on "buttered thunder;" the meaning of which we take to be, that, though his meals are of thunderbolts, they are served up with a sweet sauce, that in a measure dulcifies the Vulcanic provender. ("Greased lightning" is a familiar, household phrase.) Now, MARSHAL BUGEAUD, in his late very soft address to the Kabyle tribes, does certainly talk as though filled with "buttered thunder." He says:—

"I wrote you some days ago, before entering your territory, that I was not coming to wage war upon you, *but merely to drive out of your country* EL-HADJ ABD-EL-KADER, and all the other emissaries who were labouring *to arm you against us.*"

Not a drop of blood was to be shed. No: ABD-EL-KADER was merely "to be driven out" with a hazel wand or some such hurtless instrument:—

"*It cannot be the will of the Almighty to plunge all Mussulmans in misery*, and suffer them to be partly exterminated, as was already the case in the central and western districts of your territory."

It is plain to the sense of MARSHAL TONNERRE BEURRÉE that it is not the will of Heaven that Mussulmans should be slain and roasted, and therefore no razzias are committed under his command—no Caves of Dahra made roaring furnaces to consume hundreds of the faithful. The Marshal, bowing to the "will of the Almighty," will not shed Mussulman blood. But he says—

"Reject from your country ABD-EL-KADER, BEN SALEM, BOU CHAREUB, and all the other *ambitious and intriguing men* who wish to entail upon you THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"I declare to you that I *will treat as enemies* all the tribes who shall have received and assisted *those dangerous men*, and that I will respect the territory of all those who shall not hearken to their fatal counsels."

How the good man—we are sure of it—must shudder when he talks of "the horrors of war!" And then how averse must his gentle spirit be from the ambition and intrigue of ordinary men,—he, the pilgrim Frenchman, the child of civilization, wandered from his *belle France* to teach wisdom and loving-kindness to the darkened Arab.

Certainly, pondering on the Marshal's address, it does, to our poetic sense, appear that genuine mixture is to be henceforth known to posterity as—"buttered thunder."

## NICHOLAS AND THE NUNS OF MINSK.

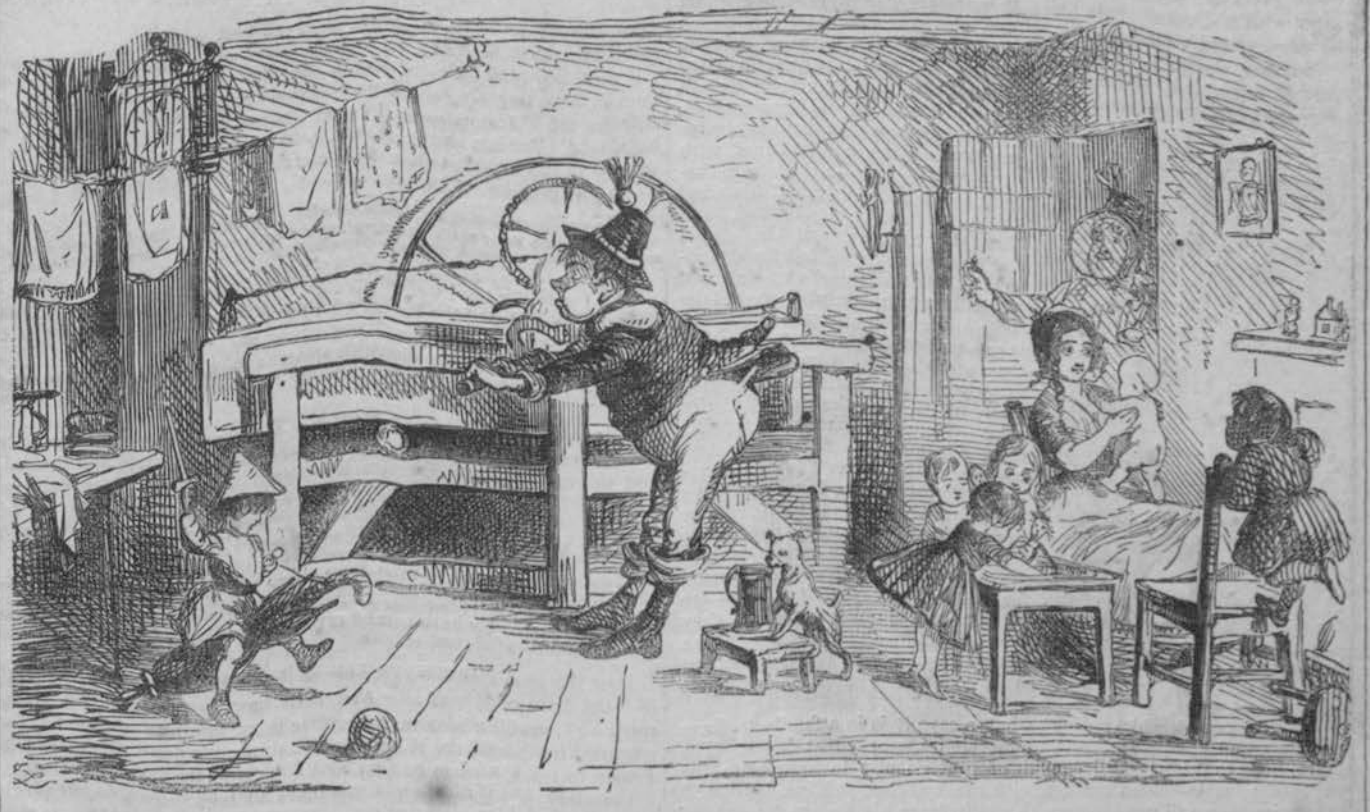
WE are very happy to apologise to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, having, as it appears, cast many drops of undeserving ink upon his Imperial reputation. It now appears, past doubt, that the nuns of Minsk and their suffering abbess have no more existence in reality than nine out of ten of the tragic accusations of MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND. They have been nuns got up for the occasion, like the ghostly nuns in theatrical white muslin in *Robert the Devil*. The cruelties of the Bishop have no more truth in them than the cruelties of MR. HICKS, in the last melodrama of *The Blood-stained Coal-Sack, or, Forty Murders in Five Minutes!* There has been no chaining—no whipping—no ill-usage by that much-scandalized and long-suffering race of men, the Cossacks—in fact, no nothing.

Now we are very much annoyed at this wilful casting away of wicked imputations. It was one of the golden maxims of that great man, JONATHAN WILD, that mischief was too precious a quality to be wasted. And when we consider the many atrocities that NICHOLAS has really to answer for, we do vehemently denounce this attempt to charge him with the outrage of the nuns, as a most needless and extravagant expenditure of evil. It is adding a useless stripe to the tiger, an unnecessary spot to the leopard.

### Preparations for War.

THE American Government must be in earnest about the Oregon question, for we have just heard that GENERAL TOM THUMB has received an order to return immediately to his country to take the command of the Yankee Army.

## THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.



**The Militia Man, having given himself Leave of Absence, enjoys a little Domestic Felicity.**

## DISRAELI, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"If my hon. friend (FERRAND) will only follow my advice—*never to abuse anybody* (immense laughter, and shouts of "Oh! oh!"), and will only give any opinion he has of public men in language which our English tongue and the forms of this house permit, he will never be in the position in which he has been unfortunately, and I believe unjustly, placed."—DISRAELI, *House of Commons, Feb.* 28.

MODEST merit will make its way. WE know that modesty will not push itself; but then the world is so in love with the quality, that sometimes it pushes modesty. MR. DISRAELI's late avowal of his own discreetness of speech—the Hon. Gentleman never talking anything but roses, the points of his eloquence being only the necessary thorns of the flower—has sunk into the hearts of many loose-tongued members. Like *Master Stephen*, they have resolved to be more gentlemanlike and melancholy, and have therefore prevailed upon the Member for Shrewsbury to give them the benefit of his teaching. With the philanthropy which—like a pulse—beats in every line of *Coningsby*, and consequently distinguishes the public life of its author, MR. DISRAELI has consented to give lessons in what he calls the "Abuse-made-Elegant School." In pursuit of this design, he has issued the subjoined prospectus:—

### BENJAMIN DISRAELI, M.P. FOR SHREWSBURY,

Benignly begs leave to call the attention of Members of Parliament to the advantages conferred at his new polite academy, AQUA-FORTIS HOUSE. He takes in any number of pupils.

MR. DISRAELI's system is calculated to take the dirt out of any mouth, however foul, and to fill it with a never-failing supply of sugar-plums. The DISRAELI lozenge, that sweetens any words, however offensive, is also administered with tremendous success.

MR. DISRAELI's new invention of a process by which abuse, vituperation, in all their degrees and phases—may be administered in moral capsules of honey and treacle, is patented; and any infringement of his right—unless duly paid for—will be visited by one of his very heaviest motions in Parliament.

An archery ground is attached to Aqua-Fortis House. A figure of SIR ROBERT PEEL is for the constant use of the pupils, who are instructed to shoot envenomed darts at the effigy of the Prime Minister; the darts being winged with peacock's feathers.

Pupils are also instructed in the use of the globes. MR. DISRAELI feeling—like a philanthropist and a philosopher—that the world ought to be newly made, has a terrestrial globe manufactured upon his own principle. This globe will show what MR. DISRAELI believes to be the true Oregon boundary; and pupils will be duly taught its limits for ensuing debates.

MR. DISRAELI, in evidence of the efficacy of his system, subjoins—though not without some violence to his modesty—the testimonials of MASTER BUSFIELD FERRAND.

"MY STYLE BEFORE I TOOK LESSONS OF MR. DISRAELI.

"Yes; talk of manufacturers! they are humbugs—infanticides—Sawney Beans—sacrilegious dealers in Devil's Dust! The League is a congregation of tyrants, who would coin the heart's-blood of innocent children. They are the HERODS of the breeches-pocket!"

"MY STYLE AFTER LESSONS FROM MR. DISRAELI."

"Speak of the manufacturers! There is a popular but a coarse word, that may be applied to them! They are that word. They would shorten the days of helpless childhood; they are like a criminal whose morbid taste once acquired for him an unenviable reputation in Scotland. They are merchants in the power of—I trust I am not transgressing the forms of the House in naming him—of the Evil One. The League is a body of harsh persons, who would be very glad to turn the sanguineous current of infancy into sovereigns. They are, in fact,—I do not wish to vituperate, I never do—they are the HERODS of the trowsers-pocket!"

"Witness my Hand,

"BUSFIELD FERRAND."

## A VOICE FROM THE *BOUDOIR*, ON BERLIN WOOL.

WE are sure the ladies of England are very glad to hear that SIR ROBERT PEEL, like a good creature, is going to take off the duty, or tariff, or whatever it is called, from foreign lace and Leghorns, and French shoes, and other things that they are always wanting. They are charmed with dear SIR ROBERT—a duck of a Premier!—for not having all his mind taken up with that Ireland, and those Corn Laws, and the stupid agricultural interest; but for attending a little to their own interest, which must be granted to be the most interesting of any. But there is one thing that he must do, or else they shall not like him half so well as they otherwise should. He positively must take the tax off Berlin wool. They regret to learn that he does not mean to repeal this tax, because he thinks it a tax on a luxury. Berlin wool a luxury! They never heard of such a thing. They grant that pine-apples and other foreign fruit—Champagne, Constantia, Noyeau, and wines and liqueurs of that kind—such a rarity, for instance, as *parfait amour*—are luxuries. They will admit that cigars are luxuries, though they cannot conceive how; but they never will allow that Berlin wool can be viewed in that light. They own that they make little elegances out of it, but if it is to be taxed on that account, they suppose curl-papers will be taxed next.

SIR ROBERT should consider what a save it is in a family to have cushions and stools, and netting for chairs, worked at home. The ladies hope that he is still enough of protectionist to appreciate the value of a kettle-holder, marked with the warning, "Mind, it boils!" otherwise they will not be sorry should he burn his fingers for want of one. Things of this kind, surely, they maintain, are not luxuries, for what could they do without them? So they hope SIR ROBERT PEEL will not be an obstinate and a stupid, but will give up the Berlin wool tax along with the other plaguy taxes, or else they shall be very cross with him, and will give him a good scolding.

## A TASTE FOR CAPTIVITY.

A DROLL letter was read at the Court of Aldermen, assembled to talk over the prison affairs of the metropolis. The missive had been sent to the clergyman of Preston Gaol, and passionately begged a twelvemonth's taste of the silent system for the writer. He had "got into a habit of drinking," and had not resolution enough to discontinue it, "so long as he was at liberty." He therefore supplicated that from a wild fowl, he might be changed into a gaol-bird. He was willing to pay 20*l.* for prison-board and lodging; and further, he proposed

"—to pursue the cold-bathing system with the water supplied to the cell, and the drinking of cold water also, as recommended by the hydropathic establishments now in use in England and on the continent."

And he further emphatically declared that "nothing should lure him from his purpose!" This letter was heard with much merriment by the jovial aldermen, especially the part applying to the cold water. For ourselves, we receive the missive with great respect for the writer, and can only wish that his example might be followed. For instance, suppose a FERRAND or a ROEBUCK should make like application to try, for only one session, the silent system—would such request be a matter for laughter? Certainly not. On the contrary, with a deep sense of the obligation to be owed to them, we should beg that the Gates of the House of Correction might "turn on their harmonious hinges," and take them in.

### Dulness of the Debates.

ASTRONOMERS have been busy in picking a hole in the sun, for they have discovered a tremendous cavity in the middle of his face. From the description of this cavity, we should say it must be the mouth. Very probably the "jolly old sun" has been looking at the twelve nights' Corn Law debate, and has been troubled with a fit of yawning ever since.

## Snatches of Melody from a Three Weeks' Debate.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

AIR—"*Cherry Ripe.*"

CHEAPER Corn, Cheaper Corn, Corn I cry,
Home or foreign come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
It doth grow, I answer there—
Here and there, and everywhere,
Where 'tis cheapest, come and buy.

MESSRS. COLQUHOUN, O'BRIEN, SCOTT, &C.

[The following Song (with slight variations) was sung every night with immense applause.]

AIR—"*Eveleen's Bower.*"

O weep for the hour, when PEEL to place and power,
As leader of the Party, with false vows came;
The farmers will be bit, the Tory party split,
And all behind a cloud, to their Leader's shame.

Their panic fairly over, the farmers may recover,
And agriculture flourish pretty much the same;
But none shall see the day, when the cloud shall pass away
From the Tories, and restore to us our party name.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

AIR—"*Cease, Rude Boreas.*"

Cease, rude Bore and blustering railer;
List, ye Tories, all to me;
Hear me own, a Free-Trade Tailor
He hath turned my coat for me.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SYDNEY HERBERT.

AIR—"*I've been roaming.*"

I'VE been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where Whig principles are sung:
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With their words upon my tongue.
I've been reading, I've been reading,
What the Corn-Law Leaguers write;
And I'm speaking, and I'm speaking
All their arguments to-night.

## TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

THE newspaper reports from the Western Circuit state that at Winchester, the week before last, three soldiers were indicted for assaulting a woman named LUCY EDMONDS, and robbing her of half-a-crown, her property. The first witness proved that the prosecutrix was a married woman. Whereupon MR. JUSTICE ERLE said, that—

"As the money in the indictment was stated to be the property of LUCY EDMONDS, and it turned out that she was a married woman, the prisoners must be acquitted, because a married woman could not have half-a-crown of her own."

Now this may seem a very hard case; and it may appear a very easy matter for the Legislature to pass an enactment rendering the specification of the person actually robbed sufficient, in a case of felony, for the validity of an indictment. But this change in the law is not called for; that is, there is no serious danger of an insurrection or a revolution from its not being adopted: why, therefore, should ministers take the trouble to effect it?

### A Fact worth Knowing.

IT is not generally known that the author of those very popular works entitled, "Etiquette for the Million," "Etiquette of the Ball Room, Dinner-Table, &c.," which have gone through thirteen or fourteen editions, is MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND, the member for Knaresborough. We believe he is at present engaged in a great work, to be called "Etiquette for the House of Commons."—He is assisted by MR. ROEBUCK, the celebrated corrector of the press.

### THE KING OF POTATOES.

IT is a well-known fact that quantities of fruit and the produce of the kitchen garden at Claremont are annually taken over to Brussels for LEOPOLD. In royal courts, whenever Belgium is alluded to, it is called "the Vegetable Kingdom."

A POLITICAL VERSION OF THE 'ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE TEACHING GRAND-MOTHER BRITANNIA TO SUCK EGGS.

## ROSHERVILLE IN CHANCERY.

We congratulate our readers on a glorious prospect of amusement. In a case before Vice-Chancellor Wigram last week, the learned judge informed the Court that, owing to a suit concerning shares in Rosherville Gardens, there was a prospect of the Court of Chancery "appointing a manager to conduct that popular place of amusement, and by that means taking the Rosherville Gardens into its own hands."

We congratulate the public: we repeat it. The rich mine of legal entertainment will now be broken up for the first time; and with Baron Cottenham presiding in the banquet-hall instead of Baron Nathan, and a Vice-Chancellor in the crow's-nest of the Maze instead of the gentleman in green who now does duty there, the whole place will present attractions hitherto unparalleled.

We recommend the Company to petition the Court to carry out their intention. It will increase the value of the Rosherville property tenfold. Only think of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce giving legal oracles from the Gypsy's Tent, and the Maze being transformed ingeniously into the model of a Chancery suit, in which helpless parties in the character of suitors might wander up and down without the least chance of ever finding the way out, even with the aid of one of the Masters on the pole at the entrance. These officials would occupy this place in rotation, and thus get a pleasant run once a week from chamber duties in London.

Thus, instead of Signor Jerome Gellini ascending the tight-rope from the lawn to the cliff, we might have an exhibition of suitors balanced on the fine-drawn subtleties of their Counsel; or by way of extraordinary attraction, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst might go through his celebrated feat of running over the longest case without his notes, as Signor Gellini makes his ascent without a balance-pole. Then, for the archery practice, we should have the Chancery practice of shooting cases at random at a stuffed figure of a judge, so constructed as to fall the moment he was hit in the head by a case in point.

In fact, the diversion we foresee if Rosherville does come under the management of the Court of Chancery, is endless. Conceive a concert of disappointed suitors in the music gallery, with a *pas frénétique* of agonised expectants in the ball-room below. Then what a sublime effect might be made of the celebrated "Prayer for relief!" And the Vice-Chancellor of England might even give his unequalled performance of issuing a hundred orders in four hours, with ease to himself if not with satisfaction to his employers. We hope the Court of Chancery will not hold out such a prospect only to dash it from our longing eyes.

## PUNCH'S FABLES.

### THE FARMER AND MANY FRIENDS.

What is Consistency, a name?
Or, rather, an uncertain flame,
North, South, East, West, it blows about,
Till comes a breeze, which blows it out.
Who on consistency depends,
In politics, will lose his friends.

A farmer, who said never nay
To what his landlord chose to say,
And who, as pliant as could be,
Voted for every nominee,
His care was never to offend;
Each county member call'd him friend.

One morning, as asleep he laid,
There came a shouting for Free Trade;
He hears the League's determin'd cries,
Rolling like thunder through the skies.
He starts, he kicks, he draws his breath,
He sees the Corn-Law doom'd to death.
He trembles at the fearful sound,
And to his friends he hurries round,
To hear what each has got to say,
Before he to despair gives way.

What transport in his bosom grew,
When first his landlord came to view;
"Let me," says he, "on you depend,
I know you are the farmer's friend;
Repeal will all our prospects blight,
On land the burden is not light."

The landlord said, "Poor honest clown,
It grieves my heart to see you down.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all our friends are in I hear."

He next Sir Robert Peel implor'd,

And thus replied the Cab'net's Lord:—
"Since any one alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
My Duty calls—the Queen, I vow,
Is a complete Free Trader now;
And when a lady 's in the case,
I think I ought to know my place.
To leave you thus may seem unkind,
But see, the Duke is just behind."

The Duke remark'd that, by the bye,
Opinion's tide ran rather high;

Though in Protection he 'd been school'd,
He thought the country must be rul'd.

The farmer Graham now address'd,
To save a friend so much distress'd.
"I 've reach'd," says he, "too wise an age,
In hopeless contest to engage.
Older and abler pass'd you by,
The Duke and Peel, and so must I;
By undertaking your defence,
To them I should but give offence.

Excuse me, then—you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see, the League is just in view."

The moral of this little tale
To recognise sure none can fail;
To find it any one is able,
At the beginning of the fable.
The bard pursues a novel course,
And puts the cart before the horse.

## OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

On the coast we regret to say that there is not that activity which should characterise our arrangements at the present very critical period. Brighton, which is remarkable for its one artillery man and its four guns, is at the present moment in a very perilous position. The gunner has given himself up to the arts of peace, and over the Artillery Lodge the words "Apartments Furnished" are written in conspicuous characters. Instead of sponging out his guns he is devoting himself to the enervating pursuit of sweeping out his first floor, and preparing it for the reception of the pleasure-seeking visitor. While he should be keeping his eye on the possible arrival of an enemy, he is on the look-out for the chance of a lodger. The fort itself can no longer be said to be manned, for a boy is the sole and occasional attendant on the battery. The guns, too, are in such a position, that were they to fire they would have a suicidal effect, two of them being positively pointed towards the promenade; and Brighton consequently appears as if, by the aid of its own artillery, it contemplated self-destruction.

By the bye, we must compliment the artilleryman on the general appearance of the ammunition. It is by no means rusty, but shows the advantage it derives from its being every morning black-leaded, at the same time as the stove in the Artillery Lodge, or Lodgings, is submitted to this refreshing process.

## PUTNEY BRIDGE.—SUNDAY PENNIES.

TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Doctor Blomfield,—Knowing as I do that you are a constant, indefatigable reader of *Punch*, I herewith beg a corner in his columns, in the hope of catching your episcopal eye.

"You, my Lord Bishop, dwell at Fulham, dispensing about you that peculiar odour of sanctity which, time out of mind, has been the emanation of bishops. Happy are the denizens of Fulham, refined and purified by your example! If any people on the face of this populous earth are better than another, it is the people of Fulham; so wondrously have they benefited by the residence of their bishop.

"Therefore is it a matter of much scandal and wonderment that the moral benefits of your presence should cease and determine, and come to a full stop at the toll-taker's box of Putney Bridge. Wherefore is it, gentle Doctor Blomfield, that the owners of that bridge double the working-day halfpenny on the Sabbath, making Sunday walkers pay one penny? Who receives the added halfpenny? Is it the Church? And if so, why so? Possibly the additional charge may be laid on that the poor man may feel how very precious is his Sunday walk. Perhaps, too, it may be thought that the holiness of the seventh day is more significantly respected by easing men on that day of additional coppers.

"And yet is it not so with the Bridge of Waterloo, of Southwark, of Vauxhall, of *Punch's* own Hungerford. Wherefore, then, should hypocritic Putney hold forth its pharisaical paw for a penny on Sundays, exacting double toll from Sabbath pilgrims? Why, of all the bridges with tolls, should Putney Bridge be made to any man 'The Bridge of *Sighs*!'

"Dear Doctor Blomfield, will you make inquiry about this matter—which from this moment must not be suffered to rest until duly remedied—and at the same time believe me, your Lordship's humble servant,

"*Halfpenny Hall, Fulham.*" "H. Walker."

### Ellenborough's Last.

A new nautical work, called "Improvements of the Quadrant," was lately sent to Lord Ellenborough. It was sent back to the author with a letter from his Lordship, saying that he had nothing to do with R gent Street, and that any improvements that might be necessary in the Quadrant concerned the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and not the First Lord of the Admiralty.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

There has been published a new periodical called *The Horary*, which is a kind of pocket-book, giving, for each day of the year, an entire page, subdivided into hours, and spaces for the insertion of the times for rising, dining, &c.; so that a person may tell, before going to bed, how profitably he has employed his time. A correspondent from the Temple writes to inform us he has tried the plan now for two months, with the greatest success, and sends the following page as a specimen of the advantages of keeping a homely record of the occurrences of each day.

| March 12. | THURSDAY. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|
| HOURS. | | |
| 8. | *Between the sheets.* | |
| 9. | *Ditto ditto.* | |
| 10. | *Ditto ditto.* | |
| 11. | *Reading the paper.* | |
| 12. | *Soda water and brandy.—Carrara.* | |
| 1. | *Devilled kidneys.* | |
| 2. | *Shaving.* | |
| 3. | *Billiards.* | |
| 4. | *Park.* | |
| 5. | *Tattersall's.* | |
| 6. | *Cigar Divan.* | |
| 7. | *Bedford.* | |
| 8. | *Poses Plastiques.* | |
| 9. | *Haymarket.* | |
| Rose at *Eleven* | Retired at —— *unknown.* | |
| Breakfast | *Went without.* | |
| Dinner | *Seven.* | |
| Tea | *No such meal.* | |
| Supper | *Can't tell.* | |
| Spent | *Don't choose to calculate.* | |

## RAILWAY SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

A proposal, it seems, is about to be submitted to Parliament for taking, in some measure, into its own hands the regulation of the affairs of railways. Why the line of rail should enjoy a superiority over the wood-pavement we cannot see, nor yet why the vehicles pertaining to the one should be subject to a legislation from which those peculiar to the other are exempt. True omnibus-justice should comprehend all carriages. Railway officials should be as liable to be "pulled up" for an overcharge as cabmen; particularly as they do not generally differ from cabmen in their manners. It has been proposed, to secure public safety, that at least one director should travel with every train. Perhaps it would be advisable that such director, like a conductor, should be compelled to wear a badge. For due distinction's sake, it might be of gold or silver: this would easily make directors known; besides which, it would have the great advantage of causing those gentlemen to know themselves.

### The Last New Railway.

It is proposed to carry a line of railroad from Poets' Corner round the interior of Westminster Abbey. Each train will stop half a minute at the various side chapels, and a minute and a half at Henry VII.'s Chapel, to enable passengers to view the monuments. The present conveyances round the Abbey are considered to be too slow, and incapable of holding a sufficient number of passengers, to be consistent with the convenience of the public. The fares, too, will be reduced.

N.B.—An express train, warranted to do the distance in half the time, will be started ten minutes before each of the services.

### HOPE FOR GIBLETTS.

The French papers tell us, that "Monsieur Roland, butcher, at Paris, who furnished the *Bœuf Gras* for the Carnival," dined at the table of the King with the Royal Family. We understand, that, hopefully animated by this news, Mr. Giblett, of Bond Street, butcher to Queen Victoria, immediately ordered a Court dress, that he might not be taken by surprise.

### TOM THUMB AN ACTOR.

This veritable dwarf—much honoured of the great—is about to appear at the theatres. The stage must, in truth, be in a forlorn state when "the smallest contribution is gratefully received."

## THE LAST SCENE OF THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

THE *dénouement* of the drama of Protection is at length about to arrive, and the millers, who have for years been in the habit of plundering the people under the pretence of carrying on a fair trade in corn, must prepare for the coming explosion. The part of *Ravina*, who has for some time been an accomplice of the gang, but at length fires the train which consigns them to destruction, has been undertaken, at a somewhat short notice, by PEEL, who fills it with considerable ability. The utter remorselessness with which he proceeds to sacrifice his old comrades must be considered as a fine touch of dramatic energy, and shows the skill of the consummate artist. GRAHAM, as the gay and inconstant *Lothair*, though a little too old for the part, makes up for it exceedingly well, and by the aid of a rapidity of movement, manages to bustle through very amusingly.

RICHMOND'S *Grindoff* is however one of the finest bits in the drama. The desperate and restless energy with which he clings to the lost cause of his companions is a triumph of the old school of melodrama. Our artist has ventured on a sketch of the horrors of the last scene, which we will not weaken by any description of our own, particularly as the *dénouement* is one which the course of events will now very speedily realise.

## The Post Office Delusions.

IF THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS is desirous of proving that he really learned something when he was dragged all over the General Post Office—stood the pelting of the six o'clock newspapers—was let down upon the movable floor—was almost smothered in bags, until it took six stout letter-carriers to effect his delivery—if he will evince his capacity for his office of Postmaster-General, he will take a run down to Brighton. The public, misled by a very flaming announcement, got under the delusion that because letters are sent six times a day each way between London and Brighton, there is any quicker correspondence than under the old arrangement. The new plan gives the letters themselves a few hours' rest, for they are allowed to lie at the respective post-offices in a sort of *otium cum dignitate*, which the authorities do not attempt to disturb by a precipitate delivery. The letters arrive in the town, it is true; but, as the song says,—

> "There they lay
> All the day
> In the Brighton Office, oh!"

For our own parts, we are disposed to regard the announcement of the six posts as "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare" to draw people down to Brighton under the idea that they can keep up a frequent and rapid communication with the metropolis. Letters arriving at 2 P.M., 4 P.M., and 5 P.M., are kept until they can go out in company with those arriving at ½ past 6 P.M., and they are all delivered together at about ½ past 7.

The only satisfaction one feels from the early arrival is, the pleasant consciousness that a letter which reached Brighton at 2, has been waiting 5½ hours in a state of *coma* at the post-office. We are disposed to regard the whole affair as a *ruse*, to divide the labour of the post-office people, by getting the letters in six small instalments instead of their pouring in all at once, and requiring some little activity to have them sorted ready for delivery.

In London, of course nobody expects to get a letter until several hours after the proper period. The nearer the place the longer the time taken in communication, is the principle of the Post-office. Thus, if it takes eight hours to hear from Brighton, it follows that it will require ten to get a letter from Hammersmith. And so on in proportion, until a letter sent from one part of London to another stands some chance of never reaching its destination. "As deaf as a post" is a proverb, which no doubt took its origin from the post-office people being so very hard of hearing when the public voice is calling attention to some grievance that requires a remedy.

## THE VICAR AND THE POET.

IT appears from the *Bristol Journal* that some six years ago a monument to CHATTERTON was erected in Redcliff churchyard, Bristol. The REV. MARTIN WHISH was, it seems, desirous that the stone should bear certain lines of the best morality "which the vicar's scrap-book could furnish." Time, however, rolled on, when, a little while since, the REV. MARTIN WHISH, *after* six years' toleration of the monument to the "marvellous boy," the poet suicide, the overwrought lunatic, bethought himself that the monument was a wrong, an eyesore to a Christian place of sepulture, and had it removed. This bigotry towards the illustrious dead is quite worthy of the spirit of Bristol exercised toward the living. The city helped to starve the genius; and now comes the vicar, in the year of light and liberality 1846, to wreak his sacerdotal spite (and there is no mischief like it) on the memory of the truly great and truly unfortunate.

### The Theatre of War.

ALGERIA is frequently mentioned in the French papers as the "theatre of war." We must say the principal actors understand their business very well, as their engagements now have lasted for the last fourteen years; but then it must be confessed the acting directions are very easy, for they consist absolutely of nothing else but "*Enter* ABD-EL-KADER; *Exit* BUGEAUD;" and "*Exit* ABD-EL-KADER; *Enter* BUGEAUD."

JEMMY! WHAT'S A STALL AT THE HOPERA?"

"WELL, I CAN'T SAY, NOT FOR CERTAIN; BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S WHERE THEY SELLS THE HAPPLES, HORANGES, GINGER-BEER, AND BISKITS."

## AN ACT FOR THE ABOLITION OF "HANSARD."

WE have determined, for good reasons, to draw a bill, which we beg SIR ROBERT PEEL, the Cabinet, and the Parliamentary converts to Free Trade at large, to accept. We shall not trouble them with this little bill: unlike little bills in general, it is calculated to give them pleasure, and no doubt they will gladly pass it. Here it is:—

"**Whereas** it is expedient that on divers subjects, topics, and principles of legislation, Members of Parliament shall, upon rational conviction, or on other grounds or inducements which need not here be alluded to, change and alter their minds, speak and vote contrarily to their former professions, and veer and turn about in such manner as shall to them seem good and convenient; and that without let, molestation, or hindrance: AND WHEREAS, when disposed to make such change, the fear and dread of being twitted with inconsistency, and subjected unto irony, sarcasm, and ridicule on account thereof, is a serious let, a grievous molestation, and a strong hindrance to the accomplishment of this their design: AND FURTHER, Whereas any record or document containing and setting forth their said former professions, and the speeches, declarations, or votes, which they have made or given in time past, doth help and enable any evil or maliciously disposed person or persons so to twit and ridicule them, and overwhelm them with sarcasm and irony: AND WHEREAS during a late debate numerous and several honourable members have been, after this fashion, by that kind of persons, twitted, ridiculed, and sarcastically and ironically reviled, to their great annoyance and discomfiture, and to the infliction on them of a heavy blow and a great discouragement, by reason whereof they are well nigh unable to show their faces:

"**And lastly, Whereas** there existeth a certain record or document of Parliamentary Debates, commonly called *Hansard*, which unhappily hath furnished the means and occasion of citing, quoting, raking up, and casting in their teeth their former speeches, votes, and declarations aforesaid, and which, if it continue to exist and be in being, will afford a like handle on future similar occasions, which may be confidently expected to occur: Now, in order to prevent and render impossible hereafter for ever such injurious and vexatious revival of things past, to the discomfort and detriment of honourable members, and in particular to the affixing on them of the odious nickname of Rat; and also for their encouragement in the due and fitting change of their opinions:

"**Be it therefore Enacted**; and it is hereby enacted, That the said record or document of Parliamentary proceedings called *Hansard* be forthwith, altogether, and entirely suppressed, discontinued, abrogated, and utterly abolished; sufficient and reasonable compensation to the printers thereof having been rendered."

### ERRATUM.

IN the new edition of the "Parliamentary Companion," which subjoins all the clubs to which Honourable Members belong, it is proposed to read "Coalhole" instead of "Carlton," after LORD NORTHLAND'S name.

## THE LAST DUKE.

ALL selfishness must meet its doom;
Humbug itself must die,
Before the Dukes give us their room
'Stead of their company.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
Of Tamboff corn, a fearful heap,
And Belgian cattle prime:—
I saw the last of Ducal race,
Who in the steamer took his place,
To seek a foreign clime.

His Grace had quite a bilious air;
His cheek with woe was wan;
The Ducal glories center'd were,
All in that lonely man!
Some had gone to Boulogne—the hands
Of mortgagees were on their lands—
To Rome and Baden some;
The House of Peers was drear and dead,
And *Punch* himself as dull as lead,
Now that the Dukes were dumb.

Yet, donkey-like, that lone one stood,
In seediness still high,
And, turning on the pier of wood,
To England gave good bye;
Saying, "Thou hast set, my country's sun!
Thou may'st shut up—the thing is done;
The Dukes are forc'd to go;
The Corn Laws, that for eighteen years
Have kept up rents and paid the Peers,
Have fallen at a blow!

"What tho' beneath them we had dearth,
And no reward for skill?
What tho' the tillers of the earth
Their bellies ne'er could fill?
Henceforth, to men in toil grown grey,
The new coat with its buttons gay,
No Ducal hand imparts—
Henceforth no Duke shall teach the throng,
With curry-powder warm and strong,
To cheer the labourers' hearts.

"But I, for one, won't vote supplies
To men who thus conspire
To lower the Duke in vulgar eyes,
And poke fun at the Squire.
I quit my country, doomed to death;
Hard soil, where first I drew my breath,
Where long I ruled the roast;
I'll take the Corn-Laws for a pall,
And, wrapping them around me, fall—
Wept by the *Morning Post!*

"Go, JOHN—the steam will soon be up,
A sandwich I would taste;
I shall be too sea-sick to sup—
Unto SIR ROBERT, haste;
Tell that man to his brazen face,
Thou saw'st the last of Ducal race
Quitting this classic spot,
PEEL and Potato-blight defy
To make him hold his tongue, or try
To talk aught else but 'rot!'"

## DEPARTURES FROM THE METROPOLIS.

THE Giant and the Dwarf, and the Boa-constrictor, have all left High Holborn, where they have paid taxes for so many years. The Wax-work exhibition has gone with them, and the tide of population, as it runs past the door, is no longer interrupted in its onward current by the gong of the beef-eater, or the organ of Lady Jane Grey, who used to take the money with one hand, and play "You'll remember me," with the other.

The celebrated "Original Bear Shop," opposite St. Giles's Church, has likewise left the Metropolis, and gone—the proprietor only knows where. The popular fresco of NELSON fighting a broadsword combat with six polar bears, which had weathered the fog and the rain over the balcony ever since 1833, has also "walked its chalks." It is rumoured that it has retired into private life, for the purpose of being engraved for the Art-Union. If this be true, we congratulate the subscribers upon their getting an engraving at last, the subject of which it may be possible to understand.

# THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

## CHAPTER IV.

## "THE COURT CIRCULAR," AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS.

EXAMPLE is the best of precepts; so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic Snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady—(pardon, gracious Madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world)—told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss SNOBKY, daughter of SIR SNOBBY SNOBKY, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation last Thursday; need I say more?

When MISS SNOBKY was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunky in the canary-coloured livery of the SNOBKYS, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young LORD CLAUDE LOLLIPOP, the MARQUIS OF SILLABUB'S younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the SNOBKYS suddenly determined upon leaving town. MISS SNOBKY spoke to her female friend and confidante. "What will poor CLAUDE LOLLIPOP say when he hears of my absence?" asked the tender-hearted child.

"O, perhaps he won't hear of it," answers the confidante.

"*My dear, he will read it in the papers,*" replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be-genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square, who have no more chance of consorting with a SNOBKY, than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the SNOBKYS with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London and left it.

Here is the account of MISS SNOBKY'S dress, and that of her mother LADY SNOBKY, from the papers of last Friday:—

"MISS SNOBKY.

"Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head dress, carrots and lappets.

"LADY SNOBKY.

"Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and underdress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and nœuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head-dress, a bird's nest, with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferronière. This splendid costume, by MADAME CRINOLINE, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration."

This is what you read. O, Mrs. Ellis! O, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c., of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toe there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing-tub for a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. O, my dear MISS WIGGINS, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them, but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their *brains* so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a Court Circular exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now, where the Court Circular remains in full flourish—where you read, "This day HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PATTYPAN was taken an airing in his go-cart." "The PRINCESS PIMMINY was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour and accompanied by her doll," &c. We laugh at the solemnity with which SAINT SIMON announces that *Sa Majesté se médicamente aujourdhui*. Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the Court Circular, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the Editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the QUEEN of that country married a little German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit-warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant-preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns, as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won't take the gun from the hands of the loader.*

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob, that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being, (the German Prince,) with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese game-keeper, who confesses himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the German Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince—a Snob towards the Prince, to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King-Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow-men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service performed, and the two servants who perform it; and therefore, I say respectfully, is a most undoubted, though royal SN—B.

And then you read in the *Diario do Governo*—"Yesterday, His Majesty, the king, took the diversion of shooting in the woods of Cintra, attended by COLONEL the HONOURABLE WHISKERANDO SOMBRERO. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch, at, &c., &c."

Oh, that Court Circular! once more, I exclaim. Down with the Court Circular—that engine and propagator of Snobbishness! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a Court Circular—were it the *Morning Herald* itself. When I read that trash, I rise in my wrath; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's Head Club. The only Court Circular story which ever pleased me, was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkies to request the Housemaid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put His Majesty out.

I am like the Pasha of three tails, to whom the Sultan sends *his* Court Circular, the bowstring.

It *chokes* me. May its usage be abolished for ever!

## FORENSIC SINGING.

We perceive that classes are being formed in the Temple, for the purpose of teaching some of the members of the legal profession to sing, in the intervals of business. Considering the briefiessness that prevails in some of the Temple districts, we think that occupation is much wanted; though we doubt whether the legal mind will be disposed to devote itself much to harmony. There is a Solitary, in Hare Court, who sends forth from his melancholy flute the tones of sadness; and there is a lively Utter, in an adjacent part of the Temple, who plays Polkas, "from morn till dewy eve," on a cracked piano. These "great facts" prove that the Temple is prepared to receive a singing-master with open arms, and we are glad that one has at length presented himself. The only difficulty now will be in finding a poet worthy of the forensic vocalists. We shall have much pleasure in furnishing the classes with occasional snatches of song, for we think the plan deserves encouragement. We have already seen a junior so far advanced that he is able to hum "Marble Halls," with the slight omission of the final trill, and leaving out some of the more difficult "accidents" in the melody.

Several of the Benchers are at work arranging programmes of legal concerts and chamber music. We subjoin one of these interesting documents:—

**Programme.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chorus and Solo | "Plead thou my cause." | *Suitors and Solicitor-General.* |
| Song and Chorus | "How happy could I be with either." | *Mr. Austen and two rival Railway Companies.* |
| Comic Aria | "Fi-Fa." | *Attorneys of the Court.* |
| Grand Chorus | "We fly by night." | *By a body of Provisional Committee Men.* |
| Symphony in A flat | | *Suitors in the Common Pleas.* |
| Trio | "All in the Downs." | *Serjeants in the Common Pleas.* |

We would recommend that cases and indictments should be stated in plain recitative; the airs being kept in reserve for the pleadings. And what pleading can be more eloquent than that of music? The magic of melody will be most beautifully adapted to express what counsel so often complain that mere words will not express—the feelings of the plaintiff in a breach of promise of marriage.

We can fancy her advocate bewailing, in a tender *andante*, the crushed heart of the deserted one; and then bursting suddenly into an indignant *bravura*, to denounce the perfidy of the defendant. We can also imagine the light *allegro* wherein the opposite barrister derides his learned friend's pathos. Then, too, we can conceive an altercation between the two, carried on in a lively duet. It is a pity that juries can hardly be rendered musical; because a verdict would be a capital subject for a *fugue*, as expressive of unanimity.

Judges, we hope, will henceforth be chosen, in part at least, for their voice, which should properly be a deep bass, to enable them, in passing sentence, to deliver with due solemnity the awful thunders of the Law.

In compliance with our promise to furnish an occasional piece of poetry, we beg leave to throw off the following little solo for chamber practice.

Air—"*Marble Halls.*"

I dreamt that I stood in Westminster Hall,
With Kelly and Shee on my side;
And of all who did argue within those walls,
That I was the Barristers' pride.
I'd motions too many to count, could boast
Of a fee in every suit;
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That I got my rule to compute.

I dreamt that attorneys sought my aid,
That firms of a high degree,
Came all the way up to my chambers, and paid
Some enormous unheard-of fee.
And I dreamt that one of that useful host
Came up, as I play'd my flute;
But I also dreamt, which pleas'd me most,
That he brought me a rule to compute.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Air. So called from the general unfairness of the transactions carried on at fairs, at least in the vicinity of London. Manufactured giants raised on concealed stilts; dwarfs on their knees, with a cloth thrown over their legs to cover the deception; pig-faced ladies, made of wax; horses with six legs, two of them most palpably tied on with a piece of twine; Indian savages, with complexions made of lamp-black, and hair of the most indisputable worsted; conjuring by wizards, who borrow half-crowns and really cause them to "fly, pass" so cleverly that they never come back again, are a few of the characteristics of the "fair" proceedings in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. There is a great Book Fair every year at Leipsic, which is resorted to by all the booksellers in Germany. There is some idea of starting a similar fair in England, at which some of the publishers would attend with caravans full of literary lions subdued by kind and gentle treatment. The lions of *Punch* will, on that occasion, be exhibited "Alive! Alive!" and the public will be invited to "walk up, walk up," for they will be told they are "now in time" for the very attractive exhibition.

Federation. A sort of union of several foreign states under one government, like that of the United States of America. The result of this sort of union is a constant division, and the United States are incessantly quarrelling.

Feudal System. This system is one of the earliest specimens of that folly and tyranny, which until very lately used to go under the name of the "wisdom of our ancestors." By the feudal system, a landlord who had granted an estate could coolly take it back again, which was called a feud; probably because there was a disturbance or a row, when the tenant was called upon to hand it over. The etymology of the word feud has of course been the subject of much absurd speculation among the old jurists. Some have had a touch at the Teutonic, others have dashed into the Danish, while the Saxon and Swedish have both contributed their *quota* of conglomeration and mystery. After a great deal of knocking about and melting down in the crucible of antiquarianism, we find the word feud spun out into Emphyteusis, which is declared to be synonymous with Precaria, meaning an estate of precarious and uncertain tenure. Feuds originated with the custom of handing over to a vassal a part of the spoil acquired in conquest, so that the landlord was a mere thief—from which perhaps we get the word fief—and the tenant a receiver of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen. The vassal was in those days a sort of valet, which no doubt is derived from vassal, by one of

those verbal transmogrifications in which the antiquarians delight; and the valet was so called because he got value—vulgarly called vally—for his services. These definitions may be rather vague, but they are at all events quite as near the mark as those we find in authorities of higher pretension. The feudal system reached its maturity at the time of the Norman Conquest, when the whole kingdom became a fief, or perhaps we should rather say a fife, that was played upon to a pretty tune by the Conqueror.

Field Marshal. A very high military dignity, conferred on commanders of armies distinguished for their valour or ability. Prince Albert is a Field Marshal, and so is the Duke of Wellington. His Royal Highness has not commanded an army, but he has shown his military talent by the invention of a hat, and his courage by having not shrunk from avowing himself as the author of it. There are only six British Field Marshals, three of whom are foreign sovereigns—namely, the Kings of Holland, Hanover, and Belgium. The only English representative of the highest military achievement besides the Duke of Wellington, is His Royal Highness of Cambridge, who has led thousands to the full charge, on many occasions, when calling on the company of which he has been at the head to charge—their glasses at the public dinner table.

Forest Laws. "These laws are so old, that we do not know the beginning of them," says Coke; but we are happy to say that we have pretty well seen the end of them. By the old Forest Laws, the deer was held dearer than man; for it was more penal to kill the former than the latter. If the Forest Laws were now in force, they might afford some protection to the numerous old bucks who, in the capacity of railway directors' stags, have got themselves entangled in sundry very disagreeable branches.

## PUNCH'S REVIEW.

*Railway Correspondence of a Stag, being a series of Letters addressed to an Allottee in numerous Railroads during the years* 1845 *and* 1846. London: 4to, pp. 9086.

This extremely voluminous correspondence—if that, indeed, can be called a correspondence, which was nearly all on one side—is a portion of the great result of the railway bubble mania of 1845, when every shop-boy dealt in scrip, and paupers were undertaking to provide millions for the construction of lines from every corner of the earth to every habitable hole on the face of it. The reader must not expect in this series of letters to find all the point which Horace threw into his epistles, he must not look for all the elegance of a Chesterfield, all the chaste correctness of a Mrs. Chapone, nor all the sensibility of a Madame de Sevigne; but a fair sprinkling of these qualities combined, a sort of *pot pourri* of every epistolary style may be fairly promised to any one who will examine the correspondence of our Stag in a spirit of candour and tolerance.

It has been feelingly said by some anonymous sophist, whose name we have been unable to catch, that mere correspondence could never lead to familiarity; but this position we are prepared to deny, after having perused the growing freedom towards our Stag, which gradually arose out of a succession of letters from the same quarter having been addressed to him. Let us take the first letter from the Falmouth and Fulham Junction Railway, with branches to Turnham Green and Tadcaster, with ultimate extension to Shepherd's Bush and Shrewsbury. What can be more stiff, formal, and even unfriendly than the tone of the letter of allotment, written in the moment of pride, pomp, and dignity, when the bubble, blown out to its fullest extent, reflected the brilliant but evanescent glories of a thousand prismatic premiums? What can be more cold and haughty than the following passage, which, in its stiff classicality, brings back the days of Plautus, or reminds us of the almost insulting preciseness of Pliny, when addressing to his friend the memorable words—"I have sent the book, according to your command. I should have sent it if you had not commanded me." But no less rude and unattractive is the observation in the letter of the J. T. T. S. and S. Railway Committee to our Stag, on his first being favoured with a communication from that very remarkable company. "The deposit must be paid on or before Saturday next, or the allotment will be absolutely void, and the shares disposed of to other applicants." What! not a single day's grace? No! not an hour. The haughty provisional directors of the J. T. T., &c., &c., must have the deposits instantly paid, as the condition of their graciously allotting some ten out of a hundred shares applied for by those *nimium fortunati*, the Stags, whose requests have been partially attended to.

But soon a less rigid tone is adopted towards the cervine applicant. The bubble has in the mean time burst, the deposit is not paid, and the Stag, who is not particularly anxious to connect Shrewsbury with Shepherd's Bush, or facilitate the communication between Tadcaster and Turnham Green, gives himself no more trouble about the scheme, for the success of which he had been formerly solicitous. This brings us to a new phase in the correspondence, for the panic has begun to take the starch out of the provisional committee-men, who had formerly been as full of that material as the potato itself, and there is every symptom of the bursting of the bubble being likely *debellare superbos* to a degree that is really wonderful. Our Stag's correspondence now contains a letter jogging his memory upon his having omitted to pay his deposit, and kindly intimating that the time has been extended for his doing so. Here we get a little of the admonitory style of Chapone, which is followed in the next epistle by a fine specimen of politeness, reminding us of some of the most polite and courteous passages of Chesterfield. The stag is now "requested" to pay the deposit to a banker, within a certain period, and confidence is usually expressed in his feeling himself bound in honour to complete his part of the implied contract between himself and the provisional committee-men. It is now, for the first time, that our Stag, touched no doubt by this appeal to his better attributes, at length sends a written reply, in which honour and conciseness are conspicuous. As it is the first letter of the series from the Stag's own pen, we give it entire.

"Gentlemen,

"I wish you may get it. "Yours," &c.

There is evidently a struggle between benevolence and beneficence on the part of the writer. He wishes the provisional committee may get the deposit, but he does nothing to put them in possession of it.

Pursuing the correspondence on this subject, we find the amiable wish of the Stag by no means taken in the same spirit that dictated it. The reply to his communication shows a relapse on the part of the company into the original state of stiffness in which they were when they first addressed the Stag when allotting him some shares as a special act of favour. To the early *hauteur*, however, is now added a decided menace, with which, however, an almost latent humour is interwoven; for, after a threat of proceedings, he is comically required to furnish the name of his solicitor, with a view to the commencement of a suit in equity. There is something provokingly *piquant* in a provisional committee of a bubble railway talking about equity in connection with their project. Law might have been hinted at without exciting any very violent notion of fun; but a railway committee talking about equity, creates an incongruity of the most ludicrous character.

We must now close these entertaining letters, which we do with the following analysis of their general contents, gathered from some five hundred epistles written by the secretaries of about three hundred different railways. Confidence in the Stag's honour seemed to have existed in the proportion of about one per cent.; appeals to his generosity were very nearly four-tenths of the whole; threats constituted one-sixth; and the rest of the letters may be classed under the head of miscellaneous, in which bullying, however, seems to preponderate. It might be interesting to carry still further the investigation into this remarkable phase of our history. We might ascertain how many of the stag-population responded to the claims on their honour; how many were assailable through their fears; and how many found in their sleeves a receptacle for that laughter in which they could not openly indulge themselves. We fear the number of the latter would far exceed that of all the other classes together.

## PREPARATIONS AT THE ADMIRALTY.

Lord Ellenborough, in his capacity of First Lord of the Admiralty, has sent round a general order to all the metropolitan rag and bottle shops, desiring them to keep up their complement of marine stores to the very highest point that circumstances will admit of.

His Lordship has also caused instructions to be forwarded to all the principal London bakers to keep a quantity of captain's biscuits always in readiness.

### Relieving Guard.

Forty peasants have recently ascended the highest Pyramid. This act of fortitude must have been for the charitable purpose of relieving the "forty sentries" who, according to Napoleon, have been looking down for ages from the top of the Pyramids.

The Smoke Nuisance.—If the House of Commons were compelled, like other buildings, to consume its own smoke, we should not have a single act of Parliament.

### THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF CHEAP FURNITURE HUMBUG.

"Oh! if you please, Mister, me and this young aw-aw-individual is about to marry; and we want to look over your Cheap Furniture Mart."

## THE CIVIL WAR IN THE CITY.

This deadly struggle is at an end. The City authorities have ceded the Blackfriars territory, or at least consented to a joint occupation by themselves and the Watermen. Paul's Wharf remains in the hands of the latter, the right of visit being allowed to the civic police at reasonable hours.

*Waterman*, No. 6, gave a poloni lunch on board his vessel, in celebration of the peace having been concluded. The health of the captain was drunk, with the constitutional addition, "and may he never forget the principles which placed him on the British paddle-box!" Among the other toasts, was "The stoker, the true source of legitimate power!" The policeman and the mate smoked the cheroot of peace, and played the cribbage of reconciliation together in the evening on the fore part of the vessel. We believe that an early day is to be appointed for the Lord Mayor and the Captain to blow the cloud of oblivion over their past difference.

The civic consul still remains at Blackfriars Pier; and an effective force of two beadles is to be kept up as a sort of army of occupation—with nothing to do—for the next twelve months.

### The Yankee Press.

An American paper says of the singer Templeton:—

"He has given great offence to the New York Press by the exposure of a private letter from a gentleman connected with the *Mirror*, soliciting 50 dollars from him *for favourable notices of his concerts whilst in that city*. Should he return there, a considerable excitement will be raised against him. No performers or singers can thrive in this country with the press against them."

And, unless the press be bought for 50 dollars, the faithful *Mirror* will be against them; and the humbug of the New York Press in general be greatly offended at the "exposure" of the scoundrel venality!

## THE "DUKE" AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington—although he beat Napoleon—is a simple, ingenuous soul, continually duped by a gang of ladies and gentlemen and others who—with a morbid taste for ink and paper—pursue men of mark for their autographs.

As the Duke is known to answer every letter—no matter its import—addressed to him, all kinds of epistles are sent him, for the sole purpose of drawing His Grace of his autograph. We have seen many of the Duke's answers, and give a few.

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington informs Michael Wiggins that the coat he wore on the field of Waterloo was not the original model of the present D'Orsay paletot. The Comte D'Orsay is much too honourable a man to steal anything from the Duke of Wellington, or—as the Duke firmly believes—from anybody else."

"The Duke of Wellington desires Peter Snout to take note that he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, and not a hatter. Therefore it is not the Duke's business to see that the wig of the statue of George the Fourth, Trafalgar Square, should be covered."

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received John Jones's letter. The late Duke of York's debts may be paid, and they may *not*. The Duke of Wellington informs John Jones that *he* shall not pay them."

And in this shameful manner is the courtesy of the noble Duke every day played upon. The Irish papers give the last instance of these intrusions upon his Grace's time, with, of course, the answer it provoked. Somebody called the Duke's attention to the new cotton shirts adopted by the Army, and to the potato-sickness. The Duke went at once into the shirts, but would not touch the potatoes:—

"Upon the other parts of Mr. ——'s letter, that is, the state of distress existing in the neighbourhood of ——, consequent on *what is called* the potato disease, the Duke of Wellington begs leave to suggest to Mr. —— that *he* is the Commander-in-Chief of the army."

And therefore, as Mr. —— ought to have known, is not called upon to cry "eyes right" to the potatoes. But Mr. —— already knew as much. All he wanted was the Duke's autograph, and he got it.

## PRUSSIAN NIGHTINGALES.

A recent Berlin Police Order decrees that "every person in Prussia who keeps a nightingale in a cage, shall pay an annual tax of 10 thalers (40 francs), and that any person putting a nightingale in future into a cage, without giving information to the police, shall be fined 30 thalers." This measure is to guarantee as much as possible, liberty to nightingales. When will his Prussian Majesty grant the same freedom to Prussian poets?

### The Hero of a Hundred Broadsides.

It is in contemplation to let the four sides of the hoarding round the Nelson column to celebrated bill-stickers. Thus one side will be leased to Mr. Webster, another to Mr. Bunn, a third to Jullien, and the fourth will be shared by Moses, the Adelaide Gallery, Parr's Life Pills, and the minor theatres. By these means it is calculated a sufficient sum of money will be collected in less than ten years to give the melancholy column a decent pedestal.

### THE FUSILEER GOATS.

Her Majesty, we learn, has given to the Welsh Fusileers—inconsolable for the loss of their venerable Cambrian Billy-goat, he was such a "sweet William"—a couple of milk-white Cashmere goats. "Goats! goats!" cried Sibthorpe, "why not instead of goats, give them battering-rams?"

ACTÆON WORRIED BY HIS OWN DOGS.

## THE BRIDE OF ALGIERS

### A Moorish Ballad.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE KEEPSAKE.")

BY THE HON. ARTHUR PLANTAGENET DE MOWBRAY.*

PART I.—THE ELOPEMENT.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks brave ABD-EL-KADER,
Shunning every glare of light.

At yon lattice stands fair JULIE,
Christian damsel bright and pure;
She, brave BUGEAUD's lovely daughter,
He, a less good-looking Moor.

See, he marks the open window;
See him softly nearer creep;
"Fairest, best of Christian maidens,
Is the governor asleep?"——

"Oh! if he should catch you sneaking
Here beneath the veil of night,

He would shut you up and smoke you;
That he would, my heart's delight!"

"Well I know," said ABD-EL-KADER,
"That, if ta'en, I should be smok'd:
Yet your hasty father's anger,
Damsel, I have oft provok'd.

"In the grotto of Dahara
I was precious nearly caught;
But your love makes suffocation
Scarcely worth a second thought.

"Gentle JULIE, gentle JULIE,
Of your charms if not secure,
Suffocation were a blessing
To your plain but faithful Moor.

"Yonder, in the palmtree's shadow,
Ready stands my Arab steed,
Warranted to carry double;
He has carried three,† at need."

"Hark, I hear my father snoring!
Hark, my maid proclaims 'all right!'
ABD-EL-KADER, best and dearest,
I am quite prepared for flight.

"JULIE is thine own for ever—
Yet, oh yet, if we are seen!
Stay, I'll wrap my polka round me—
Go and fetch it, maid FIFINE."

Where's the maid? The Moor's brave squire is
Talking to the damsel fair.

SWART BOU MAZA, swart BOU MAZA,
Thy grim charms have triumph'd there!

Soon her polka 's wrapt around her;
Soon the party reach the shade.
There they find two saddle horses
For the mistress and the maid.

On the first rides ABD-EL-KADER,
With the Marshal's daughter fair;

Swart BOU MAZA, on the other,
Of the maid is taking care.

Like the simoom, o'er the desert,
Fast and far the courser flies;—
BUGEAUD! if you hope to catch them,
You must very early rise!

*(To be continued.)*

* MR. A. P. DE M. assures us that so solicitous was he that his Tale (which is founded on no particular fact) should not inflict a pang upon any bosom, that he first ascertained the non-existence of any such persons as MADEMOISELLE JULIE BUGEAUD and her maid FIFINE, who are purely creatures of his prolific imagination. The ballad may perhaps be regarded as conveying a hint of a means to restore peace to Algeria; but this by the way.

† Probably in some razzia, or hair-breadth escape from a light smoking party.—*A. P. de M.*

## NEW SCIENTIFIC APPOINTMENTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

IT is a common reproach against our two Universities, that their system of education has too little reference to practical utility, and is insufficiently adapted to promote that wide state of wakefulness required by the circumstances of modern society. The almost exclusively classical and mathematical studies in which it consists, are variously stigmatised as musty, fusty, rusty, monastic, and obsolete; and the collegiate schoolmaster is said to be abroad in the sense of being astray. To this objection, certainly, Cambridge has been less open than Oxford; but the late Gown and Town riots at the former seat of learning, suggest a palpable defect in its provisions for the tutorage of Young England.

A few of the natural sciences are taught at Cambridge; but in that science which is the most natural of any, and which at all events, as has been proved, comes most naturally to gownsmen, no instruction is afforded. We allude to the science of pugilism, of which branch of useful knowledge there is not a chair in the University. Cambridge has many Masters of Arts, but it does not recognise a single Master of the noble Art of Self-defence. It has plenty of foundations for sizars, but not one foundation for bruisers. There are various exhibitions at Cambridge, but they include no exhibitions of sparring—except those which take place in the public streets; to the questionable credit of the parties concerned in them.

It has wranglers, and it has also fighters; but the former are persons who take honours, whilst the latter obtain no honour at all. Of course all young men should be prepared to fight their way through the world; and if it is necessary that under-graduates should also fight their way along the pavement, surely they ought to be taught that too. If pugilism is to be practised at Cambridge, let it also be studied. Let one of the circles of collegiate science be the prize-ring.

This line of argument has appeared to the University authorities so demonstrative, that we understand a BENDIGO Professorship is forthwith to be established at Trinity; and there is also to be a CAUNT Professor at John's. A SPRING Lectureship, we hear, will be likewise endowed at Peterhouse, and to King's will be appointed a TIPTON-SLASHERIAN Lecturer. OWEN SWIFT, JEM BURN, and ALICK REID Scholarships will be founded at Queen's, Pembroke, and Magdalene. At every College there is to be at least one fistic fellowship, to be vacated, of course, on accepting church preferment.

It is further intended to create a new kind of degrees, namely, B.M., or Bachelor of Milling; M.B., or Master of Boxing; and D.D., or Doctor, not of Divinity, but of Drubbing. The possession of this latter degree will, we are informed, be a necessary condition for eligibility to the office of proctor. Moreover, there is to be a fistic as well as a Classical and Mathematical Tripos, at which the most distinguished candidate for honours will obtain the title of Senior Bruiser; and whereat all those plucked will, with truth, be said to be floored. It is rumoured that the resolutions to the effect foregoing did not pass without some opposition from the heads of houses, which has been imputed to pedantic prejudice; but probably arose from fear of being punched; one which we imagine is not ill founded, considering the recent occurrences at Cambridge.

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand a new drama is being written for the "Industrious Fleas." They are to appear after TOM THUMB, in a grand burlesque, to be called "The Haunted Boarding-House, or the Demon Flea." Microscopes will be kept on hire in the boxes.

"PLEASE, SIR! GIVE US YOUR TICKET IF YOU AINT AGOIN' IN AGAIN."

## PUNCH'S TOUR IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

*Punch* has received so many gracious letters—so many kind and hospitable respondings to his expressed determination to visit the manufacturing districts, in order that he may (to the astonishment of the civilised and uncivilised world), give in his cosmopolite pages the most faithful representation of everything of English manufacture, from a steam-frigate to a mouse-trap;—*Punch*, we say, has been so intreated to make the pilgrimage, that he cannot but consent. England, at this moment, knows very little of her manufacturing treasures; now we intend to astonish her with a knowledge of the unknown wonders within her.

It is necessary, however, that the manufacturers should properly understand us.

Whatever *Punch* reviews, *Punch* KEEPS! His motto may, therefore run, *Nihil tetigit, quod non grabarit!*

If, for instance, it be the benevolent purpose of *Punch* to review, and graphically represent, a silver tea and coffee service, of the Queen's pattern,—*Punch* will, certainly, think the manufacturer no gentleman should he for one moment dream of a return of the articles.

The same regulation will, of course, apply to any chronometer, though jewelled in a hundred holes.

Carrying out our noble purpose, and resolving to begin our manufacturing tour with London, we called a day or two since at the Bank of England. We saw MR. PATTERSON; a very courteous person, apparently, though we fear a Whig. (By the way, we cannot say much for his pale sherry, and the biscuits were abominable.) Well, we made our purpose known to the Governor. We told him that we desired to give a fac-simile engraving of a £1,000 Bank of England note. He smiled, and said he would afford our engraver every facility. He immediately rang the bell, and in a few moments laid the document before us. We took up the note, and with one of our best smiles were about to consign it to our pocket-book, when PATTERSON (a little rudely, we think), said he could not suffer us to carry off the property, but it was quite at the service of any engraver we might send. We confess it; at the moment we had not the face to speak our meaning, but went to our country house, and—as ink doesn't blush, unless it's red—wrote to MR. PATTERSON the subjoined:—

I.—PUNCH TO MR. PATTERSON.

"*Punch* presents his compliments to MR. PATTERSON, and shall be happy to give an engraving of the £1,000 note in *Punch's* world-searching periodical. To return the said note, however, would be in utter violation of *Punch's* principles, as, although the engraving may do *Punch* some good, it must do the Bank of England considerably more; inasmuch as the desire to possess £1,000 notes will no doubt be greatly increased after the appearance of the said engraving, and the Bank of England profit considerably by such publicity.

"*The Pecksniffery.*"

II.—MR. PATTERSON TO PUNCH.

"MR. PATTERSON has only to repeat his objection. He will, upon *due security*, lend the £1,000 note to be engraved, but it *must be returned!*

"*Bank of England.*"

III.—PUNCH TO MR. PATTERSON.

"UNDER such circumstances, *Punch* declines the loan of the £1,000, and will think it a stringent duty due to the public to show, by a future series of engravings, the very marked superiority of the notes of the Bank of Elegance to the notes of the Bank of England.

"*Punch* might, but will not, dilate upon the very ill manners implied in the Governor's italics.

"*The Pecksniffery.*"

Here the correspondence ended; but we trust to have better luck in the provinces. And now, a word as to THE PECKSNIFFERY. We shall in our next present to the public a view of that suburban abode. HORACE WALPOLE had *his* temple of *virtú* on Strawberry Hill; we have *our* temple, henceforth dedicated to the choicest specimens of English manufacture, on the gentle eminence of Pentonville. We have called the edifice, and we think with peculiar felicity, THE PECKSNIFFERY! How unborn generations will marvel at the confident genius that furnished it!

## GAME-LAW MORALITY.

ON the Northern Circuit, at the instance of MR. CHARLES WATERTON, the philanthropic naturalist, some men were indicted for trespassing upon his grounds in search of game. MR. WATERTON was examined:—

"MR. SERJEANT WILKINS asked the witness if a spring-gun did not go off?

"Witness.—Does not the law of this country *forbid the use* of spring-guns?

"MR. SERJEANT WILKINS.—That, sir, is not an answer to the question.

"Witness.—*If the law forbids the use of spring-guns, I want to know whether a man is bound by the law to criminate himself?*"

We consider this quite worthy of the Jesuit's College, and one with which the learned Serjeant very significantly expressed himself "satisfied." The witness then wound up by saying—"*There was, indeed, a tremendous explosion!*"

Artless MR. WATERTON! He had no objection to prosecute poachers for breaking the law, but it was not for him to "criminate himself" by owning to a systematic violation of the statutes. And this is game-law morality!

### Capital Punishment.

THE poor DUKE OF NORFOLK has been nearly joked to death, but we offer the following as the last of the jokes upon the curry-powder. According to GIBBON, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, (vol. i., ch. 6,) "The invention of a sauce was liberally rewarded, but if it was not relished the inventor was *compelled to eat of nothing else* till he had discovered something more palatable to the Imperial palate." We wonder how the DUKE OF NORFOLK would like being condemned to a diet of *Toujours Curry!*

WANTED, A MEMBER

AT the next election for Westminster. He must not have a country seat in the South of France, or absent himself from Parliament longer than one Session. Specimen speeches required, and a good character from his last place indispensable. No friend of an ex-Chancellor need apply.

## THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

3 1 2

The alarming spread of the German School in Art has created considerable astonishment; but the phenomenon has at length been accounted for, by it having been discovered that the Committee of the Art Union cannot understand, and will not patronise any other class of drawing. Every competition for the Art Union Prizes is consequently driven, in self-defence, to adopt the serpent-like hair for the countenance, inflamed gooseberries for the eyes, and tufts of tow for the mustaches, which are the principal features of the German School of drawing.

We have furnished three striking specimens of this extraordinary class of composition :—

No. 1. Is supposed to represent that state of pathos into which a lawyer's clerk is liable to fall after office hours, when giving himself up to Bulwer and melancholy, by reading a novel of that author, and fancying himself the hero thereof.

No. 2. Is a victim to strong emotions, and to that excessive length of hair which implies an inability to pay the perruquier's small demand.

No. 3. Is a warrior with that peculiar turn of the head which is not exactly to be found in nature, but could no doubt be accomplished if Nature had only thought of supplying the human neck with a sort of double swivel, allowing the head to be turned completely round, so that the warrior's nose would be where his occiput ought to be.

We have thought proper to give these specimens of the German School, in order that its merits may be fairly tested. The above figures embody all the beauties of this style, which has found so much and such exclusive favour in the eyes of the Committee of the Art Union.

## THE ELECTRICAL MINISTER.

A great sensation has lately been produced at Paris by the wonderful feats of a young lady, a Mademoiselle Angelique Cottin, who appears to be a sort of torpedo in petticoats. Chairs and tables fly across the room on a touch from her apron, when she is charged with the fluid, and she can be attracted or repulsed at will by the magnet.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that we possess a similar but much more wonderful phenomenon amongst us. What is Mademoiselle Cottin's performance in this way to Sir Robert Peel's?

The following detail of experiments proves his infinitely greater powers of attraction and repulsion :—

EXPERIMENT I.

The Premier, after being very heavily charged indeed during the late debate, being placed on the Conservative benches by a single speech, succeeded in violently throwing from him one half of the Conservative members, quite to the opposite side of the house. Notwithstanding the tremendous efforts made by Sir Sidney Herbert and Sir James Graham to hold these gentlemen in their places, the shock was so great that they were almost knocked over themselves by the violence with which the Protectionists flew across. Mr. Ferrand was flung with a tremendous shock against a knot of Free-traders, and talked so very wildly that it was feared he had sustained a concussion of the brain. He is not yet quite recovered.

EXPERIMENT II.

Sir Robert, being again charged the night after, was found to possess the power of attracting the League members, in the same proportion as he repelled the gentlemen of the Central Agricultural Society in Bond Street. Mr. Cobden was drawn right across the house, apparently without the least power of resistance.

EXPERIMENT III.

Sir Robert, being again charged, was put *en rapport* with Lord George Bentinck and Mr. D'Israeli by means of silk (generally a non-conductor). Notwithstanding, he drew the honourable members into a slough of absurdity, and fixed them so tight in a dilemma, that they were quite unable to get out of it—until Sir Robert left the house.

EXPERIMENT IV.

Sir Robert being again charged, and a quantity of arguments presented to him by the member for Northamptonshire, these, though considered particularly strong by those who selected them, were at once broken to pieces, one after another, by a single sentence of Sir Robert's. A gentleman of great scientific acquirements, who has watched these experiments, assures us that Sir Robert is quite as powerful as the electric eel, and if possible, more slippery.

Encouraged by the success of the Premier, Mr. D'Israeli has announced his possession of similar powers. He attempted, when fully charged with sarcasm, and facts from M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary, to electrify the House. The attempt was a total failure, and Mr. D'Israeli is accordingly pronounced to be an impostor.

## THE MODERN OGRE.

We have hitherto held the monster termed an Ogre to be a mere nursery horror; a chimera fabricated "to frighten babes withal." The late frequent sacrifices of infant life, recorded in the public journals, have, however, forced us to alter our opinion. We now firmly believe in the Ogre; and not only that, but are persuaded that he is an inhabitant of these dominions. We are also satisfied that he has, as well as a name, a local habitation in this country, nay in this metropolis; and that it is not a hundred miles from Somerset House. That he eats children, as well as kills them, we are not in a condition to prove; but we shall not be surprised if that enormity should be brought home to him. That this modern Herod, the slaughterer of the innocents, should exist in a Christian land, is a great scandal to the Legislature. Is there no Jack-the-Giant-Killer, who will gallantly come forward and put an end to him?

## NAVAL OPERATIONS.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned by some experiments which have lately been tried in the Thames Navy on the same principle as that recently applied to the *Bellerophon*, which was got ready for sea in sixty hours, and got unready again with equal promptitude. The *Waterman*, No. 6, took in coals and ginger beer, manned her paddle-box, lit her fire, threw on a scuttle of coals, filled her boiler, blackleaded her funnel, tarred her taffrail and pitched her stoker into her engine-room, all within twenty minutes, and sailed away from her moorings at Paul's Wharf, amid the cheers of her check-taker. This manœuvre was accomplished for the purpose of striking terror into the minds of the civic forces at Blackfriars Pier, who are only tranquil at present in compliance with the terms of a recent armistice.

Second-hand Jokes.—A burlesque has been called by a popular dramatist, "The refuge for destitute jokes."

## THE MEETING OF THE SMUGGLERS.

AMONG those who may be expected to join the ranks of the Protectionists against the Premier's free-trade policy, are the numerous smugglers, whose occupation will be entirely gone if the import duties are generally abolished. We have read very graphic accounts of midnight meetings held by agricultural labourers, to make a statement of their grievances; but we are quite sure that nothing can come up to the scene represented at a gathering of individuals interested in the protection of the trade of the smuggler. A distinguished dealer in contraband silks was unanimously voted into the chair, and he asked, in a very passionate harangue, what was to become of himself and his children, when French goods could be imported so cheap that it would not be worth while to defraud the Custom House? "I am a family man," he exclaimed, "and every bottle of brandy I smuggle over here is a dinner to my wife and blessed infants. What is to become of the old woman and the babies at home, if our tyrants take away from us that protection which makes it worth our while to smuggle?" (*Cheers.*)

Several Custom House officers and searchers stated their cases in very forcible language. "I have got a bit of bread," said one, "for the last ten years, by winking at the introduction of contraband articles. What am I to do when there is nothing to wink at?" (*Cries of "Aye, aye, that's the real point."*)

MR. BRETT, of the British Brandy Manufactory, declared this was a manufacturer's question, and he would ask what was to become of him and his men if the foreign *Eau de vie* could be had instead of that truly British spirit which constituted the strength of the country? He would say nothing about the smuggler, though he was one of those who were of opinion that—

> "A bold smuggelery, a country's pride,
> When, once destroyed, can never be supplied;"

but he would put it as a matter relating solely to British industry. If our native brandy was not to be protected, an immense number of hands would be thrown out of employ, and they must all go to the Union. (*Cries of shame.*)

After a few more speeches in a similar strain, the meeting was dissolved.

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### THE GLUT OF COMETS.

CONSIDERABLE confusion is likely to arise from the recent increase in the number of comets. Almost every arrival from abroad brings intelligence of some continental astronomer having discovered a new comet. The public ought to receive with considerable caution all announcements of this nature; for nothing is easier than to palm off a flash of lightning, or some other eccentric piece of luminous matter, on the generality of the public as a genuine and *bonâ fide* comet. Besides, there are many persons who never trouble themselves to look further than the newspaper report; and if they see a little descriptive jargon about latitudes and degrees, with S.S.E. and N.E. mysteriously interwoven with the account, they take it for granted that the whole account is accurate. We should advise that every new light, alleged to be a comet, should be regularly brought up for examination before a committee of qualified astronomers, as a preliminary to its admission among the rest of the recognised luminous bodies. We remember a light on a very elevated position in Vauxhall Gardens enjoyed for a whole season the reputation of a newly-discovered fixed star, in consequence of some noodle having detected it at the end of his telescope, and written to the papers to announce the result of his nocturnal observation. It was not until the close of the season the mistake was discovered. We should not wonder at some of the new comets turning out to be something of the kind alluded to.

### The Houses of Parliament.

WE understand that in consequence of the tardiness shown by MR. BARRY in completing the Houses of Parliament, he has been requested to consult some artist in barley-sugar; for it is a notorious fact that the whole building has been done in that very delicate material long ago, as an ornament for a confectioner's window; while the execution of the object in the rough—in mere brick and stone—has not yet been accomplished. A person who supplies the bazaars, has offered to lay a wager that she will cut out the whole of Mr. BARRY'S design, in card, and gum it together all complete, before he has finished his building on the large scale, which, it is contended, is really much less difficult to accomplish.

### CELESTIAL "PAS DE QUATRE."

THERE is great attraction amongst the stars just at present, for we read that the four new comets are announced to appear next week, all on the same evening. Could not MR. LUMLEY engage them for an astrological ballet?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. V.—WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE.

Now let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader, whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, "You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs, it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity." But I shall pardon this explosion of ill temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob,—you whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkies or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world, and amongst the Snobs our brethren; consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages, and is all his life long subject to adulation, the butt of meanness: consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.

As I was discoursing with my friend EUGENIO in this impressive way, LORD BUCKRAM passed us, the son of the MARQUIS OF BAGWIG, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to QUEEN CHARLOTTE. BUCK (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show to EUGENIO how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The REVEREND OTTO ROSE, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little Lord in hand, and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred, with pride and pleasure to the most noble the MARQUIS OF BAGWIG, as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made LORD BUCKRAM a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils, that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. MRS. ROSE used to take out the little Lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and LORD BUCKRAM having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young Lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF BAGWIG, on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of LORD BUCKRAM, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. YOUNG CRŒSUS lent him three-and-twenty bran new sovereigns out of his father's bank. YOUNG CRAWLEY did his exercises for him, and tried "to know him at home," but YOUNG BULL licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage for not sufficiently polishing his master, SMITH'S, shoes. Boys are not *all* toadies in the morning of life.

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows, (it is among the respectable, the Baker-Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes, more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to CRŒSUS'S loans of money; and BUCKRAM couldn't ride out with the hounds, but CRAWLEY (a timid creature by nature) was in the field, and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ride. YOUNG ROSE came up to the same College, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving BUCKRAM a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned BUCKRAM'S name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of MRS. PODGE and MISS PODGE, the wife and daughter of the Principal of LORD BUCKRAM'S College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunky by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with PROFESSOR CRAB.

When LORD BUCKRAM, after taking his honorary degree, (for Alma Mater is a Snob, too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest,)—when LORD BUCKRAM went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran, and what numbers of caps were set at him: LADY LEACH and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden-Baden; MISS LEGGIT burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma; CAPTAIN MACDRAGON, of Macdragonstown, county Tipperary, called upon him to "explene his intintions with respect to his sisther, MISS AMALIA MACDRAGON, of Macdragonstown," and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by MR. MUFF, at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, MISS LYDIA CRŒSUS would certainly have been LADY BUCKRAM. COUNT TOWROWSKI was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now, perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal, and *Punch* notoriously is never so. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes: the publishers (who refused my Passion-Flowers, and my grand Epic at any price) would give him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-shops, and half murdering policemen; the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements, and say he is a hearty, honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg, and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards; the public will pardon him, and many honest people will court him, as they would court a housebreaker, if he happened to be a Lord. Suppose he is an idiot; yet, by the glorious constitution, he's good enough to govern *us*. Suppose he is an honest, high-minded gentleman; so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass, and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will still worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

A GENEROUS MINISTRY.—Ireland is starving, and so Ministers send her plenty of *provisions*—only they are all in a Coercion Bill!

## LEGAL "AT HOMES."

THE greatest excitement has been created in the public, but particularly in the forensic, mind, by the announcement of the intended cultivation of music by the legal profession. Barristers are seen hurrying about with flutes concealed in the folds of their gowns, rolls of music interspersed with their briefs, and fiddles poked into their wig-boxes. Everything in the forensic world wears the aspect of a musical festival. We should not be surprised—as there is a fashion for amateur performances—if we were to hear of a charitable concert having been got up by some of the ornaments of the Bar, upon which occasion some learned QUEEN'S Counsel and others may "kindly consent" to sing certain popular ballads.

"THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY!"

would be a tremendous line in a musical programme.

Unfortunately, however, the musical mania has seized chiefly on the briefless, as illness usually exhibits itself first, and rages most furiously in poor neighbourhoods. Several shocking cases have broken out in the "three pairs" all over the Temple. We have heard frightful screams, interspersed with low moanings, issuing from an attic in Hare Court, and frequent bleeding, by a musical attendant, has been copiously resorted to. The patient, it is said, has commenced a course of treatment for his malady—or, as he insanely calls it, his melody—which makes his condition much worse instead of improving it.

We regret to say that the juniors have been seized by scores in all the upper districts of the Temple. There were at one time alarming symptoms in Inner Temple Lane, for moanings were distinctly audible; but it turned out to be a temporary attack of "Old clothes!" which, we are happy to say, got speedily subdued by resorting at once to a regimen of porter.

Nothing is more disagreeable than a singing in the ears, and to this, unless a stop is put to the mischief at once, all the inhabitants of the Temple will be liable. The great difficulty is, how to deal with the malady; for as the patients are chiefly adults, the phlogistic treatment, usually so efficacious in juvenile instances, cannot here be resorted to.

If, however, music is to be cultivated by those members of the profession who have one bar's uninterrupted rest—for want of occupation, either professional or otherwise—we recommend for their own sakes that something profitable should be made of it. Some time ago we proposed a series of legal evenings, little thinking that such a project might, in consequence of the musical turn taken by the gentlemen of the Bar, become really feasible. We therefore have the pleasure of submitting to those gentlemen whose leisure allows them an opportunity of giving legal entertainments *à la* MATTHEWS, the following programme of an

### AT HOME; or, LAW AND LAUGHTER.

The curtain should rise and discover a table spread over with a green cloth, a decanter of spring water, a couple of lamps, and a variety of blocks for the wigs belonging to the different characters. The forensic performer should then proceed something in the following fashion:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you this evening as a humble imitator of the late lamented MR. MATTHEWS, whose Table-Talk some of you may remember, though others may have forgotten. Talking of MR. MATTHEWS, reminds me that my introduction must be brief; and talking of briefs, suggests to me the first document of that kind I ever received. If you will allow me, I will embody the circumstance in a song; and if you will excuse my stooping down for one moment—(*stoops under the table*)—I shall be able to show you the costume in which I appeared on that memorable occasion. (*He rises in his barrister's wig and gown.*) Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am—(*mimicking*)—Gentlemen of the Jury,—a-hem—(*strikes up the following song:—*

'As in my chambers, all alone,
At silent eve I sat,
Indulging a despairing groan,
I heard a rat-tat-tat.
I started up—I wiped my eye;
I would not show my grief.
What do I see—what do I spy?—
A client with a brief.

'I seize it in my eager hand;
He bids me look within,
That I may shortly understand
The cause I fain must win.
I did so—how my lips I bit,
With rage and despair, and grief!—
There was a copy of a writ
*Folded inside the brief!*'

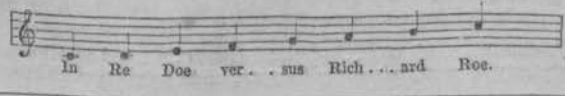
"This little anecdote, though simple in itself, illustrates, to a very great extent, the truth of some remarks that are commonly made upon the ungentlemanly conduct of a certain portion of the profession.

"Some years ago, in the infancy of my professional career, when every guinea was of consequence, I had reason to be deceived in an early client. The first shock the feelings receive in law is as potent as the original rebuff they experience in love. I had plighted my professional faith to this client: I had, in fact—though I know I am risking my reputation for professional correctness in this avowal, for nobody else does it—oh, no!—nobody else, of course—I had, in fact, permitted my clerk, the ever-memorable THOMSON—of whom more anon—to keep an account with him. One evening I was sitting in silent melancholy at my chambers, pondering over the vanity of human wishes, and other little matters to which I am in the habit of devoting my leisure hours, when a knock came at the door, to which my heart responded by a gentle palpitation. I heard the voice of the 'false client,' tendering a brief. I rushed forward, and seizing that precious lyre which had been the solace of so many briefless hours, I struck up the following strain, into which I threw alternate bursts of pathos and indignation, though I must confess the latter was very likely to predominate. It is arranged to the beautiful air of—

'TAKE BACK THY GIFT.'

'Take back thy brief: it is a token
Of many a still-unsettled fee;
And since your word is long since broken,
Thy brief 's not worth one rap to me.

THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.



Though once I thought with life alone
Brought business to restore,
Oh take it back, for now, I own,
You humbug me no more.——
Take back thy brief,

[*Spoken.*—THOMSON, give it him back immediately.]

For now I own,
You humbug me no more.'"

The above is a short specimen of such an entertainment as we propose to write for any forensic vocalist who has the gift of telling anecdotes, as well as the happy accomplishment of singing songs. Further particulars may be known on application at the *Punch* Office.

## COSTUMES FOR PARLIAMENT.

IN consequence of the expected variation of climate in the new Houses of Parliament, under the ventilating experiments of DR. REID, it is desirable that the Members should be suited with costumes appropriate to the alterations, from polar coldness to tropical heat, which they will have to encounter in future sessions. SIR R. PEEL, who knows the effect of DR. REID's hot blasts and cold currents, is preparing a perfect set of "Costumes of all Nations," to be ready for future campaigns in Parliament. The Premier has an entire suit of sables, made picturesquely into the habit of a native of Lapland, to be worn on those eventful evenings on which DR. REID favours the Legislature by pumping in upon them an atmosphere of FAHRENHEIT's severest frost; and the Right Honourable Baronet has an Indian planter's dress, to be put on when the Doctor is trying the effect of hot air and vapour, at the temperature of 96°, by way of variety.

It is all very well to talk of the heat of debate, but the enterprising REID will take care no debate shall be so hot as to be without its cool moments, at the very instant when it has come to the hottest. Any one who has tried the effect of sitting by the fire of a ship's cabin in a storm, with the sea and wind roaring down the cabin stairs on one side, whenever the door above is opened, and the fire on the other almost roasting the unhappy passenger, will be able to form some notion of the practical effect of DR. REID's experiments.

The theory is all correct, of course, and quite first-rate in its way; but no one likes being parboiled, and cooled down again, even upon scientific principles. The above little sketches of Parliamentary Fashions, to suit the alternate mildness and inclemency of DR. REID, will be found very serviceable to the members of the Legislature, to whom we most respectfully dedicate them.

## RIVALRY TO PUNCH, AT LAST.

WE take it to be rather unkind of our usually amiable contemporary the *Times*, that he should have suggested the only opposition at which *Punch* can possibly tremble. It has been suggested to ALMA MATER to publish portions of its regulations with reference to University education. Such a budget of broad humour we confess we could scarcely hope to equal in richness. We shall take an early opportunity of looking into them ourselves, and shall endeavour to be beforehand with our academical opponents, by laying some of the raciest bits before a British public at the earliest possible opportunity.

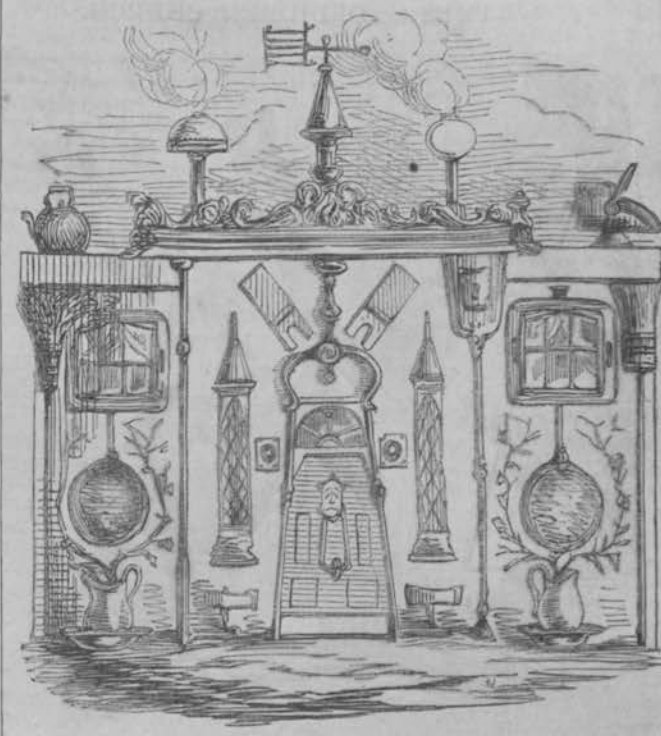
### MORE GLORY.

ANOTHER horse of ABD-EL-KADER has been shot this week. One would fancy that the principal object of the expedition into Algiers was to supply France with cats'-meat.

### VERY NATURAL.

A SPLIT, it is rumoured, has taken place in the Carlton Club. We might expect fissures where so many are upholders of rents.

## THE PECKSNIFFERY!



WE have duly possessed the public with our intention of giving a tremendous lift to the manufacturers of England, by laying before the world correct engravings of every variety of bellows, dust-pan, corkscrew, nightcap, hearth-rug, kettle-holder, teapot, &c. At this moment our confidential writers, duly attended by proper artists, are making the tour of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, the Potteries, and other places. Now, rigidly keeping to the line marked out for ourselves, we shall keep all the articles reviewed, and thus shall furnish, from top to bottom, the PECKSNIFFERY with presentation furniture. This very circumstance must, of course, give a tremendous impetus to the trade of the country; for it must be immediately conceded that there will be a mighty rush to secure the same pattern-bellows that blows up the Wall's-end at the PECKSNIFFERY—the same dustpan that receives its dust and dirt, if dust or dirt can defile such a temple! We know that there are grovelling and selfish creatures who may be vile and base enough to attribute this peculiar mode of furnishing the PECKSNIFFERY to the interested motives of the proprietor. By no means. In making the PECKSNIFFERY as magnificent and as cosey as the industrial labours of England can render it, the proprietor has but one wish beating at his heart—namely, the wish, the inextinguishable desire to encourage the manufacturers of his beloved country! And this, he thinks, he will achieve in a manner wholly characteristic of his enterprise and greatness of soul, by grouping under one hospitable roof—for it is the intention of the proprietor of the PECKSNIFFERY once a-week to throw open the hall-doors to the *dilettanti* of the land—toast-and-water and rusks to be liberally supplied on the occasion—under one roof, the most beautiful samples of the manufactures of the land. Thus, the visitor will behold the glories of Birmingham, Manchester, &c., &c., at little more than one glance, and at only the expense of cab-hire to Pentonville! (N.B. Master manufacturers forwarding candelabra, bedsteads, tesselated pavement, tinder-boxes, &c. &c., are desired to send their goods for review, carriage paid. And let them perfectly well understand—for this fact cannot be too frequently, too earnestly insisted upon—that all manufactures reviewed, are kept!)

Altogether, we think the PECKSNIFFERY does great credit to the genius of the architect, who, having in the erection mixed so many orders of art, may, we think, lay claim to the discovery of a new order, to be known henceforth as the Art-Union Order. All the external points of the PECKSNIFFERY are admirably suggestive of its purpose. It combines the utility of the shop for marine stores with the florid beauties of one of the oldest Halls of England. We particularly direct the attention to the bold yet graceful details of the boot-jacks, and to the felicitous thought embodied in the knocker.

## "JEAMES" FORBIDDEN CHURCH.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times* lifts up his voice against the ecclesiastical authorities of Rawstone Street Chapel, Brompton, inasmuch as they will not admit any family plush to the cedar seats of that very exclusive building. "Livery servants and dogs not admitted," was in the olden day written over Kensington Garden gates: the exterior of the Brompton Chapel may bear a like mortifying tablet. "Can it be?"—asks the master-proprietor of the plush—"can it be that *a decently clad* individual, with *a family badge*"—(why not a family notch in his ear or nose?)—"a family badge upon his buttons of his—call it a sky-blue or a canary-coloured coat—would distract over-much the attention of his fellow-worshipping mortals?" Now, to hazard an original thought—much may be said on both sides. In the first place, the Rawstone Street folks may not conceive how any man can be "decently clad" if drest in sky-blue; though, to be sure, the *sky*-blue does in a measure indicate the celestial yearnings of the master. They may, too, think it proper that canaries should appear in yellow, but not acknowledge the propriety of that colour on the back of a miserable sinner. The correspondent, however, exclaims:—

"Let these persons know that at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, *the real aristocracy of the land* are separated from their liveried domestics by *a mere oak panelling*."

"A mere oak panelling!" What a frail—a paltry barrier! Does not the plebeian spirit pass through it?

"At sea there 's but a plank, they say,
'Twixt sailors and annihilation!"

But this is nothing. Only think of "a mere" oak panelling between a Duke and a footman! We are not alarmists; but, thinking of this, we cannot but think the aristocracy of St. George's in great danger.

Now, the complainant is evidently not of the real aristocracy of the land—(by the way, ADAM was of course the first aristocrat of the land, being made of it,)—but is possibly of the aristocracy of the till. We doubt it not; he is one of "the Snobs of England;" and therefore snobbishly puts his shop-boy into Sabbath livery, and bands his four-and-nine with a band of copper-gilt, out of pure respect to the Church and the Sunday.

We cannot dive into the hearts of the Chapel authorities; but possibly they object to the appearance of liveries in church: not that they distract the attention of the congregation, but that they are unseemly vestments for a place in which all men at least pretend to meet on equal grounds. On the other hand, the correspondent may think that his virtues are best shown forth to the world by his shop-boy clad in motley. We know that MR. MILTON, in his *Comus*, speaking of chastity, says—

"That when a soul is found sincerely chaste,
A thousand *liveried* angels lacquey her!"

Now, when we have seen high-born Christian maids and matrons with eyes upon the ground, modestly mounting the Church steps, with JEAMES behind, carrying a very red and very golden Prayer-book, we have generally thought that the pretty creatures had in their hearts and souls the above lines of the aforesaid MR. MILTON; that they thought themselves most intensely in the predicament put forth by the poet, and were "lacquied" accordingly. In like manner, the *Times'* Correspondent may consider his sky-blue coat and canary-plush as only the fair rewards of his virtue, and therefore be justified in being very indignant at their exclusion from Rawstone Street Chapel, Brompton. And then, again, Brompton is so suffocatingly select!—the very air-pump of gentility!

## NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT alterations have been made in the uniforms of the Navy, such alterations having been duly gazetted. The senior officers are to have all sorts of epaulettes, gold loops, and gold lace. Really this is giving the enemy a premium to fight with additional courage; for a line-of-battle-ship will now be made doubly valuable by the bullion of her officers. To be sure, they will have an added sense of property about them, and fight accordingly. hence, should there be an American war (which there will not), the carnage will be dreadful. A very capital improvement has been made in the midshipmen's uniforms—though no account of it has been published. They are, however, to have the number of years they may have passed for lieutenants, every year worked in white worsted in their collars, in order to refresh the memory of any visiting Lord of the Admiralty.

PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU PUMP FOR ME?

## A VERY CLOSE SHOT.

PARIS has not yet illuminated in celebration of the glad event, but it is now certain that, at last, the French have killed ABD-EL-KADER'S ——horse. Thus, campaign after campaign, they are getting closer to the Emir. In another seven years, we may now fairly expect that they will kill ABD-EL-KADER himself! So far, however, it is very encouraging to have shot his grey horse.

### LIVING GROTESQUES.

PROFESSOR KELLER intends varying his "Poses Plastiques" with a few comic statues. He cannot have a better selection to begin with than the Statues of London.

COBDEN'S "BEES'-WING."

RICHMOND'S "BLACK-DRAUGHT."

## THE BRIDE OF ALGIERS.

### A Moorish Ballad.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

PART II. THE RECONCILIATION.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD, MARSHAL BUGEAUD,
Flinging wide your lattice high,
Why this bootless indignation?
"*Au voleur!*" in vain you cry.

See him hurry on his trousers!
See him plunge into his boots!

Hark, he thunders for the Colonel!
Hark, "Turn out the men!" he shouts.

Quickly at the call they muster,
Fierce moustache, and frightful beard:
Then in brief inspiring accents
Loud the Marshal's voice is heard.

"Soldiers! Frenchmen! Civilizers!
Scour the country swift and sure!
Smoke the bees and bag the honey!
Stifle every blessed Moor!

"Lots of centuries behold you!—
'Die,' my comrades, never say!—
France expects that every Frenchman
Will his booty sack to-day!

"Spies have shown us the direction
Of my truant daughter's flight:
ABD-EL-KADER, ABD-EL-KADER,
You shall smoke for this 'ere night!"

Then he gave a general scramble,
Ribands red and crosses rare;—
Nearly all who did not catch them,
Had already got them there.

Then each trooper took his faggot,
And his box of lucifers—
Mounted straight his gallant charger—
Struck him with the jingling spurs;

Ne'er was razzia so successful
Since the Gallic cock took wing;
Fast and far they scour'd the country,
Burning, smoking, pillaging;—

Prov'd "*de la civilisation*"
That they were "*les vrais apôtres;*"
And hung up some Arab damsels,
*Pour encourager les autres.*

Ha! what spies yon peering trooper,
That to BUGEAUD's side he speeds?
"*Mille canons!*" he shouts, "look yonder!"
Sure enough, two Arab steeds!

Each a double burden carries,
Which unequal makes the race:
To a skilful handicapper,
Such a match were sore disgrace.

Now they see the chace behind them
Tearing at a fearful bat;—
Swart BOU MAZA, swart BOU MAZA,
Now you own FIFINE is fat!—

"Faint not, JULIE; faint not, JULIE,
We shall reach yon cavern yet!"—
"If we *do*, Papa will smoke us!
For he's in a fuming pet."

Just in time, they reach the cavern,—
Not a barleycorn to spare—
In they leap, and block the entrance
Ere the foremost foe gets there.

In due course, dismount the troopers,
And prepare the 'custom'd blaze—
"Stay!" cries BUGEAUD, "Stay! my daughter!—
This is not the common case."

Then he steps up to the entrance—
"Hark ye, Moor, *mon brave!*" cries he,
"Ere you die (to ease your conscience)
First restore my child to me."—

"Much I love your only daughter,
Much BOU MAZA loves her maid;
But, if you are bent on smoking,
Smoke us *all!* we an't afraid—

"Why dost falter, MARSHAL BUGEAUD?
Canst thou doubt what course is right,
With an Arab in a grotto,
And the means to strike a light?"

"Were 't the maid alone, I 'd do it;
But (my brain begins to whirl!)
Can I smoke my only daughter—
Suffocate the darling girl?"

See, the Father's heart opposes
What the Governor decrees;
Hark, at length the welcome order—
"Recover faggots! Stand at ease!

"I forgive thee, only daughter!
I forgive thy robber Moor;
Though of MRS. ABD-EL-KADERS
He has got already four."

Forth then comes brave ABD-EL-KADER,
Fainting JULIE comes to light;
Comes FIFINE with swart BOU MAZA,
Looking in a precious fright.

ABD-EL-KADER and the Marshal,
See, they shake the friendly hand;
Into the arms of swart BOU MAZA
Falls the Second-in-Command.

Home returning, all together
Talk the day's proceedings o'er;
Smoking now the mild Havannah,
*Vice* the ferocious Moor.

Thus the Marshal's lovely daughter
Won the Arab Chief so plain:
Thus were saved from suffocation
All that did unsmok'd remain.

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### The Drama.

THE royal children have been taken to ASTLEY'S to see the horses. The public were not admitted to see the infants themselves, but were afterwards generously allowed to look at their little chairs!

## THE HAPPY PEASANTRY.

The Duke of Newcastle seems to be a first-rate painter of happy peasantry; and his latest sketch of agricultural labourers is peculiarly rich and felicitous. He pictures them as "that humble but most deserving class upon whose industry and labour the wealthiest merchants and producers depend; as, in turn, the workman depends upon his employer for ample remuneration, in the shape of liberal wages." The dependence may be mutual; but there can be no doubt the wealthy merchant gets much the better of it. The breach of confidence is all on his side, the disappointment all on the side of the labourer.

According to the Duke's account, the workman is a being devoted to sportive pleasure, and oppressed by plethora. He has nothing to do but to perform his daily work, and receive his "ample remuneration in the shape of liberal wages." Our artist has endeavoured to carry out this pleasant picture, conceived by the fertile imagination of the Duke of Newcastle. We very much fear, however, that, after all,

"It is but Fancy's sketch."

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Flotsam. That part of a wreck which remains floating in the water, and if not claimed within a year, goes to the Sovereign. If, however, a man gets into hot-water, and is only just able to keep his head above it, though the bark of his fortune may be a wreck, his head, which is in the condition of Flotsam, does not become forfeited.

Forestalling. The buying up of a commodity to cause a monopoly in the hands of one person. This used to be unlawful, but is so no longer; and, if I publish a tragedy, I may go and forestall it; that is to say, prevent its getting on to the book-stalls, by buying up every copy of it.

Forest Laws. At the Norman Conquest, all animals of chase became vested in the Crown, and William had all the wild beasts of the kingdom settled upon himself and his heirs for ever. Hunting the stag was then expressly forbidden; and there is no doubt there are many stags of the present day who would like to see the Forest Laws revived, so far as to prohibit the practice of stag-hunting. The Conqueror is said to have possessed an immense number of forests, and 781 parks. But, probably, some of these parks were no bigger than that of Whetstone.

Forgery. From the French *forger*, to beat metal and hammer it; but what this derivation can have to do with signing another man's name, is by no means evident.

Franchise. A synonymous term with liberty, though the elective franchise is often a badge of slavery.

Fraudulent Conveyance. A term applied to an illegal transfer of land, but the every-day illustration of a fraudulent conveyance, is a cab, the driver of which demands double his legal fare; or an omnibus which undertakes to set you down at one part of the town, and leaves you in another.

Freedom: *vide* Liberty. "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves," "Rule Britannia," &c., &c. Freedom is now seldom bestowed with any formality, except at the minor theatres, where various countries are freed by the leading tragedian, who gives liberty to Switzerland, to Spain, or to Italy, according to the place in which is laid the scene of the drama he is the temporary hero of.

Free Trade. The liberty of trading with other countries, unfettered by restrictive duties. To the monopolists, such trade is far more free than welcome.

Friendly Societies. Institutions founded for mutual benefit, but too often leading to disputes, and occasionally to the unlawful disappearance of "the box," with all the assets. Friendly Societies are a great improvement on the old Benefit Clubs, where, by paying sixpence a week for a few months, a member became entitled to support during the remainder of his existence. The result generally was a row, followed by the breaking up of the club, and not unfrequently the total evaporation of the treasurer.

## TO GOVERNESSES.

We have received the subjoined letter, addressed by a lady—a very gorgeous lady, no doubt—to a governess.—

"Mrs. H——s compliments to Miss S—— begs to acknowledge the receipt of her note of this morning and should not engage with *any young person* unless she were compotent of teaching singing, my eldest daughter is sixteen years of age, the second thirteen, the youngest [*daughter*, of course] a little boy ten. The *person* who has now left has resided five years with us, as teacher to my family her salary *never exceeded sixteen pounds* paying her own *laundressy*, she was thoroughly compotent of tuition in every respect should Miss S——feel compotent of teaching singing &c Mrs. H——s would wish her to name salary and every particular.

"—— —— near
"Aylesbury.
"January 1846."

It is plain that Mrs. H. (from the style of her letter) is, to use her own phrase, "compotent" to judge of the scholastic powers of any young "person." And she therefore offers sixteen pounds to the successor of the "person" who has "now left." Sixteen pounds a year for stuffing her children with "tuition in every respect." What may Mrs. H. give to the "person" in the kitchen who stuffs her geese and ducks? Scarcely less, we should think, than £16 per annum,—but then, to be sure, it is more important properly to stuff geese and ducks with sage and onion, than young ladies and "a little boy of ten" with "tuition in every respect."

## THE AMERICAN LINE.

If President Polk means mischief to his country and the whole civilised world, he will speedily begin mustering forces with a view to hostilities with Great Britain. What the organisation of the American army is, we do not know, but the following corps, we should think, form a distinguished portion of it. The Kentucky Gougers; the Bowie-Knife Brigade; the Sword-Stick Division; the Revolving Barrelleers. We might also mention the Auxiliary Niggers; but we suspect that this regiment is not exactly to be depended on. We still hope, however, that peace will ultimately be preserved, and that the affair will end with Bombastes' address to his followers:—"Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row."

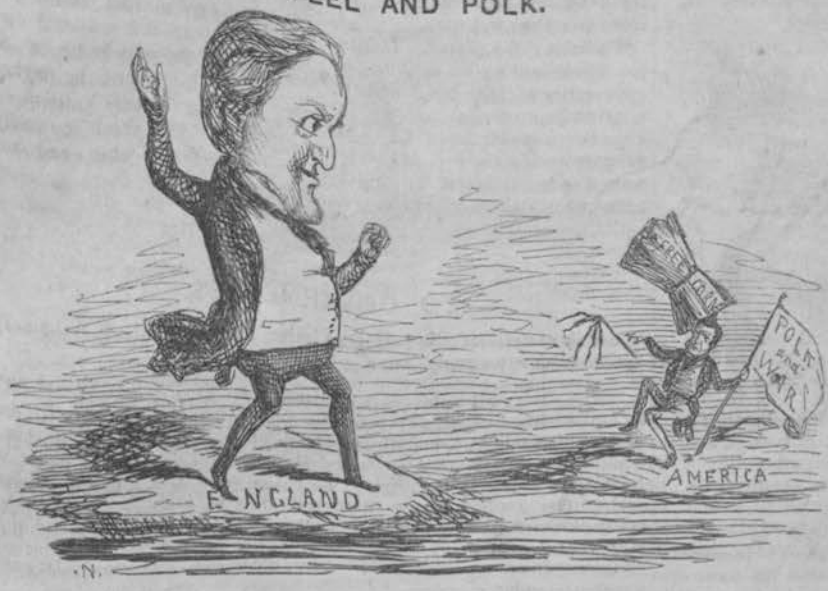
### News for Bugeaud.

We have been credibly informed that Abd-el-Kader is living at Algiers. He has never left the capital for the last six years, excepting when Marshal Bugeaud has made grand expeditions to capture him. On these occasions he has always followed the French army. He returned with the Marshal a fortnight back, and took up his usual abode, two doors from the Governor's palace. He was present at the harangue of the Marshal to his troops, and laughed heartily at the allusions to himself. The French Government is perfectly welcome to make any use it pleases of our intelligence.

### WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

Mr. Ferrand has received an offer from Louis Philippe to superintend that fine imaginative work which is published in bulletins, the French Telegraph. His Majesty offered this appointment to the talented Member immediately after reading one or two of his speeches.

## PEEL AND POLK.




THE English Premier has taken the happiest method of dealing with the American President. POLK fires off inflammatory messages, while PEEL returns the attack with Free-Trade measures. The latter will, we have every hope, prove irresistible, and POLK will not be able to make a successful stand against the very felicitous mode of warfare adopted by our Free-Trade Minister. It is not likely that the American people will be misguided enough to continue a hostility, which will be so directly opposed to their own interests.

PEEL'S Free-Trade must be victorious against POLK'S firebrands. America may, if it pleases, pelt us with its corn, while we return the compliment by pitching into the United States some of our manufactured articles. This will be much better for both parties than an exchange of lead, whether in the form of swan or grape, or packed in canister.

## ADDRESS FROM MR. OLDCASTLE.

WE have great pleasure in publishing the letter of this firm and consistent old gentleman, about whom we have lately felt very uncomfortable. What, we have asked ourselves, would be the feelings of a Pagan parent whose first-born son, on being suddenly converted to the Christian faith, should proceed to smash a golden calf in his father's own private oratory? Should we not pardon the very worst grammar, the most unintelligible depths of bathos, the most unpleasant Billingsgate, in our commiseration for the sufferings of the Pagan gentleman in question?

"To my Fellow-Parishioners:—

"Encouraged by your former kindness, I trust that it should not be mistimed to encroach once more on your affectionate attention. If my grammar were bad, yet my heart is in the usual situation; and if my heart should be in the wrong position, yet my soul beats with the best intentions. I might be artless and unsophisticated, but I am an affectionate old man.

"About this time last year, I presumed to address you upon a subject of intense interest then in progress. I then hazarded an opinion that the same ruthless taste which altered the cut of the collar would not scruple to change the hue of the whole coat. You have witnessed with stupefaction and abomination the hideous treachery and tergiversation of the Beadle, which flared up suddenly upon your incredulous view, in the full blaze of its triumphant deformity, supported by a shameless effrontery, unexampled in the annals of well-regulated parishes!

"The Beadle expected that he had so contrived and so judiciously settled the colour which he has got permission for the present to wear, that becomingness was certain—ridicule impossible. No man was ever more mistaken in his calculations, no Beadle ever more deceived in an estimate of his own controlling (if not despotic) power and individual essentiality. Instead of dismay from the fear of losing him, he finds that no one desires to retain his services; and where he thought to raise admiration, he has only raised a pitiless storm of scoffs from the boys, and scornful inquiries after his mother. Faith and confidence in him have ceased, and his parochial *sun is set*!!

"Under the orange coat we have flourished; under it and by it—observe well, NOT IN SPITE OF IT—Little Pedlington has grown into a parish of the very first respectability. It is not, therefore, because I happen to possess some cloth of that colour, which I have no other way to dispose of, that I call upon you all to lose not a day or an hour! but instantly and busily set to work to form and organise an Orange Society around every fireside!! and with the energy, the just and firm, but, though firm, still unbending determination of Pedlingtonians, and with the roar of the Pedlingtonian Lion to back you, you may reasonably hope that you may be enabled to save your insulted and injured parish from the most fearful perils which the machinations or infatuations of false men and treacherous Beadles ever devised for the reform and ruin of the place of their birth!!!

"Your affectionate

"OLDCASTLE.

"*Little Pedlington, March*, 1846."

## The Queen and Children at Astley's.

IT may have been observed by many of our readers, that HER MAJESTY has not been once this season to the Italian Opera, though she has visited the French Plays frequently, and once, in the true spirit of a British parent, "taken the children to ASTLEY'S." We like to see this disposition "to make the children happy" by treating them to that establishment, which was always the fairy land of our infancy. The PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL have passed that charming epoch in human existence—a first introduction to WIDDICOMB. The very thought brings us back to those days of light-heartedness and light-jacketedness, when the bedizened WIDDICOMB, in the same turned-down collar, the same Hessians, the same cartridge-box, that he still wears, first started upon our mazed and mithered vision.

Henceforth WIDDICOMB took his place in our mental repository by the side of Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, and all the other fairy creatures with whom our infant mind had already become peopled. WIDDICOMB has now got into the head of the little Prince and Princess, and there is no brushing him out of the head into which he has once found admittance.

While, however, we commend the kindness evinced on the part of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, in giving the little ones the ASTLEIAN treat, we must express a hope that proper care will be taken to point out the erroneous views of history that are sometimes given in the amphitheatrical spectacles of MR. BATTY'S establishment. Juvenile Royalty must not be left to the absurd supposition, that the Battle of Waterloo was fought between 18 Scotch Greys, headed by twelve Field-Marshals, against BUONAPARTE, and a brilliant staff, leading on eight cuirassiers and one Mameluke. Nor should the notion be encouraged, that the troops secreted themselves behind trusses of straw, like *Les Moissonneurs*, in the celebrated *pas* of *Les Danseuses Viennoises*.

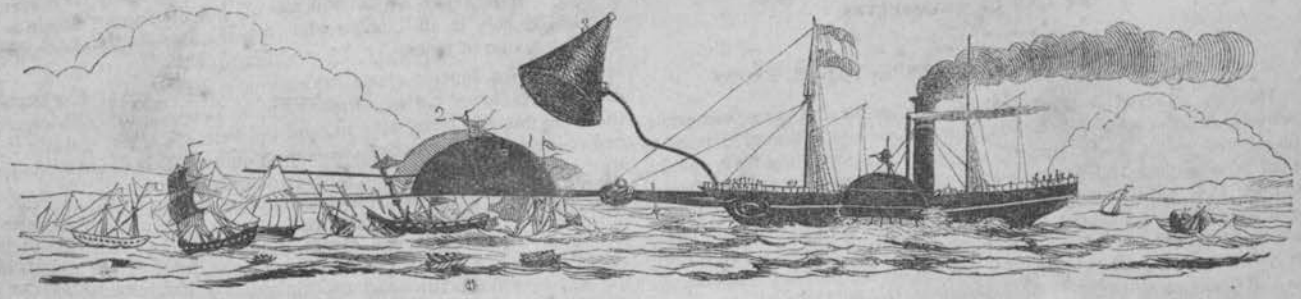
History, as taught at ASTLEY'S, is an amusing, but not a healthy style of instruction. It pleases the imagination, but does not satisfy the judgment. It is said of the celebrated SISMONDI, the author of the *Italian Republics*, that he fainted away at the Coburg, to which he had repaired to witness the performance of the *Dumb Girl of Genoa*, in the hope that he might have been enabled to enrich his notes with some *excerpta* from the melodrama, in reference to some nice points of Genoese history. The illustrious MICHELET was "sold" in the same shocking manner, when he repaired to ASTLEY'S to witness the exertions of MR. GOMERSAL as *Napoleon*. When the Emperor began planning a vast campaign, assisted by a peasant, whose sister had been ill-treated by a French Officer, whose epaulettes GOMERSAL tore off and indignantly trod upon, MICHELET rushed out of the house, and ran wildly into the Westminster Road, declaring that LORD (J. H.) AMHERST, the author of the piece, had endeavoured to stab the honour of France with the steel pen of the dramatist.

In order to avoid mistakes of this sort on the part of the infant Princes and Princesses, we repeat our warning, that historical dramas should always be taken *cum grano salis*—with a chapter of PINNOCK.

### Terrible News.

WE thought nothing could equal the rapidity with which the Spaniards upset Ministries, and threw the kingdom into a state of revolt, but we find a war-steamer called the *Terrible* has just been constructed at Woolwich, which has the power of making no less than fourteen revolutions in one minute.

## FRENCH NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.



Our correspondent at Marseilles sends us the usual package of Marseilles' quilts, and the following startling piece of information, which seems to say that quilting in another sense is in store for us from the same quarter.

A new apparatus has, it seems, been invented by a Frenchman for the use of the Gallic navy, enabling it to snuff out British vessels, and extinguish British valour, upon the old simple snuffers and extinguisher's principle, which has long been applied to our bedroom candlesticks. As the contrivance is rather difficult to comprehend without ocular demonstration, we furnish a drawing. Number 1, represents the Prince de Joinville on the paddle-box of the *Belle Poule*—or the *Bell-pull*, as it is sometimes called—giving orders for the instant annihilation of an English squadron. Number 2, is a pair of bifurcated snuffers, on a swivel joint, so that they may be turned in any direction, and thus be ready at all points to grab the flying enemy. Number 3, is an extinguisher, capable of being lowered over the English Admiral, in case of his flaring up, and thus putting him at once *hors de combat*. The numerous vessels that are running away are supposed to be the British fleet flying in terror and confusion from before the French funnel. The snuffers are so arranged that they may be used for snuffing off the flags of neutrals, as well as for putting out entirely all hostile vessels.

## PUTNEY BRIDGE TO "PUNCH."

"Mr. Punch,—

"One of my toll-keepers having just read out to a waterman the letter of Mr. H. Walker, of Halfpenny Hall, Fulham, that appeared in your paper, about the pennies taken for me on Sundays,—I, Putney Bridge, herewith declare that the Bishop of London has nothing to do with the matter: neither have the parsons of Fulham or Putney any feeling whatever in the extra Sabbath halfpenny.

"*Mr. Punch*, I was built upon the authority of an Act of Parliament, an Act passed in the year 1725, when the Lords and Commons determined as follows upon the fares to be levied by me on all travellers:—

"'For every coach, chariot, Berlin, chaise, chair, or calash, drawn by six or more horses, the sum of two shillings.'

(Any ditto, ditto, drawn by four horses, one shilling and sixpence.)

"'For every coach, chariot, Berlin, chaise, chair, or calash, drawn by *less than four horses*, the sum of—one shilling!'

"'For every foot-passenger on Sundays, ONE PENNY! And on every other day,—*One Halfpenny!*'

"Now, instead of being abused by Mr. Walker, I ought to be, with Billy Taylor, 'very much applauded for what I have done;' for, in the first place, I might by the Act of 1725 charge not less than 'one shilling' for one horse, whereas I modestly hold my hand out for only sixpence. To be sure, I make it up on Sundays, for then I double the toll (for the sake of religion), and will have twelvepence.

"I know I 'm a very ugly bridge. I know the steam-boat companies swear at me (as if people thought of steam-boats when my arches were built!)—nevertheless, if folks don't like me, they can go round. There 's Hammersmith,—a fine gimcrack thing, cheaper than I am,—let 'em try that. I stand upon my Sunday penny, and am your humble servant,

"Putney Bridge."

"[Private and Confidential.]—It *is* said that, with the march of the times, my tolls *must* come down sooner or later. Nevertheless, I 'm determined, as long as I decently can (a little longer, some say), to levy the Sabbath pence. It 's so religious!"

## RETIREMENT FROM PARLIAMENT.

We are about to lose Plumptre. There can be very little doubt that we must undergo the calamity of such an event, for he has given it as his opinion, that "the conduct of the Government in reference to Corn-Law Repeal is enough to make man disgusted with public life!" He, moreover, looked upon the admission of foreign corn as only a forerunner of the destruction of our "wisely and prudently limited monarchy!" There can be no doubt of it. If America sends us wheat, she will be sure to smuggle republican principles in every sack. Parents must keep their children from hot-rolls, lest, eating them, they should catch democracy!

## HOW TO CURE IRELAND.

Various attempts have been made, from time to time, to rectify the disorders of Ireland; but they have hitherto proved wholly unsuccessful. For the most part, they have consisted in the empirical administration of steel and lead, combined with forcible restraint by means of a strait-waistcoat—a practice which may be pronounced to be the worst of treatment. Hemp, also, has been largely tried; but it has only had the effect of aggravating the symptoms. Percussion, or thumping, has been vainly resorted to; not as a means of diagnosis, but of cure; whereas, auscultation, or listening to the patient's complaint, has been almost entirely omitted.

The following is the mode of proceeding we would recommend in this difficult case:—

First, put the patient on a liberal diet: let one meal be taken three times a day. The irritation of the system being thus allayed, lose no time in determining absentee landlords to their proper spheres of action on the surface of the soil. The most promising measure for this purpose will be an appeal to the pocket, by the vigorous application of a poor's-rate. Allay any remaining nervous excitement, resulting from long mismanagement, by appropriate sedatives.

Amongst these may be suggested the extract of Monkshood; Friar's Balsam may also be applied to old wounds—though these remedies, it must be remembered, are dangerous in large quantities. As the constitution gains strength, the patient may be allowed to take additional exercise, in municipal and elective privileges; all restrictions in this respect being gradually relaxed as she progresses towards perfect recovery. At the same time, let everything calculated to oppress the system be removed by a judicious regimen. Any obstinate eruptions or malignant excrescences, arising from vitiated humours, that may now remain, may, in this improved state of the general health, be safely removed by legislative operation; and for the suppression of any surviving agitation, the strongest antispasmodic in the State Pharmacopœia may now be successfully exhibited.

### EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

The Peers have resolved, at a meeting of the Clarendon, to oppose by every means the progress of the Corn-Law Bill. The British Lion is so frightened that he has sent to Van Amburgh, applying for a situation.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 4, 1846.

# THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

## CHAPTER VI.—ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

Having received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter, by stating my firm opinion that it is among the respectable classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be found. I pace down my beloved Baker Street, (I am engaged on a life of Baker, the founder of this celebrated Street,) I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel:—I rove round Regent's Park, where the plaster is patching off the house-walls; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green inclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud:—I thread the doubtful zig-zags of May Fair, where Mrs. Kitty Lorimer's Brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's belozenged family coach.—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct, and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown: I lose myself in the new Squares and Terraces of the brilliant brand-new Bayswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard, and say, "O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, you are knocked at—O, undress flunky, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid—by Snobs." It is a tremendous thought that; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of those houses where the "Peerage" does not lie on the drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all *Quixote's* books of humbugging chivalry.

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand a year. A *déjeûner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds: that man in drab trowsers, coming crying down the steps, is a dun. Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him, and won't see him; that is, he is peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, Loughcorrib, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society;—but I am growing too eloquent.

You see that fine house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell. He has three mutton chops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family; for Lady Susan Scraper, and her daughters, Miss Scraper and Miss Emily Scraper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a Methodist, and a butler who would never have staid in the family but that he was orderly to General Scraper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing-closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off; and he is pointing to a chart, on which are written the words Walcheren, Tobago.

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the "British Bible," a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race: then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest General: his eldest son, Scraper Buckram Scraper, is at present the greatest and best; his second son the next greatest and best; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course: she would fancy the church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the Church and Parish Charities; and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-inn Hospital—the Washerwomen's Asylum—the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, &c. &c. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter-day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for when she walks out, protected by John, that domestic has always two or three Mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a-year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

Those three mutton chops which you see entering at the kitchen-door will be served on the family plate at seven o'clock this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the crest and coat-of-arms of the Scrapers blazing everywhere. I pity Miss Emily Scraper—she is still young—young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket-money in buns? Malicious tongues say so; but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen, and the lady's-maids, and the fat coach-horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner-parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening-parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering-place for the autumn, are paid, my lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the Drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds, waving over her ladyship's sandy hair and majestical hooked nose:—you would not think it when you hear "Lady Susan Scraper's carriage" bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia:—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And, O stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unladylike propensity for field sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad, like Solomon, in all his glory; as long as she goes to bed—as I believe she does—with a turban and a bird of Paradise in it, and a court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton-chops for the benefit of the young ladies.

I had my notions of her from my old schoolfellow,—from her son Sydney Scraper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the

most placid, polite, and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a-year, and who may be seen any evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, simpering over the *Quarterly Review*, in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of Port.

## The Newcastle Scholarship.

THE papers of the past week tell us that "the Examinations for the Newcastle Scholarship" have terminated; but they failed to supply us with the questions put upon the interesting occasion. We are, however, enabled to give a few; for the agents of *Punch*—like the spies of NICHOLAS—are everywhere; albeit, it is hoped, with a different purpose.

*Q.* What is your opinion of the Maynooth Grant?

*A.* My firm and inextinguishable opinion is, that to the Maynooth Grant we owe the blight on potatoes.

*Q.* Define the Anti-Corn Law League.

*A.* The Anti-Corn Law League has Satan for its head, and a Republican for its tail.

*Q.* What will be the result of the admission of foreign corn into England?

*A.* Popery, of course: it will be grown in the wheat. Corn coming from Catholic countries must necessarily destroy the Established Church; as foreign cattle have brought measles upon tithe-pigs.

*Q.* What is your opinion of the Condition of England question?

*A.* My opinion of England—leaving out the question—is this: That having grown out of her glorious institutions, she is fast approaching destruction. I look upon the alarming increase of comets as nothing more than a preparation to burn the country out of the globe.

*Q.* What value do you attach to the splendid crucifix sent by the Pope to MR. NEWMAN?

*A.* Not being a pawnbroker, I can't say.

## A NEWGATE EXAMPLE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a very plain man; even my wife allows that; and therefore I want to say a few plain words. I have to object to an expression used by the *Times'* gentleman that wrote the account of the hanging of WIX. He says of him, 'He bowed to the spectators twice, a proceeding which called forth a tremendous cheer from *the degraded crowd* beneath.' Now, sir, I did not cheer; but I was of the crowd. Am I therefore to think myself 'degraded?' Quite the contrary. I went to Newgate to be taught morals. I'd heard that MR. DAVIS, the Newgate ordinary, had preached that hanging did good by the way of an example; and not thinking myself a bit better than my neighbours, I certainly did go to the Old Bailey, as (I may say) I'd go to church, to be instructed. Indeed, I had some thoughts of taking my wife and two little boys with me; for, if a moral example is really taught by the hangman, I do think that (if it could be done) there ought to be accommodation made for all the schools in and near London. For, if hanging does no good to the living, wherefore hang? If it does good, why am I to be called 'degraded' for going to see it? Just tell me that; while I remain

"Your obedient Servant,

"ONE OF THE CROWD."

"P.S. A good many people certainly *did* cheer; but some were quite silent—picking pockets."

## WOOLMER *v.* TOBY.

WE beg leave to state most emphatically that the Defendant in this action is not the celebrated dog TOBY, of *Punch*. Our TOBY is no relative whatever of the unfortunate TOBY who has been so severely tickled by the verdict in the recent railway trial. *Punch's* TOBY is not a Stag, but an exceedingly lucky dog, who never was bitten by the railway mania.

## THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND COMPLETION OF THE NELSON COLUMN.

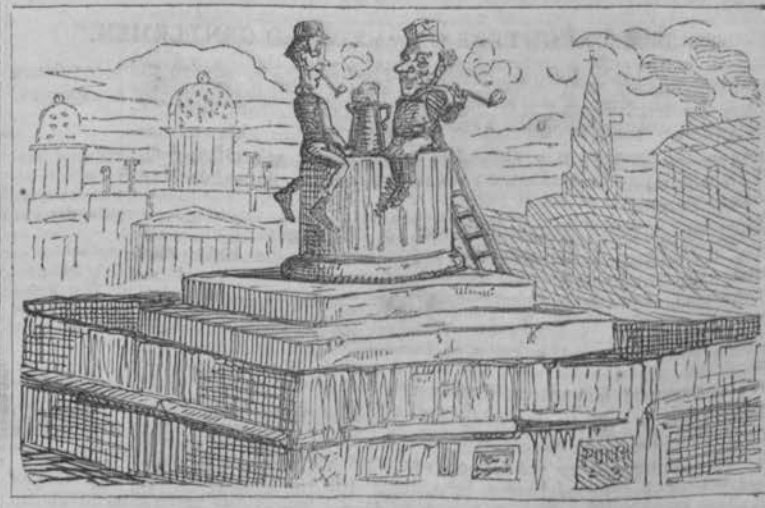
THE number three has ever been considered to exercise some mysterious influence over human destiny. The average life of man is threescore years (and ten): he passes through the three stages, of growth, maturity, and decay; he is influenced by three things, pounds, shillings, and pence, and is ruled by three powers, the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons. It is, therefore, in wonderful analogy with the ordinary course of human nature, that the NELSON Column has at length been marked by three epochs—First, its wondrous rise; secondly, its miraculously slow progress; and thirdly, its still more marvellous completion. It is now some very long number of years ago that a man, in the vigour of maturity, attended by a

THE RISE.

boy of tender age, first placed on the area of Trafalgar Square the hod and the trowel, the spade and the buckets of industry. How proudly and energetically did that man advance to the commencement of the great national work, and how fresh were the words of encouragement spoken to that stripling, who was entering for the first time on a career of labour! Determination flashed from the half-winking eye of the then vigorous man, while hope, not untinctured with fear, earnestness, which time had not yet hardened into habitual anxiety, played over the features and gave activity to the gait of that juvenile labourer.

But we must leave the fresh and balmy atmosphere of hope for the denser air of its merely partial fulfilment. We must leave the NELSON Column as it seemed to promise in the first moment of its rise, and look upon the darker picture of its tardy progress.

Years had rolled on since that day of high anticipations and ardent aspirations we have already described, when two forms were seen seated *vis-à-vis* across the first stone of a broad-based column. The foaming porter-pot placed between the figures bespoke rather festivity than labour, while a pipe in either mouth enveloped the couple ever and anon in the somniferous fumes of that weed that has twined itself inseparably in the laurel that adorns the brow of RALEIGH.



THE PROGRESS.

The figures are those of a man and a boy; but a man reckless from sheer laziness, and a boy with nothing of boyhood left but its brass and its lead—its impudence and its indolence.

Such was the progress, or, rather, the obstruction of the NELSON Column. The porter-pot occupied the place which the mortar ought to have enjoyed, and the pipe was wielded by the hand which should have been plying the trowel. Like NERO, who seized his Straduarius, when he should have clutched his sceptre, the man and his juvenile myrmidon were fiddling over that column to which an expectant nation looked for the completion of a trophy worthy of the greatest naval hero whose name is to be found in human annals.

But we must pass on to the third and last epoch of this strange eventful history.

THE COMPLETION.

And here let us call upon philosophy to read a lesson to the world on the degradation that ever waits on idleness. Behold that very man and boy to whom a nation once looked with ardent aspirations and hopeful encouragement for the completion of a great work, now reduced in after years to "chalk the wall," which in the shape of an ignoble hoarding, is at once the monument of their shame and the tomb of their labours. The man bent down by age and humiliation, plies lazily the paint-brush against the ignoble deal, while the boy—no longer the fresh and joyous creature who once carried the buckets with an animated and hopeful step—now stoops, crouches, and almost cowers under the weight of the whitewash.

Let us leave this painful subject, from which we have endeavoured to draw a healthful moral, to extract, as it were, the sweet of philosophy from the bitter truths of history.

In conclusion, we can only propose that those three epochs, in which we have endeavoured to show, in the situation of a moment, the story of a cycle of years, may be turned into pictures for the base of the NELSON Column, as a warning to all future men and boys who may disappoint the expectations of an anxious nation.

There is still a subject wanting for a fourth side. Let us complete the ignominious history, by inscribing on the fourth side, the shameful fact that the completion of an English trophy to her greatest naval hero, was due to the humiliating liberality of a Russian despot.

## TO THE DAUGHTERS OF "REDUCED GENTLEMEN."

AGAIN and again have we called upon our readers to admire the benevolence and loving-kindness of advertisers, as exhibiting themselves in the newspapers. We give a new case, from the *Times* of March 27 :—

WANTED, *with no salary*, OR A MERE TRIFLE, for the sake of a *comfortable and respectable home*, where she would be treated *with the greatest kindness, and her morals attended to*, a YOUNG FRENCH PERSON, *of the Established Church of England*, who can speak no English, or scarcely any. She would be required to perform no menial office, excepting dressing and attending to the wardrobes of three little girls; *the rest of her time would be occupied in needlework*. She must be able to read her own language well, and to have enough knowledge of writing and arithmetic to teach children of six or seven years old. The object chiefly being for the children to have practice in talking French, the less English known the better. *If a young lady*, she would *often* be admitted into the parlour, *and would have her meals in the school-room*. Reference as to respectability required. To the *daughter of a reduced gentleman* this would be a desirable home. Direct to C. B., Post-office, Exmouth.

It is not very difficult to imagine the sort of "kindness" to be bestowed by this Samaritan, who, to the daughter of a "reduced gentleman" gives "no salary, or a mere trifle," leaving the unfortunate father to supply his child with clothes and her mite of pocket-money. We can also understand the sort of "morals" that must be practically taught her; namely, to make the most, by every sort of pinching and screwing, of miserable dependents; and at the same time to air an appearance of religion by lisping about the Established Church; to which C. B., we presume, is attached—like a whitlow to a bishop's thumb. And then the sweet leisure proffered to the young French slave! After she had taught "the three little girls" their daily French, she would spend "the rest of her time" making the little petticoats of her pupils. If, too, she were a real young lady, she would be admitted now and then, with the cat, into the parlour. But like the cat, she would "have her meals" in another place. Oh, daughters of reduced gentlemen! learn to trundle a mop—to clean knives—black stoves—polish shoes—forget your books, forget all that may have educated your taste, your sensibility,—be at once sturdy, healthy housemaids, and flee from the "comfortable and respectable home" with the "three little girls" proffered by the C. B.'s of Exmouth.

And now, who is this C. B.? Can the Exmouth folks guess at him or her? As Englishmen, we would punish the advertiser for this cold-blooded, deliberate insult, offered in the basest misery of spirit to the "reduced gentlemen" of a noble nation. Were we clothed with powers of paternal despotism, we would send our benevolent Janissaries to Exmouth . we would have C. B. searched out; and when found—for his or her insult to France and to humanity—we would make him or her wear wooden shoes for a twelvemonth, and every market-day eat a dinner of frogs in the open market-place. This we would do, "as we live by bread!"

## A BIT OF A PARODY.

A SONG of the Dukes, of the dense old Dukes,
That have rul'd in the land so long;
With small renown to the Ducal crown,
By dint of legal wrong.
There's rage in their frown when PEEL goes down,
And for Free Trade's cause speaks out;
And they show him their spite in the Lords each night
That the subject is talk'd about.
Then here 's to the Dukes, to the dense old Dukes,
Who live for themselves alone;
And still live they, though no more to prey
On the country's blood and bone.

They talk of the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear;
And pretend that the poor were regaled, galore,
With old English beef and beer.
That tale is all stuff, it is much too tough;
It won't even hoax an ass;
And don't we know, they who tell us so,
The New Poor Law allow'd to pass?
Then here 's to the Dukes, to the dense old Dukes,
Who live for themselves alone;
And still live they, though no more to prey
On the country's blood and bone.

## THE HOUSELESS LORDS.

WE understand a Society is in the course of formation for the purpose of supplying shelter to the houseless and destitute Parliament. It has been calculated that there are very near one thousand members of the Legislature who are actually dependent for shelter upon casual aid, and who have no other habitation than such as a temporary structure affords to them. Some of those who serve upon committees are even in a much worse predicament, and are reduced to the humiliating expedient of clustering together in attics, kitchens, and even in humble sheds, thrown together very slightly, with nothing but a piece of tarpaulin as a roof, to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. While the destitute poor are being partially provided for by the exertions of the benevolent, it is to be hoped that the houseless rich will not be altogether left without assistance in their present pitiable condition.

### FRIENDS IN NEED.

AN Association has been formed, entitled the "Alleged Lunatics' Friend Society." Good news this for the "Country Party."

WHAT WILL THE LORDS DO? The Nation.

## THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

**The Nights are still chilly; therefore the Militia Man warms the Bed for his Family previous to his going on Guard**

## CONSTITUTIONAL OPPOSITION.

WHAT will the Lords do, when the Corn-Law question comes before them? This inquiry rivals, in its universality, the query as to the probable observations of MRS. GRUNDY. It has, however, received a partial answer. The *Morning Post* states that at a large meeting of Peers, lately held at the Clarendon Hotel, it was unanimously resolved to oppose the progress of the Government Free-Trade measures in the House of Lords "by every constitutional means."

Whether any discussion ensued amongst these noblemen as to what means of so doing would be within constitutional bounds, the *Post* does not mention; but we shall venture to supply this omission of our odoriferous contemporary.

The DUKE OF LOAMDALE thought that though what was and what was not constitutional, might, in the present emergency, be considered to be neither here nor there, yet as *there* meant another place, and *here* their Lordship's own place, it would be preferable to regard what was constitutional there as being also constitutional here, and consequently constitutional both there and here.

VISCOUNT FATFIELD congratulated the noble Duke who had just spoken, on his successful attempt at logic—which was a very fine specimen of Protectionist logic—and perfectly agreed with him, both in his premises and conclusion. There was a Roman General of the name of FABIUS, who, their Lordships would recollect, obtained his victories by delay. The Fabian system was adopted in the other place; he would recommend that it should also be adopted in their place; and although Noble Lords are not at Rome, he would advise them to do as the Romans did.

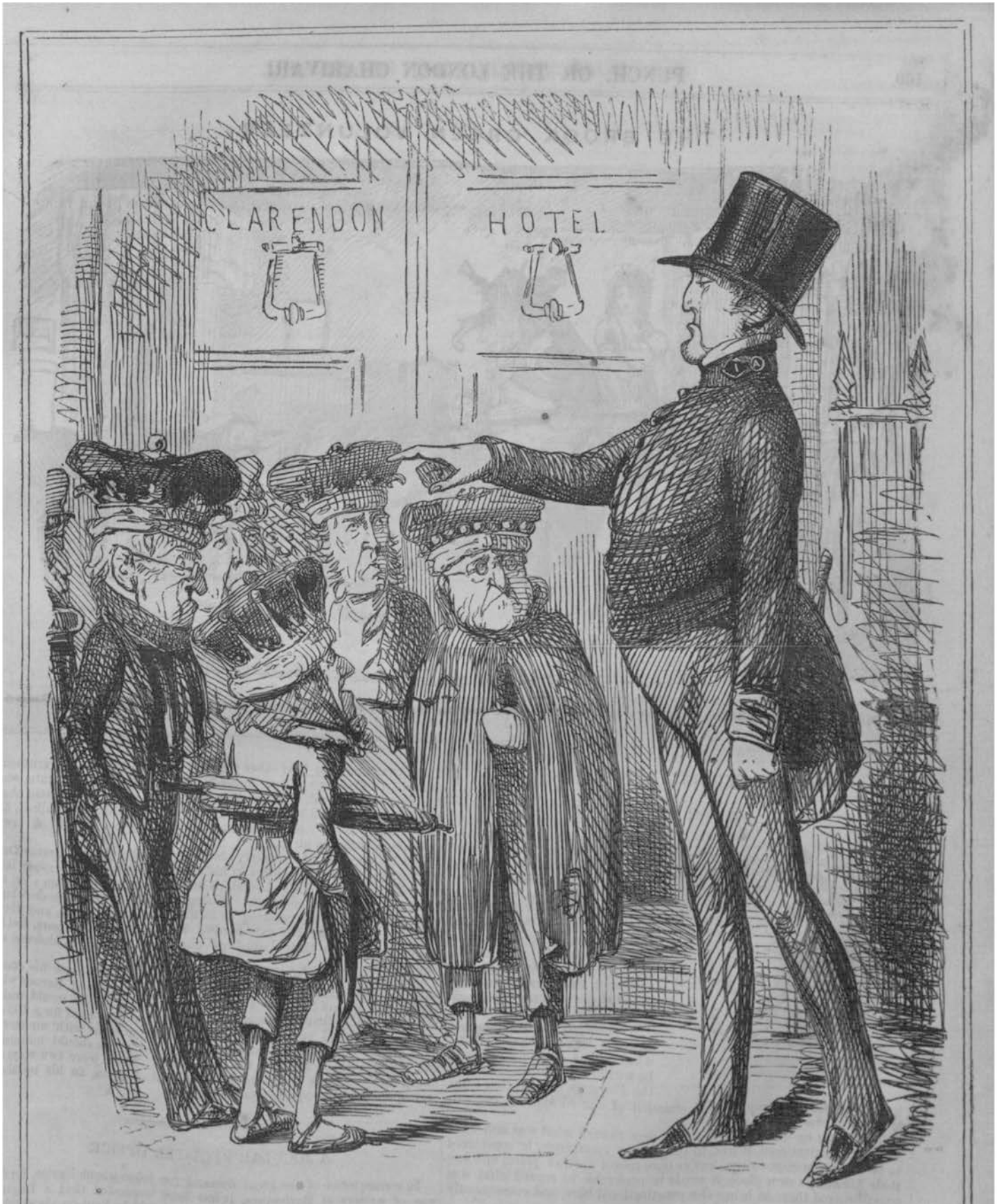
LORD CLOVERSHAW was of the same opinion with his noble friends. It was customary, in that other place, to talk against the Government Measure for from two to four hours at a time. Talk, at any rate, was strictly constitutional, although it might be all talk. It was said that the Corn-Laws would be repealed in time. Not while they talked, he was thankful to say: on the contrary, if they did not talk, those laws would be repealed in no time.

The MARQUIS OF MARLEMONT observed that the Grecian orator DEMOSTHENES spoke with pebbles in his mouth; which no doubt much improved his Greek. Their Lordships might adopt the like plan; or, at least, equivalent arts of debate. Whooping, yelling, and cock-crowing, were often successfully resorted to in that same other place, and they might patronise the like expedients; nor did he, for his part, feel it incompatible with their Lordships' character to bray in defence of their cause.

LORD RENTALL felt proud of his moral position. He took his stand with the discontented Barons. It was the discontented Barons who carried the Magna Charta; and the same order of nobles would make the Free-Trade Charter miscarry. The people clamoured for a Bill of Rights; they had one already; what did they want with another? This bill system was most ruinous: their Lordships should maintain the bill of their own rights, the Corn-Laws. There were two ways of doing this—by hook or by crook—and both of them, in his opinion, were perfectly and equally constitutional.

## A JOCULAR REGISTER OFFICE.

IN consequence of the great demand for jokes about Easter, for the use of writers of Burlesques, it has been suggested that a Register Office should be established, where jokes should be kept on view, either for sale or hire. As borrowing jokes seems to be the fashionable practice in these days, it is presumed that the latter branch of the business, namely, the lending for hire, will be the most lucrative. It is proposed to lay in a large stock of jokes every year, and to label them according to their age and condition. Jokes from a week old and upwards may thus be always had at a moment's notice, and damaged jokes, allowing for wear and tear, may always be exchanged for a fresher article. Further particulars will shortly be announced; and in the meantime inquiries may be addressed to the *Punch* Office.




"NOW THEN, OLD BOYS! YOU MUSTN'T STAND IN PEOPLE'S WAY! YOU MUST MOVE ON!"

# THE FIGHT OF THE CRESCENT. A LAY OF MODERN CAMBRIDGE.

The sturdy undergraduates
Are pouring in amain,
Up thro' the fair Rose Crescent,
The Market-place to gain—
From many a wild wine-party,
From many a sober tea,
From the distant halls of Downing,
And the Courts of Trinity.

From lowly Queen's Quadrangle,
Where muffins are the go;
From Magd'lene, famed for fast men,
From Cath'rine, famed for slow;
From Caius, where anxious proctors
To keep the gates shut try;
From Clare, where Dons chivalrous
Unlock them on the sly.

There be twenty chosen gownsmen,
The foremost of the band,
Pupils of Sambo Sutton,
To keep the Crescent stand:
They can't run if they wish'd it;
Perforce they bear the brunt,
For the gownsmen in the rear-rank
Push the gownsmen in the front.

And all within the Market-place,
And Market-Hill along,
The townsmen, far as words can go,
Come it uncommon strong.
But as yet no nose is bleeding,
As yet no man is down;
For the gownsmen funk the townsmen,
And the townsmen funk the gown.

When, lo! a cad comes brimful
Of bravery and beer—
"To arms! to arms! The Borough
Police will soon be here!"
Thro' Market Street, to eastward,
Each townsman turn'd his eye,
And saw the hats and truncheons
Rise fast along the sky.

And plainly and more plainly,
Now may each gownsman know,
By form and face, by port and pace,
Each big blue-coated foe.
There, in the front, fierce Freestone,
Be-whisker'd, may be seen,
And stalwart Serjeant Seabrook,
With buttons bright and sheen;

And Buggins, of the mutton fist;
And Muggins, with the fearful twist;
And Hobbs, famed for his waving curls;
And Dobbs, adored by servant girls,
And gruff Inspector Greene!

Then out spake a fellow-commoner,
In voice both sad and low,
And darkly look'd he on his friends,
And darkly on his foe:
"They 'll be too many for us;
Ten to one against the gown:
Unless we get to Trinity
We 'll be wallop'd by the town."

Then out spake brave Fitz-Wiggins,
Though a small college man:
"To keep the Crescent 'gainst the cads,
I'll do the best I can!
And if none will stand beside me,
Alone I'll face the snobs,
Despite fierce Freestone's truncheon
And the staves of Hobbs or Dobbs!"

Then out spake Sir Tom Noddy,
A son of Trinity,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And the Crescent keep with thee."
And out spake Merrypebbles—
A Johnian was he—
"I will abide at thy left side,
And the Crescent keep with thee."

A great shout of defiance
From all the snobs arose,
But the three stand calm and silent—
A thumb to every nose!
And forth three Peelers rushing,
Attempt to storm the Pass;
Truncheons are thick, but fists are quick,
And down they go to grass!

Fitz-Wiggins floor'd fierce Freestone,
Tom Noddy levell'd Hobbs,
And cheerful Merrypebbles
Black'd both the eyes of Dobbs;
And the aggravated townsmen
Stand all appall'd to see
On the flags the unconscious Peelers—
In the Pass the dauntless Three!
And on the leaguer'd Crescent
Was none would brave attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those in front cried "Back!"

Meanwhile their legs the gownsmen
Right manfully have plied;
And now they 've got to Trinity,
And the gates are open'd wide.
"Come back, come back, Fitz-Wiggins,"
Loud cried they from the gate,
"Back Noddy, Merrypebbles,
Back, or you 'll be too late!"

But the police are on them,
And their truncheons fierce they ply;
Now the Fates save brave Fitz-Wiggins—
What a terrible black eye!—
Though Merrypebbles' head be
The thickest in the ring,
It scarce can 'scape unbroken;
Such staves must make it sing.

Alone stood Sir Tom Noddy,
But constant still in mind,
Policemen pitching in before
And Trinity behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Seabrook,
As he mopp'd his bloody face;
"Now yield thee," cried the Inspector,
Now yield thee, to our grace!"

But brave Tom Noddy never deign'
An answer; no not he;
But he floor'd the Inspector neatly
As a man could wish to see:
And through the storming townsmen
And the irate police,
He fights his passage manfully,
And he wins the gate in peace.

And now, his gown in ribbands,
In the crowded court he stands,
And "to call upon him the next day,"
Receives the Dean's commands.
And then with shouts and clapping,
And hip, hip, hurrah, loud,
He passes on unto his rooms,
Borne by the admiring crowd.

But he was rusticated
By the Dons that very night;
And when he show'd them his black eye,
They said, "It served him right."
But long at our wine-parties,
We 'll remember how, like bricks,
Stout Noddy kept the Crescent,
In Eighteen-forty-six!

## THE POST OFFICE DELAYS.

POST-OFFICE arrangements are getting slower and slower every day, while everything else is getting on at railroad pace. Where is EARL ST. GERMANS, who was to put everything to rights in no time?—which, by the way, is a very convenient date on which to make a promise fall due; for no time never comes at all. Where is the Post-master-General? we again ask; for if he does not manifest himself very speedily, we will take out a search-warrant and search the Post-Office to see what has become of him? Have they smothered him in the day-mail, or pelted him to death with morning newspapers? A few days ago the mail-carts did not leave the yard of the Post Office until half-past nine at night—an hour at which some of them ought to have been at the end of their respective journeys. If the Post Office people can't manage the concern, let them give it up as a bad job, and let them evacuate St. Martin's-le-Grand at once, instead of holding the place to the great detriment of the commercial and general community. By some shocking mismanagement the letters to the nearest places are the last delivered. As to Brighton, we have given it up, and never attempt direct communication with that place, but always send our letters through a respectable firm in Liverpool. We find that by adopting this course, we save about an hour; for letters directed immediately to Brighton, are allowed to lie for nearly four-and-twenty hours in repose; in order, we presume, to allow them to take breath before starting off by the quick train, or to recover their breath after having arrived by it.

We are happy to announce increased facilities in the Post-Office communication between London and Kensington. These places can now be corresponded with nearly three times in two days; so that a Kensington merchant, writing to his London agent on Monday, may get an answer, in some cases, the next morning. This is a move in the right direction, and we thank the EARL OF ST. GERMANS accordingly.

## THE LAW OF RAILWAYS.

THE beautiful uncertainty of the law was never better illustrated than by the delicious ambiguity that prevails with reference to actions on the subject of railway liabilities. Every case that comes before a jury, if the defendant is charged with any liability on account of any railway, is sure to terminate in a verdict for the plaintiff. A provisional committee-man can recover a deposit from an allottee to-day, and an allottee may recover it back again from the provisional committee-man to-morrow. The judges seem to have adopted the old Court of Requests principle of "How will you pay it?" in reference to all claims made upon any person in respect to any railway. Every one is declared to be liable to every one else; but it seems to be, at the same time, perfectly understood that every verdict will be set aside, as a matter of course, no matter which way it happens to be, or what principle it proceeds upon. Any one may have a verdict, to any amount, upon any ground whatever, provided his demand arises out of something connected with a railway. The lawyers have hitherto been the persons to profit by railway speculation, and it seems they are likely to continue so; for while verdicts are being allotted to all who take the trouble to ask for them at the hands of a jury, there will naturally be a strong and general desire to litigate.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

GAME LAWS. Game, according to law, includes hares, pheasants, and a few others; but there is an old case of a hackney-coach horse who died game, or, at all events, carried out the gallant resolve of *Macbeth*, to "die with harness on his back." No person can kill game without a certificate, which proves that he is an individual of "some mark;" but he is nevertheless often very wide of the mark on these occasions. If the animals shot at were aware of this provision for their security, they would have the right to call upon the sportsman to produce his certificate before proceeding to make game of them. A certificate must be taken out annually, and expires in July; but if a hare were shot on the last day of that month, and not to expire until August, the certificate having expired before the hare, a very nice question would arise as to the legality of killing him. The landlord who lets his land, usually reserves the right of killing the game, the tenant having the privilege of feeding it. It has been said by COKE, that the landlord has all the best of the game, which is, for the tenant, a very losing one. The laws against poaching are very severe, and extend even to the protection of the eggs of birds of game; so that poaching an egg is highly criminal. The preserving of game is carried to an extent that is often destructive to the tenant.: he is not allowed to regard self-preservation as the first law of nature, for game preservation is a paramount obligation.

GAMING, OR GAMBLING. A vice declared illegal by an act of the legislature, but practised by many an act of the legislators in their private capacity. Gambling was illegal by the Roman law, but athletic exercises might be played at for money; and CÆSAR's attempted achievement of swimming across the Tiber, when he exclaimed, "Help me, CASSIUS, or I sink!" was probably a bet between those two noble Romans.

GARTER, ORDER OF THE. The most ancient and illustrious Order of Knighthood, founded by EDWARD III. on the occasion of the COUNTESS OF SALISBURY's stocking having fallen about her heels at a ball, when the KING picked up a piece of blue ribbon—worn by the COUNTESS before Indian rubber came into use—amid the laughter of his courtiers. His Majesty merely replied, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which became the motto of the Order. There are twenty-five knights, besides the sovereign, together with about fifteen extra knights, who are princes or illustrious foreigners. HENRY VIII., who had, like another royal prince of the present day, a great taste for tailoring, altered the dress very materially. CHARLES II., another royal tailor, who was also a bit of a hatter, put a feather in the cap, which is nearly the only feather in the cap of this mountebank monarch. Royal Garters appear to be rather expensive, and must be quoted at £878 a pair, for it costs £439 to be invested with a single one.

## "FOOD FOR POWDER."

IT would seem that recruiting went on but slackly in some of the provinces; and therefore the sergeant, like the play-house manager when business falls off, has had recourse to novel and startling effects. In the *Blackburn Mercury* we read of a leash of "dashing sergeants" with half a regiment of ribanded privates parading the streets, with a clanging band to catch the unwary. In some instances (names are given,) the man-trapping shilling has been craftily sneaked into the hand of the Arcadian, who, when he discovered that he was sold, flung down the coin, and appealed to the Bench.

Now, Glory is a splendid goddess, no doubt, though she does lay on the rouge (to hide her scars) a little thick. Nevertheless, let her make her conquest of the manly heart by the simple beauty of her looks—by the sweet simplicity of her words—otherwise, Glory loses the purity of her reputation, and—false one as she is!—is no better than a DALILAH.

### Honour to Cobden.

WHEN SIR ROBERT PEEL shall have safely effected a repeal of the Corn-Laws, we hope that he will not forget to assign glory where glory is due; and that whilst he is mindful of our Indian triumphs, he will not overlook those achieved in England under the banners of Free Trade. We expect, therefore, that he will move a vote of thanks to MR. COBDEN and his gallant League, for those brilliant successes in the war against the Monopolists; and we think the resolution might as well include *Punch*.

### SIBTHORPE'S VERY WORST.

WHEN is a beggar like one of our Indian enemy?
When he 's a Sikh in arms (*a-seeking alms*).

## The Unfinished Houses.

When Lord Brougham said there was no more dependence to be placed on Barry's promises than on a broken reed, he was not perhaps aware that it was really Reid, and not Barry, that acted as a barrier to the completion of the Houses of Parliament. Since it has been discovered that Reid is the culprit, the following melody has been expressly written for Lord Brougham, who has sung it twice at the Beef Steak Club, with considerable gusto.

Air—"*Home, sweet home.*"

"'Mid Westminster's palace, while Reid still shall roam,
The Lords will ne'er taste of the blessings of home;
If Barry e'er tries the new house to prepare,
His efforts by Reid are all blown into air.
Reid, Reid, Doctor Reid!
Of all great mistakes, there is not one like Reid.

"While exil'd from home, all my speeches seem vain;
Oh give me my old House of Commons again.
The 'cheers' and the 'hears,' once my own I could call;
Give me them, or that sack of wool, dearer than all.
Reid, Reid," &c.

## A CITY WAGHORN WANTED.

We have serious thoughts of making arrangements with Lieutenant Waghorn—we know we must do the thing liberally, but we are prepared for that—to convey our West End expresses to the *Punch* Office. The constant blockades of the City render it absolutely necessary that some shorter, or at all events, some more uninterrupted passage should be found between the East and the West, than that old civic territory which seems to be always in the hands of a hostile Paving Board.

Seeing what Lieutenant Waghorn has done for the Indian route, we think it probable that he might succeed in shortening the passage between Charing Cross and the Eastern quarters of the Metropolis. We know the thing is only to be done by extreme energy on one hand, and boundless liberality on the other; but if Lieutenant Waghorn strains his nerves, and we write our cheques with a liberal hand, we have every hope of accomplishing this great national object.

It is a mournful fact that, under the present system, there is always as much excitement about omnibuses over-due, as there is when delay arises with reference to the arrival of an Indian Mail-packet. Some of the omnibuses are actually and entirely "lost," as far as their intended passengers are concerned; for the vehicles are frequently compelled to put back, when they happen to be empty, in order to arrive at the end of their back journey according to the time allowed them. Thus the omnibus is wholly "lost" to those who are waiting for its arrival at the Bank to return by it.

We feel convinced that Waghorn is the only man to establish the Great Eastern and Western passage, in the style of completeness and despatch which such an important thoroughfare requires.

As we write, the whole eastern portion of the Strand is in a state of complete blockade. Barristers, when they wish to go down to Westminster Hall to attend Parliamentary Committees, find themselves suddenly on the circuit—the most unprofitable circuit in existence,—namely, the North-Western, all the way along Chancery Lane, and down the greater part of Holborn.

### The Early Closing Movement.

Tom Thumb intends to present a petition to Parliament, praying that he may not work more than twelve hours a-day. His petition sets forth that he has for the last month been giving at the Egyptian Hall three and four levees a-day, besides having to support the weight of a funny burlesque every night at the Lyceum. The consequence is, that he never gets to bed before one o'clock, and that he is losing flesh considerably, in consequence of the enormous quantity of hard work he is made to go through. He hopes the Legislature will take his case into merciful consideration, and pass an enactment specifying the number of hours a dwarf shall be compelled to labour every day. Don Arturo Roebucco, with a fine fellow-feeling, has kindly consented to present the petition.

### NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

There was a report that the *Bellerophon*, after being got ready in sixty hours, and again got unready, had been once more submitted to the operation of rigging. Upon inquiry, the rumour turned out to be perfectly correct, but it appeared at the same time that the last rigging the *Bellerophon* underwent, was in *Punch*.

"This aint such a werry bad idea, is it, Jim? Here's the Great Diddlesex writes to me for Five Bob on a Hundred an' Fifty Shares; and, to save trouble, vants the name of my Solicitur."

## A CARD.

*Asylum for Decayed and Imbecile Dandies, Protectionist M.P.'s, Bores, Tuft-Hunters, and Toadies, Members of ——'s ——'s, the ——'s and ——'s.*

Goliah Longman, for many years standard footman to the Marchioness of ——, begs to inform the Committees of the above-named Clubs, that he has leased the premises well known as Crockford's, where he will be happy to board and do for such of their members as they may deem it expedient to draft from their societies.

In justice to the less offensive inmates of the establishment, Protectionists will only be received into the Bore ward, where Workhouse diet (as at Andover) and the silent system (as at Pentonville) will be rigidly enforced.

Tuft-Hunters and Toadies will enjoy, without any additional charge, the exclusive privilege of waiting on and performing all the most menial offices for the Nobleman's ward, which G. L. hopes will afford them an infinite source of innocent gratification.

Goliah Longman respectfully entreats such gentlemen as are desirous of securing for their friends the advantages of his Asylum, that they will make early application for that purpose, as he feels convinced, from a careful perusal of the Protectionist speeches lately delivered in Parliament, that nearly all the most distinguished defenders of the Corn-Laws will be placed, by their well-wishers or next of kin, under restraint in his establishment the moment the measure at present under agitation is finally disposed of.

A more detailed Prospectus will be issued in a few days, and may be had of Goliah Longman, at the Asylum, or of any of the Redjackets of St. James's Street.

### An Open Neighbourhood.

Poor Gower Street is still kept open! It has been undergoing repair now for the last twelvemonth. There is still the same mountainous ridge of paving stones for the adventurous traveller to pass, and the same awful precipices for little children to fall into. At night, the scene is concealed from the eye, save where a sickly lantern throws a lurid glare over the brawny pipes that span the horrid depths of the treacherous chasm. The scene is one which Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint; but upon us the wildness of the locality has always a different effect. We hurry away from it as fast as we can, for fear of tumbling into it.

## NICHOLAS AND THE NUNS.

BETRAYED by the serious speech of LORD ABERDEEN, and in a moment of weakness, we suffered ourselves to be beguiled into a sort of sympathy with the EMPEROR NICHOLAS; who, as we conceived, had been unjustly accused of cruelties towards the Basilian Nuns. We here beg leave most emphatically to renounce any good opinion soever entertained towards the Evil One of Russia. The history of his tyranny is as true as the human life, destroyed by the atrocity of his servants, and now—with who shall say how many other lives?—crying against him at the bar of God.

It is impossible to refuse credence to the narrative of the horrors suffered by the Nuns of Minsk,—a narrative just published by our neighbour, MR. BOGUE. The letter of ANN BIRT to the *Times*—the letter in which the lady deposes to having seen the outraged Abbess, having heard the horrors of her suffering—is also damning evidence against the late imperial visitor to Rome.

Very seldom, indeed, does *Punch* venture upon the review of a book, but this *Narrative* he especially recommends to the consideration of those fair ladies—those female lilies—of the fashionable world, those high English wives, sisters, and mothers, who thronged about NICHOLAS when in London, as about some health-giving shrine,—who were in a flutter of rapture when the "dear Emperor" only smiled upon them. In this *Narrative* they will learn how, under orders of the sweet potentate, the nuns were chained, and stripped, and flogged, and given up to the Cossacks,—but no, we must pass some of the atrocities,—and were, at least very many of them, tortured out of life. The subjoined extracts may be found of especial interest to some of the patronesses of ALMACKS, and devout admirers of "that love of an Emperor."

"At the end of about two months (1838) began the punishment of flogging, which they made us submit to twice a week; SIEMASZKO's orders were thirty lashes, but MICHALEWICZ added twenty on his own account. . . . . There was no need to hold us; the cross of Jesus Christ was enough to restrain us from stirring under the blows which bruised our bodies. All the time this torture endured, we seemed to behold our Lord beaten with stripes, and this spectacle took away from us all feeling of pain. What most afflicted us was, that we were beaten quite naked."

There is, however, every variety of torture, from the simple knocking out of teeth to the baking alive in an oven! We, however, indicate the crowning horror:—

"They sent us in from our work earlier than usual, and our prison was immediately invaded by a crowd of drunken and ferocious barbarians! Ah! what a sad and dreadful hour! Whoever had seen it would not desire to survive! True hell! How frightful is the recollection! to describe it were impossible! They fell upon us as if they were mad. Who could count the blows, the bites, the rendings? They trampled upon us—they crushed us * * * * * * Who can comprehend our groans and our burning sobs! . . The howlings and the blasphemies of our executioners! The assistance that our divine spouse vouchsafed us at this moment exasperated their rage; they bit us, they scratched with their nails, they tore us in pieces. In the twinkling of an eye our blood inundated the prison. Two of our sisters were crushed under foot; eight had their eyes torn out and their faces mutilated, all were horribly bruised. At last the monsters, *wearied and covered with our blood, went away.*"

Now, to the fair ladies who kissed the hand of NICHOLAS, and who basked in the lustre, imperial lustre of his eyes, we say—buy this *Narrative*. We may safely add, in the review slang of the day, that "their libraries cannot be complete without it."

### Proper Resentment.

HER MAJESTY laughed so heartily at WIDDICOMB, and BARRY the clown, on her late visit to Astley's, that the joke against them behind the scenes has been, that they are sure to be elevated to the Peerage. WIDDICOMB gets into a rage whenever the subject is mentioned; but BARRY only laughs, and, with a fine spirit of loyalty, says, "No! no! I'm sure HER MAJESTY doesn't wish to make me a greater fool than I look."

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

ONE day last week the only thing to be seen on the Opposition benches, when MR. FINCH and other Protectionists were haranguing, was MR. HAWES' hat. We felt strongly inclined to pity this poor hat, only we have been informed that, like everything else that listens to the Agriculturists, it enjoyed a very good *nap*.

## WAR WITH THE ALLOTTEES.

**WANTED,**

A FEW Active Young Men, as Officers in a contemplated Campaign under the Sheriff of Middlesex.

THESE GALLANT FELLOWS

will be chiefly employed in noble sports, such as HUNTING THE STAG, and other diversions of a similarly interesting character. Those who have already served under

THE GALLANT LEVY,

and who have been present at the taking of so many of the foe, will be very liberally treated with.

## THE NEW COMETS.

IT turns out after all that many of the comets which have recently been discovered, are not new but second-hand. Our old friend *Bela* having been lacquered by the imagination of some German astronomer, had first been palmed off upon the scientific public as a bran new comet, but on further inquiry it proves to be one of our old celestial acquaintances.

We very much regret the number of false alarms, which are certainly calculated to make people very cautious for the future; and when a new comet does come in reality, we shall be very likely to look upon it with suspicion, as something spurious. The cry of "comet," like the cry of "wolf," may be raised so often in vain, that its actual approach will be disregarded. The last new comet turns out to have been nothing more than an idle tail, floating about in that very nebulous space—the brains of the astronomers. We recommend SIR JAMES SOUTH and his colleagues to take a few lessons in the theory of differences, and we advise him to begin by studying the dissimilarity existing between "a hawk and a hand-saw."

### Wonderful Discovery.

IN excavating for the railway at Ely, the workmen came upon "the head of that nearly extinct species, the Roebuck." The member for Bath, who was nearly extinguished a few weeks ago, and who has long since lost his head, will find great consolation in this intelligence.

### APRIL FOOLS.

THE Ministers were invited to bring their ladies to dine with the LORD MAYOR on the 1st of April. The dinner did not take place. As a practical illustration of a very venerable old joke, and moreover as a touch of civic wit, the notion was not a bad one. How the Ministers and their ladies liked being made April fools of, is quite another question.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 5, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. VII.—ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

ook at the next house to Lady Susan Scraper's. The fine mansion with the awning over the door: that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles render the De Mogyns' flunkies the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.

She was the daughter of Captain Flack, of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment, over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwdlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a race ball were such, that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army-contractor, smuggler, and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connexion. There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l Family always paid their debts, from the Prince of Wales downwards.

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple Sir Thomas Muggins, representing Pontydwdlm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, "cut up" prodigiously well. His son, Alfred Smith Mogyns, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hands of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, with a genealogy found out for him by the Editor of *Fluke's Peerage*, and which appears as follows in that work:—

"De Mogyns. Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth, 2nd Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with Shem is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of Mogyns.

"In the time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Berves, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwdlm. Mogyn of the Golden Harp, (see the Mabinogion of Lady Charlotte Guest,) Bogyn-Merodac-ap-Mogyn, (the black fiend son of Mogyn,) and a long list of bards and warriors, celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made his submission to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and under the name of Sir David Gam de Mogyns, was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to) Thomas Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlem Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, the present Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late General P. Flack, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H.R. Empire. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradoc, born 1819, Marian, 1811, Blanche Adeliza, Emily Doria, Adelaide Orleans, Katinka Rostopchin, Patrick Flack, died 1809.

"Arms—a mullion garbled, gules on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest—a tom-tit rampant regardant. Motto—*Ung Roy ung Mogyns.*"

It was long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor Muggins was in the hands of the Flacks, the Clancys, the Tooles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of his Hibernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in which they lived in London, because, he said, "it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those *Irish* people."

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign courts, and elbowed their way into the balls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome, and Paris. They got a royal prince to attend their *soirées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life, and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals, and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns, to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's *thé dansante*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself,—Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turpanthunder.—

"When that ojous disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was hinging out her hidjous daughter Blanche," said old Lady Clapperclaw "(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she 's the only lady in the family)—when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cowboy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at Count Volauvents, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball?

"'Because my rooms are already too full,' says I; 'indeed she takes up as much room as an elephant; besides, I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.'

"I thought my answer was a settler to her: but the next day she comes weeping to my arms—'Dear Lady Clapperclaw,' says she, 'it 's not for *me;* I ask it for my blessed Blanche! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. *I* don't want to come. *I* will stay at home to nurse Sir Alured in the gout. Mrs. Bolster is going, I know; she will be Blanche's Chaperon.'

"'You wouldn't subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato fund; you, who come out of the parish,' says I, 'and whose grandfather, honest man, kept cows there.'

"'Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest Lady Clapperclaw?'

"'Twenty guineas is sufficient,' says I, 'and she paid them; so I said, 'Blanche may come, but not you, mind;' and she left me with a world of thanks.

"Would you believe it?—when my ball came the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter! 'Didn't I tell you not to come?' said I, in a mighty passion. 'What would the world have said?' cries my Lady Muggins; 'my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw.'

"'Well, as you are here, Madam, you may stay and get your supper,' I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

"'And now,' screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, 'what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent, upstart of a cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there.'

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it; pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced, degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the Stewards' room, to his perfect contentment; and would send Sir Alured thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours; and is, after all, paymaster of her daughter's fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of Governor very well. In the daytime he goes from the Union to Arthur's, and from Arthur's to the Union. He is a dead hand at piequet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the Traveller's.

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogynses, and sighs for the days when a De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

## REID'S AIR BREWERY.

THE controversy that has arisen on the subject of DR. REID'S system of ventilation has induced us to form ourselves into a Committee, of which one was considered a *quorum*, for the purpose of inquiring into the merits of the great scheme for brewing draughts of different kinds of atmosphere. DR. REID, we must do him the justice to say, showed us every attention, and placed at our disposition the whole of his grand atmospheric establishment. REID has endeavoured to do for air what BARCLAY and PERKINS have so successfully achieved for double X. He has endeavoured to impart the full flavour of the carbon to a draught of air, and has laboured hard to preserve the aroma of the oxygen when drawn exceedingly mild, direct from the barrel.

We have it on very good authority that DOCTOR REID professes to have a refreshment-room constructed in connection with the Houses of Parliament, for the purpose of supplying the members with any kind of air they may take a fancy to. We believe the Doctor has brought his system to such perfection, that he will be able to furnish a sandwich and a blast of genuine BOREAS for fourpence; or, for more delicate tastes, a rusk and an Italian breeze at the same very moderate figure.

He will keep always on the premises a quantity of good strong hurricane for mixing, which, when diluted with extract of sirocco, will make up a very palatable aërial grog for after dinner. When we had the pleasure of visiting him, he had on tap a capital barrel of "breezy Cotswold," fresh from the hills of that name, and we inhaled half-a-dozen social currents in company with the great atmospheric philosopher. We can contemplate the system having arrived at such perfection that air will supersede wine at the dinner table. We can fancy TOOLE the toastmaster exclaiming, "Gentlemen! are your air-pumps all charged? Bumpers to the health of HER MAJESTY."

How delightful it will be, when we shall be able to invite our particular friends to the enjoyment of a quiet glass of Zephyr, which has been ten years in bottle! We cannot conclude better than by the following Bacchanalian song, to be sung at any great aërial festival:—

A bumper of Atmosphere fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it old port;
No matter what kind, so pure air it shall be,
Whether freezing or hot be the sort.
For oh, when the cares of the House are gone by,
And the heat of debate shall oppress him,
How delicious to get a cold blast in one's eye—
Here's a health to old REID! God bless him!

## YEOMANRY MOUSTACHIOS.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT—having the efficient defence of his country at heart—has issued an order to that invincible *corps*, the Gloucester Yeomanry Cavalry, to wear moustachios. The idea, if original, would no doubt be received by an intelligent generation, as very brilliant. A suspicion of plagiary, however, dims its lustre; for the KING OF HANOVER—having blown out the torch of Hymen in his army—has just published a manifesto, in which he takes their beards into his paternal keeping. He has ordered that henceforth his soldiers should wear their moustachios in the form of a scythe; such form, we presume, being indicative to the ranks of the enemy, of an efficient mowing-down. It will be seen by the subjoined order of the day, that this idea has not been lost upon the DUKE OF BEAUFORT:—

"Companions in Arms and Veterans of Beeswing!—Alive to the machinations of America and the envy of France, it is necessary that we should put the boldest face possible upon the danger that may threaten us, for which purpose it is my desire that every man (capable of growing the same) shall from the appearance of this order (whether his wife likes it or not) discontinue to shave his upper lip, letting his moustachios grow in the form of a carving-knife.

"To men, conversant as you all are with CÆSAR'S *De Bello Gallico*, it would be impertinent in me, your Commander, to dilate upon the moral and martial uses of moustachios. Your gallant ancestors, the ancient Britons, knew the tremendous use of hair; and, like Britons, refused to shave accordingly. You will therefore prove yourselves worthy of that noble race by the use of your swords and disuse of your razors.

"Should the hour arrive when the foot and horse of an invading army should desecrate the shores of England, I need not dilate upon the inconceivable utility of moustachios. Rome was saved by geese—England may be preserved by hairs!

"Therefore, comrades, Gloucestershire expects her Yeomanry will from this day wear moustachios!

(Signed) "BEAUFORT.

"N.B. Where it is found impossible to grow the article, substitutes may be supplied from the barber's."

## FRENCH ROMANCES.

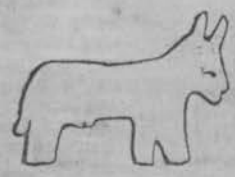
WE really begin to believe there is no such person as ABD-EL-KADER. Like MONSIEUR THIERS'S "*Consulat et l'Empire*," he is nothing better than a clever fiction. Let us ask what proof is there of his existence, further than the bulletins of MARSHAL BUGEAUD? Take away ABD-EL-KADER, and you shoot his horse for ever. Besides, if it is once proved there is no ABD-EL-KADER, there is an end to all razzias—no more camels, no more sheep captured—no more victories, and, alas! no more glory—and how is a Frenchman to live without glory? He has been accustomed to it all his life. No, ABD-EL-KADER is kept alive to tickle the *badauds*. He is the Hero of the *Gobemouches*. He is literally one of the "Mysteries of Paris." In a word, he is the *Mrs. Harris* of France.

### DUCAL BRIBERY.

SEVERAL Peers threaten to leave the kingdom in case the Corn-Law Bill is passed. If they persevere in their resolves, the success of the bill is certain.

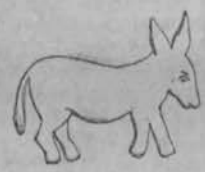
## Punch's Tour in the Manufacturing Districts.

We very much regret that a severe cold, caught in a crush to see the Human Tripod, did not permit us to quit the Pecksniffery in sufficient time to continue our tour in our last. Since then we have tripped it in an express train to Manchester, and have been especially delighted with the improvement manifested by Messrs. Comfit and Bullseye at their artistic pastry establishment, corner of Lollipop Lane, Manchester. These gentlemen, with truly Manchester-like liberality, flung open their doors to us, and it did our taste, our patriotism, exceeding good to mark the great improvement in their designs. A few of the old sweetmeats, sucked by the wisdom of our ancestors, compared with the new patterns, will at once display the triumphant advance of Messrs. Comfit and Bullseye. Let us instance the subjoined Brown Donkey, no doubt very familiar to the barley-sugar days of our readers :—



OLD STYLE.

Now, if there ever was anything calculated to mislead and stultify the intellect of a child in its early knowledge of asses, it must be a shapeless thing, like the above. It is no wonder that many of our ancestors tolerated donkeys so long among them, without ever knowing them to be such. People grew old and died, and scarcely knew asses when they saw them. How fortunate, then, are the babies of our day, who have a faithful, spirited design like that we now subjoin—a design which does equal honour to the hearts and heads of Messrs. Comfit and Bullseye :—



NEW STYLE.

Let us again consider the Hunters, familiar to our infant mouths, and then glance at the Hunters offered to the digestion of our children :—

OLD STYLE.

NEW STYLE.

Can anything be well more shapeless, more unmeaning than the old pattern? Is it not to insult the understanding of a six months' babe to present such a thing to it as a huntsman mounted? Whereas, in the new pattern we recognise a reality, a fire about the horse that very much reminds us of the steed of Chantrey; whilst the rider has a D'Orsay-like air, well known to the sportsmen of Leicestershire. In the new pattern we see everything calculated to animate and inspire a baby. Indeed, we speak from facts. We presented it to the vision of a little thing just short-coated, and the baby jumped, and clapped its hands, and chuckled its little tongue, showing every disposition to ride. This is, indeed, to make art ministrant to instruction—to make even cakes call forth the latent energies of the infant soul.

The chanticleer in small clothes, is a well-known piece of pastry. Dutch gilt, it gleams gorgeously amidst spice-nuts and gingerbread at wakes and fairs. Yet, with all its splendour, how barbarous is the old design—how spirited the character of the new?

The bird of the olden time is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare :—like Sir Charles Wetherall, too, wholly destitute of suspenders. How vastly different the spruce, the jaunty cock of our day! How he struts! What a cataract of tail! *Were his bill* only a little opened,

OLD STYLE.

NEW STYLE.

we feel sure we should hear him crow! And for this great improvement in chanticleers, we are indebted to the surpassing energy and taste of Messrs. Comfit and Bullseye. However, we have not yet done with the manufactures of Manchester.

## WANTED, A TESTIMONIAL, BY COBBETT'S GHOST.

"Peel, *"The Shades.*

"So you have come round to my way of thinking. Did I not, years ago, long before I died and left all you statesmen and legislators floundering in the mud—in which mud the last member of the House of Commons that arrived in these Shades tells me you are still sprawling—did I not, I say, week by week, publish and proclaim regularly in my *Register* (a hundred thousand copies of which circulated weekly in this country, and as many in America), the immense value and importance, as an article of food, of Maize or Indian Corn? And did I not as often denounce and hold up to the execration of mankind that abominable body-stuffing and soul-destroying root, that hog-food, the Potato? Oh! and now you have introduced Maize or Indian Corn into Ireland as provision for the famishing population of that country. And you, on your legs, in your place in the Commons' House of Parliament, have declared your hope that the Irish will now acquire a taste for a higher species of food. Yes; but you have forgotten to mention the circumstance that this higher species of food is my Corn. It was very convenient to you, I daresay, to forget this circumstance, but it is convenient to me to put you in mind of it—or at least to put the people of England in mind of it, that I may not, Peel, be choused and diddled by you out of that credit which is justly due to me.

"No doubt, you would like to lead people by the nose, and persuade them that you have found out a remedy for the complaints of Ireland; whereas, the remedy is my remedy, and I wonder that even you have the brass to try and pass it off for yours. But do not you flatter yourself that you will succeed in this base attempt; and, since you certainly will not succeed in it, you had better at once, with a good grace, confess that you are indebted to me for the discovery of your Irish physic. I do not much care, indeed, to be stuck up as a marble image, to be stared at by a set of gaping people; but as you are going to have a parcel of such images in your new Houses of Parliament, and as I do not see how you can now recompense me in any other way, I think you may as well put mine among them. If this is the most you can do, it is also the least you can do. But don't rig me out in any of your Roman togas. Represent me in my pepper-and-salt coat, and waistcoat and drab breeches, trampling a heap of potatoes under foot, and holding a number of my Register, (a hundred thousand copies of which circulated weekly in this country, and as many in America,) in one hand, and a blade of my Corn (which you want to call yours) in the other.

"The Ghost of
"William Cobbett."

### Shawls and Bracelets.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says :—

"A letter from an officer engaged in the Aliwal affair observes that *it was a superb sight* to see the 16th Lancers with the native cavalry breaking through the Khalsa square, the former *cutting up their opponents at every side. Rich shawls* and *gold bracelets* without end fell into the hands of the victors."

Glory is, no doubt, a superb person. But even glory (like a fine woman) must be very much set off by a rich shawl and bracelets of gold. And thus the adornments of Glory are made more captivating than the nakedness of Truth.

## WANTED, A FEW FINE, SPIRITED YOUNG MEN.

"Oh! If you pleaze, Zur, doan't you want zome Fine Active Young Men for the Fourth Light Dragoons?"

## LANDLORD EJECTMENT IN IRELAND.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

"*Castle Dunbilk, April 1st, County Cork.*

From the day I set foot in this unhappy country, I have seen many a sight of misery, but that in the midst of which I am now writing exceeds everything I could have conceived. Talk of the oppressions of the Irish cottier! Read my letter, and then think of the sufferings of the Irish landlord.

"Several ejectments of this much-maligned class having taken place in this county, I proceeded to the spot in obedience to your instructions. The scene was heart-rending.

"Sir Donatus Dunbilk, with his amiable lady and lovely family, had just been ejected under circumstances of peculiar atrocity and a writ of *fi-fa* and *elegit*. By the former, the goods and chattels of the unfortunate baronet have been seized by his rapacious creditors; while by the latter his lands and castle (in which the family had resided since Strongbow) are torn from their possessors, and they are left to the mercies of a Boulogne Hotel-keeper, or a Baden Gasthoff.

"I repaired to the scene of devastation. The sale was concluded just before my arrival. In the court-yard stood Sir Donatus's travelling carriage, (which had with difficulty been secured from the general wreck,) ready packed. Sir Donatus himself, a fine portly man with a red nose, was smoking a cigar disconsolately, as he waited, with impatience, the arrival of his lady, who was dressing.

"I entered into conversation with the venerable and outraged old man, and subjoin some passages, which, better than any speculations of mine, will let you into the secret of the misery now prevailing in this unhappy country. This is, *the rapacity of creditors, and the utter disregard to the natural rights of the landlords to unlimited credit, founded on the length of time they have gone on without paying their bills.*

"'A fine morning, Sir Donatus,' I remarked, respectfully raising my hat.

"'Mighty fine, Sir, for thravelling,' was his courteous reply; but a heavy sigh betrayed his inward agony at thus abandoning the home of his forefathers.

"'So you're going to leave Castle Dunbilk?' I asked, in an offhand way.

"'Blur' and 'ouns, Sir, I can't stop. They've sould me up, the villains: horse and hounds, Sir, cellar and stud—all gone!' and he sighed again.

"'You have lived here long?'

"'You may say that. Fifty years, barrin' a month and five days, and divil a thrick like this ever served me till now.'

"'The counthry's ruined, Sir,' he continued, after a pause, in which he took several rapid whiffs of his cigar to conceal his agitation. 'The thradesmen, Sir, 's getting as impudent as ould Nick, and a gentleman can't get decently involved but down comes a writ upon him—But I'm off! I'm lavin' the ungrateful counthry that 'll call me an absentee behind my back. Here have I been, huntin' and shootin' and drinkin', and showerin' all manner of blessin's on the neighbourhood, conshumin' more claret than any six in the county, and raisin' every rap of rent I could screw out of the tinants—more by token I've driven sixty families by way of improvin' the estate—and this is the return I get. Sir, you'd not believe what I did to raise money, but I couldn't do miracles. Payment! mighty aisy to say it. Didn't I spind every rap I got, and what could a man do more? And this is my thanks. The furniture seized under my roof; Lady Dunbilk's boudoir, Sir, that I got that rascal Duffy to furnish (cost me £1000, if it cost a farthing), and the black-hearted villain has the impidence to sue out his writ agin' his benefacther for the amount! No wonder there's ribbonmen, by St. Patrick!'

"While the old man was giving this simple but touching detail, with all the impassioned eagerness that distinguishes the son of Erin, I was disgusted to observe the heartless levity with which the tenantry and cottiers, who were lounging about, alluded to the mournful event, and mocked the old man in his degradation.

"'Bad luck go wid him, for an ould screw,' said one ill-looking scoundrel. 'It's little he ever did for any of us, barrin' a day's work at debatin' in cock-season.'

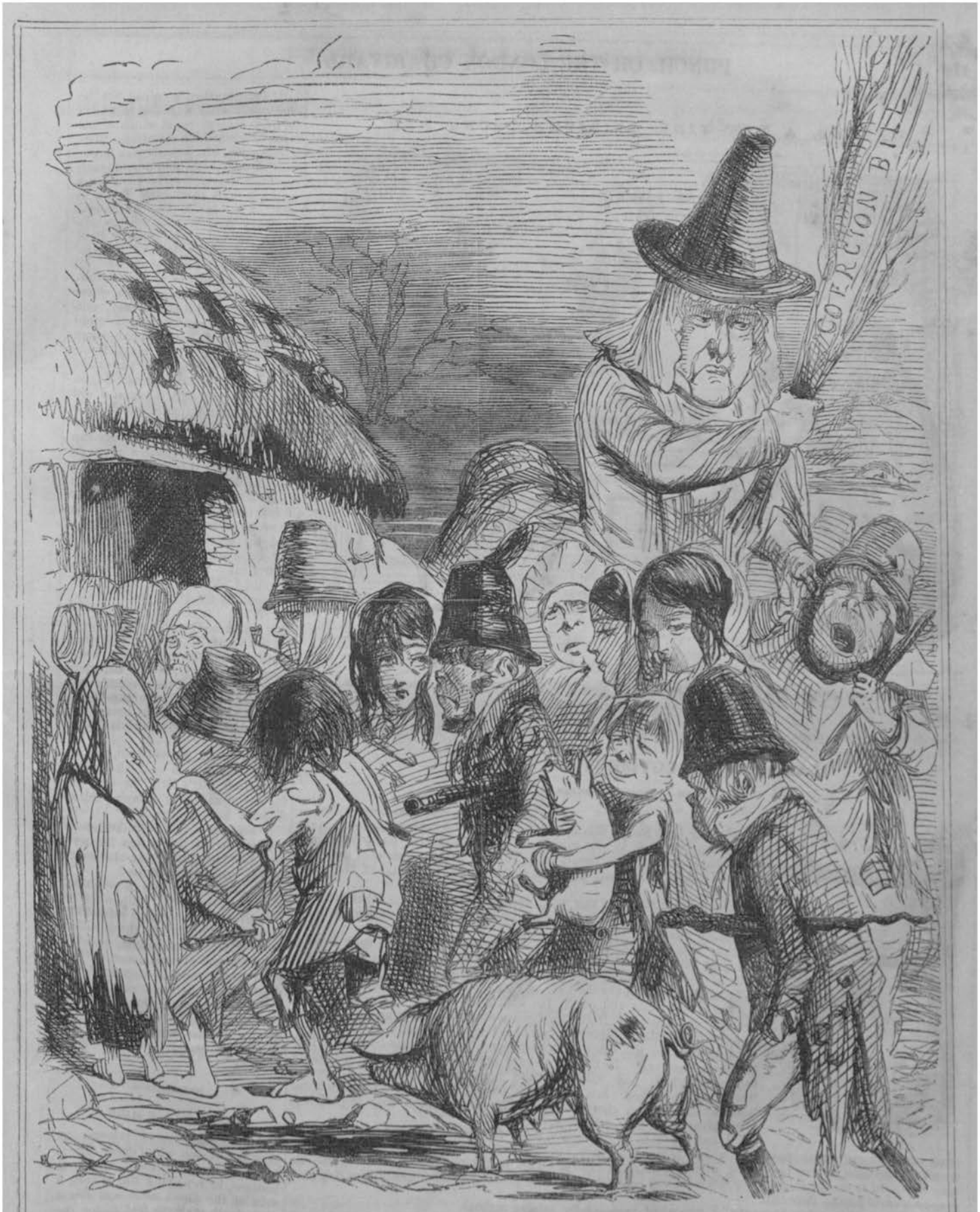
"'Sure this is a rethribution on him for drivin' the widow Brady's cow for the thrifle rint she owed him!' exclaimed a second.

"''Twill tache him to be cuffin' at me wid his huntin' whip, when he rode over my acre and ruined the lumpers for me,' said a third, with a scowl of savage exultation. Not the least attempt at condolence, not the least expression of regret at the departure of their superior!

"And this is the lower class of the Irish population, for whom our sympathies are demanded! What gentleman would live in such a country?"

### A VALUABLE MINE.

A correspondent informs us that the reason why Gower Street has been so long under repair, is because, in repairing the sewers, a vein of the finest sand was found at a depth of three feet under the carriage-way. As this Pactolus, however, is by this time nearly drained dry, the street will be repaired as speedily as the contractor can find leisure, from the enjoyment of his unexpected wealth, to attend to it.




# JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

"She gave them some Broth without any Bread,
Then whipp'd them all Round, and sent them to Bed."

## THE NUNS OF MINSK.—TABLEAUX VIVANS.

We understand that several distinguished lady leaders of fashion—the *Morning Post* has been strangely silent on the matter—have within the past week got up certain *Tableaux Vivans* (how very nicely a bit of strong, nervous French buttresses up the weakness of English!) intended, just for the novelty of the thing, to convey a great moral lesson. The ladies—all of them Shining Ones of ALMACK'S — have taken the subjects of their *Tableaux* from the account of the persecutions of the Nuns of Minsk, the truth of which has now the *imprimatur* of a Roman Cardinal, deep in the Basilian mysteries. The ladies, who have originated these touching spectacles, mightily distinguished themselves at the time of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S visit, by their adoration of the Imperial Goul. Heaven had never before made such a wonder of a man, and it was to see something like heaven only to look upon him. The murmur of his voice was an Open Sesame! to all hearts—even to hearts not given to the opening mood—and the pressure of his hand a foretaste of Paradise. Well, it appears that these ladies have been visited by a sort of remorse. Not the vulgar, inconsiderate kind of remorse, that annoys common people; sticking thorns through their cotton nightcaps, and making "hedgepigs of their pillows;" but a gentle, lady-like sort of remorse; tapping their feelings even as they—the white and rosy loves!—would with fan or glove rebuke some naughty man. Hence, from this polite remorse have we the Polish *Tableaux Vivans*; that, it is expected, will in a very little while make the Nuns of Minsk as popular in high life, as was erst their imperial taskmaster. Indeed it would not surprise us—to be sure, the Russian Ambassador might effectually remonstrate—if MR. LUMLEY, with an eye to the gratification of his patrons, should reproduce the Nuns in a ballet. However, without speculating on the future, let us record the past. It was, no doubt, bad, very inconsiderate, very naughty of Duchesses and Marchionesses to make so much of a most delicate monster: nevertheless, what would be a crime in a mantua-maker, is but a peccadillo in a high lady: for, as singeth the BYRON of poetesses (one who subtly knows every bit of paint, and how laid on the human porcelain),—for

> "The rugged path of sinners (greatly smooth'd by giving dinners)
> Can be paved and rail'd away for the feet of finer clay."

a wickedness committed in Covent Garden, is only a weakness in May Fair.

The following are a few of the *Tableaux* presented by ladies, whose names it is not necessary to give. It may suffice to state that they were among the most energetic idolaters (sweet fanatics!) of the Emperor.

TABLEAU I.—*The Soldiers driving the Nuns from the altar of their Church.*

("There were thirty-five of us, and when the soldiers received the order to drive us from the Church, thirty-four rose up; the thirty-fifth lay dead before the Host."—*Narrative*, p. 14.)

This Tableau was most admirably represented. It was wholly designed by a distinguished Duchess, much smiled upon by the Emperor. The Duchess herself represented ROSALIE LANSZECKA, the dead nun. Nothing could be finer than the mingled expression of earthly grief and seraphic joy as depicted by the Duchess. It was most touching; and (when it found it) absolutely thrilled the heart of fashionable life. The Duchess would have made a fine actress!

TABLEAU II.—*The Nuns at Witebsk, breaking stones and wheeling barrows.*

("At six we were conducted to our hard labour, which varied according to the season. At first they made us break stones, and draw them in wheel-barrows, to which we were chained."—p. 20.)

This scene had a prodigious effect on the beholders. Tears—quite as bright as the diamonds of the weepers, and, as rarity gives value, quite as precious—tears flowed from many brilliant eyes. We might allude to the dignity which the MARCHIONESS OF —— threw about her wheelbarrow, but we know that any such eulogy would but offend a modesty, a gentleness, that she has made a proverb.

TABLEAU III.—*The Nuns carrying water from the river for the use of the Czernicks.*

("We carried this water in very heavy copper jars with outstretched arms, lest, as they said, '*the Polish spirit should pass into the water.*'"—p. 29.)

Very admirably was this group composed. The COUNTESS OF —— represented the Abbess. Her acting was perfect. It was impossible to discover, in the resigned, the almost beatific look, and the morally noble demeanour of the actress for the time, any touch of the manner of the true Countess.—

> "All the greater idolising—all the weaker tyrannising:
> Now with knees on stiffen'd hinges—now with servile supple cringes."

There was not a jot of this. It was, for the time, all Abbess, and nothing of Countess.—

TABLEAU IV.—*The Nuns at work, constructing Siemaszko's palace.*

("It was necessary to draw up to the third floor buckets full of lime; these bucket were extremely heavy, and only one sister at a time was employed at this work."—p. 38.

The youthful LADY ——— represented the working nun. The ineffable sweetness of her look—her angelic patience—physical suffering, chastened and elevated by moral will—all was exquisite, keenly affecting. Had LADY ——— not already beamed in *The Book of Beauty*, she would certainly be there (in the habit of a nun) in the *Book for* 1847.

We have now described a sufficient number of the Tableaux to indicate the spirit and fine taste with which they are produced by the late worshippers of NICHOLAS. There is something very fine, very magnanimous in thus embodying the acts of the EMPEROR, and thereby showing his true claim to the respect and affection of the aristocracy of England.

We understand that at the approaching Polish Ball several ladies of distinction will attend, dressed as the Nuns of Minsk.

## THE WAR OF THE ALLOTTEES.

It is with considerable regret we have come to the conclusion that war must be the result of the position of the Allottees and the Provisional Committee-men. The boundary line is a mere merry-thought compared with the enormous bone of contention furnished by the railway lines all over the country. Protocols have passed between the opposing sections for several months, and treatises have indeed been signed which the contracting parties now openly repudiate. Everything has been done in the way of remonstrance and threat, to prevent the actual commencement of hostilities, but all apparently in vain, for a blow has at length been struck, and an action has positively taken place at Exeter.

We are almost reminded of the struggles of the French Revolution by these sad encounters which are now on all sides threatening. WOOLMER, an active member of the Directory, has made war upon TONY, an obstinate Allottee, upon whose fate seems to depend the fortune of the Stags, whom we may consider as the *sans-culottes* of this fearful crisis. The grand policy of the Provisional party, or the Directory, is to make it appear that the charge of WOOLMER upon the unhappy TONY is a decisive action, by which the campaign is virtually concluded; every possible use is therefore being made of this alleged triumph, to overawe the Staggery, or Railway *sans-culottes*, into submission.

These desperate men, who are, in fact, fighting for their liberty, having nothing else to lose, are determined not to yield, and they reply to the various summonses to surrender, with which they are served, by silent contempt, or by expressions of ridicule. Others, who have accidentally or imprudently got into the position of Allottees, exhibit a firm determination not to be bullied or cajoled into the liquidation of unjust claims, for which they are not liable.

The Provisional Committee, or, at least, their attorneys, have, like the licentious army of the Sikhs, been revelling in all sorts of excesses, amidst which an excessive charge for their own trouble is most conspicuous. Having exhausted millions of treasure in their unprincipled cupidity, they now seek to carry legal fire and sword, in the shape of writ and declaration, into the camp of the Allottees, in order to recover part of the enormous losses that have been incurred by caustical wastefulness and avarice

The Allottees have more to apprehend from their own fears than from the strength, either moral or legal, of their enemies.

The gallant TONY, who has manfully stood up against the pitiless fire of the impetuous WOOLMER, though he may seem to have afforded an advantage to the enemy, has, in fact, only laid the groundwork of their final discomfiture.

WOOLMER may confidently expect a sad reverse before the question at issue is finally settled, and TONY may expect a vote of thanks from the Stags, in commemoration of his valorous resistance.

## SYMPTOMS OF A PANIC.

"NOW, SIR; HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT ON THIS THEODOLITE?"

IT is all very well to talk of panics in the money-market, and pecuniary tightness in commercial circles; but the way in which to discover where it is that the shoe really pinches, is by walking into the shop of any London pawnbroker. "In such a scene," as the Poet BUNN would beautifully have it, "in such a scene" one may form a pretty accurate estimate of the state of the public pocket, and whether there is, in fact, such a panic as the city articles so learnedly talk about. We suspect that our worst fears of a railway panic must be considered to be realised when we saw a celebrated engineer, who was getting his twenty guineas a day not long since, for laying out all sorts of lines through all sorts of out-of-the-way places—when, we say, we saw such a man as this sneaking with his dumpy level, and his now useless theodolite, into the dark recesses of his uncle's establishment, the cuttings must have been pretty severe, as our reduced engineer would technically express it, when he is forced to cut off with his scientific apparatus to the pawnbroker's. What a terrific gradient he must have descended before he came down to the humiliating point which our artist has seized upon!

## THE MONEY MARKET.

THE Repeal Funds are still very low. They have fallen again this week. The depression is so great, that unless something desperate is done, and that quickly, a panic must inevitably ensue. Money never was known to be 'tighter' in Ireland. Defaulters increase every week. There was a call of £1 per share on Saturday, but very few paid up. The doings at Conciliation Hall still continue, but they are so small that they are not worth quoting. MR. O'CONNELL arrives on Monday, when a great *coup de main* is expected. He is a large shareholder, and his transactions may revive the market, if they are on a very imposing scale. Every one, however, is looking forward with dread to the settling day, which cannot now be far distant.

### THE IRISH CURFEW BILL.

As no person in Ireland is to be allowed to leave his house after a certain hour at night, *Mr. Punch* respectfully asks LORD LINCOLN, how the evicted tenants are to manage, who have no houses to remain in? Are they to roost in the hedges? An answer will oblige.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—SIR ROBERT PEEL has gone down to Drayton Manor to enjoy himself. He has given directions that no newspaper that contains the slightest allusion to himself is to enter the house.

## THE NATION WE CANNOT SUBDUE.

WE beat HYDER ALI, we conquer'd TIPPOO,
We vanquish'd NAPOLEON at famed Waterloo;
We defeated the Burmans, the Affghans we quell'd,
And JOHN CHINAMAN into submission compell'd.

The Sikhs we o'erthrew, in victorious fray, on
Thy field, Aliwal, and the plain of Sobraon;
But, for all that we English endeavour or do,
"There 's one obstinate nation we cannot subdue."

All opponents beside to Britannia have knelt,
But we cannot control the refractory Celt.
Still by turbulent Ireland our power is defied—
Oh that spoke in our wheel—oh that thorn in our side!

If to tame her we 've fail'd, it has certainly not
Been for want of the bayonet, or powder and shot.
May it not then be likely our course has been wrong,
In not "drawing it mild" 'stead of "coming it strong?"

To a different plan, now, suppose we 've recourse,
And resort to persuasion instead of to force;
And by kindness assail this invincible foe,
The reverse since we 've tried, and have found it "no go."

Then hurrah! for the Sassenach, with *Punch* for their chief—
Charge potatoes and buttermilk! Charge bread and beef!
And charge absentee landlords—a thumping good tax,
And we soon shall have "Bellum" converted to "Pax."

And wild PADDY'S shillelagh shall fall from his hand,
And contentment and quiet shall reign in the land;
And that shameful reproach shall no longer be true—
"There 's one obstinate nation we cannot subdue."

## THE PRESS IN EGYPT.

THE ages whose not very comfortable seat is, according to NAPOLEON, the apex of the Pyramids, have seen a new wonder. An Italian newspaper, *Lo Spettatore Egizano*, has been started at Grand Cairo; and Astonishment naturally exclaims, "What next?" to which Echo, in Hibernian accents, answers, "Gas;" which will probably be the next innovation on Egyptian darkness. We wish, for the sake of our national honour, that the first journal established in Egypt had been an English speculation, and this wish is father to the thought that if the Italian paper answers, it will not be long without British contemporaries. We hail the *Spettatore* as a sign of the times, and expect that there will soon be a Printing House Square at Grand Cairo. It is to be hoped, however, that in the nomenclature of these papers, or rather papyri, their projectors will not entirely overlook the grand associations connected with the land of CHEOPS. So that the Egyptian press will boast of a *Morning Isis*, an *Evening Osiris*, and a *Daily Horus*. Of course, a certain fashionable contemporary will have, literally, its own correspondent at Grand Cairo; perhaps under the title of *Morning Obelisk*, as *Obelisk* would be more national there than *Post*.

The world cannot admit of two suns, or two *Punches*, or we too should anticipate a representative at Cairo. The Egyptian mind might get up a Sphinx, and prove equal to the composition of a few riddles; but we suspect it could hardly ascend to jokes. We look for much edification from the Egyptian Court Circular; as by the information that HIS HIGHNESS MEHEMET ALI this morning took his customary pipe, or honoured the performance of the dancing dervishes with his presence.

We also augur no little diversion from Egypt's penny-a-liners, in their paragraphs relative to the capture of crocodiles, and extraordinary instances of sagacity in the ichneumon. At the same time, we are afraid that the progress of Oriental journalism will rather tend to mix up the common with the venerable. It is not a long step from Egypt to Syria and Palestine; and the transition from a Grand Cairo *Spectator* to a Jerusalem *Examiner* will be as short. And then we shall have a *Bell's Life* in Sidon, a Damascus *Era*, and a Jericho *Sunday Times*. Or who knows that there may not be an Antioch *Dispatch*? Nor is the fear groundless that the monuments of ancient art will suffer through being disfigured with placards such as these—"Read the *Memphian Atlas*," "Take in the *Coptic Gentleman*," or "Thousands of pounds will be given away to Subscribers to the *Pictorial Ibis*." How the Pyramids and the statues of MEMNON will look with those bills pasted over them, may be imagined by those who can conceive PSAMMETICHUS in a suit of MOSES, or picture to themselves RHAMSES in the ALBERT hat.

## THE BRITISH ARTISTS.

PUNCH is proud of his country. He would gladly avow his pride in the British Artists: but if the exhibitors in Suffolk Street have any right to the name, he is sorry to say that his face is yet rubicund with a blush, which commenced with his setting foot in the rooms in Suffolk Street on the private view, and has lasted ever since.

There were foreigners in the room—men with black mustaches and trowsers-pockets and flower-pot hats—who were evidently taken in by the name, and believed these painters to be the veritable "British Artists." They will go back to France, (for Frenchmen never go to two exhibitions in a foreign country, being gifted with an instinctive power of seeing through things at a single glance,) and shrug their shoulders when British Art is mentioned, and utter a most significant "Ah! Bah!" as they remember the yards of spoilt canvas in Suffolk Street.

It is a humiliating sight, and that is the only epithet for it.

*Punch* has suffered much from the violent epidemic eruptions of *Gil Blases*, and *Vicars of Wakefield*, and *Findings of the Body of Harold*, which break out every May in the Academy Exhibition. But there are redeeming points in that. If the artists cannot read they can paint. If they show a marvellous lack of invention, and plentiful weak wits, they have a command of the pencil, and a familiarity with the resources of the palette. Their classical knowledge may be cold-drawn from LEMPRIERE, but the dose is administered with considerable average skill. But at Suffolk Street we have all the ignorance of the Academy—the colour and design of the *al fresco* exhibitions in the New Cut and High Holborn—the conceit peculiar to "the British Artists." It was suggested to us that the place should be viewed as a saleroom and not an exhibition. But how any of such pictures can be sold, passes our comprehension. There is no saleroom, no Jew auction mart, but there is occasionally a thing worth buying.

We write sweepingly. That there is not some good to counterbalance the immense quantity of rubbish, it would be unfair to assert, but what there is of it is swallowed up in the chaos of vulgarities and absurdities. We call upon the Commissioners of Fine Arts to shut up this gallery at once. We call upon MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, or MR. HAWES, or MR. HUME, or some other member who combines patriotism with pictorial taste, to bring in a Bill for the condign punishment of all who shall hereafter sin as the British Artists have sinned this year. The only destination we can see for the bulk of these pictures, is for the Government to purchase them, and fill the National Gallery—a fitting receptacle for such horrors. The whole of Trafalgar Square will thus be properly and congruously furnished. The fountains and George the Fourth would keep the Suffolk Street pictures in countenance, and "the finest area in Europe" would be "spoiled" at once, instead of being ruined inch by inch by the Commissioners.

The RAPHAELS, and the POUSSINS, and the REUBENSES, and the VANDYKES, and the CORREGGIOS, and the CARRACCIS, &c., might be transferred to quarters more suited to their rank; and then the modern EROSTRATUS (who is only kept back by the great pictures) might arise and burn down Gallery and contents; so, winning a statue in our future Valhalla, and the gratitude of all Englishmen of taste for all time to come.

Again, and in conclusion, we protest against the assumption of the name of "British Artists" by the spoilers of canvass who exhibit in Suffolk Street. They should be confined to the initials S. B. A., with an interpretation clause for the use of strangers, fixing the meaning to be, "Society of Bad Artists." This title they have won fairly. We hope they may not have to wear it long.

### Fashions from Paris.

LORD BROUGHAM has gone over to Paris, for the purpose, we have been told, of opening in person the grand congress of fashion which takes place annually at Longchamps. We may consequently expect amongst the next importation of *modes*, a *Chapeau à la Lord Harry*, and who knows that his lordship, already so celebrated in trowsers, may not bring us over the pattern of a new pair of pantaloons, called, in compliment, after himself, *Une paire de Brougham et Vaux!*

THE BEST ENGINES OF WAR.—Several fire-engines have been constructed for the Colonies. One of them will be sent over to Oregon, for the purpose of putting JONATHAN'S pipe out.

## THE DUKE AND HIS LETTER WRITERS.

IT is too bad. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, like ECHO, is expected to answer every donkey that may choose to bray. A couple of letters (that have not yet gone the round of the press) have been handed to us. The first is to the Duke; the second the Duke's answer:—

"MY LORD DUKE,—Being proud to feel that you are public property, I wish you to inform me whether, as an allottee of the Saffron Hill and Isle of Dogs Junction Railway, I ought to pay twelvepence a share on fifty shares, with three-and-sixpence for the application?

"Your obedient servant,

"ADOLPHUS CARNS."

"P.S. When you're writing will you also decide a little wager pending in the parlour of the Flower-Pot? Did you say, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em;' or, 'Guards, up, and at 'em"'?

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has received the letter of MR. CARNS. He is the Commander-in-Chief, and not an attorney; and has no connexion with railways, except when he travels by them.

"As to the expression, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em,' and 'Guards, up, and at 'em,' the people of the Flower-Pot may take whichever suits them. To the Duke either is immaterial."

## PUNCH TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

LINCOLN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
Though in the way it be,
Oh stand up for it now.
Still let its shade expand
Where, round the social pot,
The HANSOM cabmen stand—
Oh, LINCOLN, harm it not!

If every ancient tree,
Because its green 's grown brown,
Scrubbed up, perforce, must be,
What is there mayn't come down?
Though barren all it looks,
Both head and heart unsound;
Oh think upon the Dukes,
And leave it in the ground!

You ought to draw it mild,
You ought, upon my word;
For cutting down you 're wild,—
Protection is the word.
The Piccadilly tree,
The burden on the land,
Is old,—so let it be,
Though in the way it stand!

Thy sire, great Clumber's King,
Thou 'rt certain to offend—
*His* son do such a thing!—
The world draws to an end!
Old laws, old Dukes, old Trees,
Delay, decay, dry-rot—
Let PEEL do as he please,
But, LINCOLN, harm them not!

### The Swedish Nightingale.

LATELY, at Berlin, JENNY LIND sprained her left ancle; whereupon the King sent to her one of his private surgeons, and 1000 cards were daily left at her house by "individuals of distinction!" Now, if an English *prima donna* would wish to know the value of her ancle in London, compared with JENNY LIND'S ancle in Berlin,—we advise her to sprain it, and she cannot fail to arrive at a computation.

### THE EXHIBITIONS.

ST. PAUL'S Cathedral was not so well attended on Easter Monday. A penny showman, who was exhibiting "Mother Goose" opposite, took away nearly all the custom.

Three foreigners who wished to see the monument to SHAKSPEARE, applied for admission at Westminster Abbey. The intelligent verger told them "he had never heard of such a thing, but possibly they might see it at MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition."

## A NOTION FOR THE CHEAP TAILORS.

TAILORS!

I AM beginning to respect you: really I am. The scale on which you puff is so magnificent and grand, that—I do not joke—it is absolutely imposing. You display a spirit of enterprise truly NAPOLEONIC. There is a poetry in your style of business, as well as in your style of advertising. TAYLOR, the water-poet, was nothing to you tailors. Now, let me suggest to you a means of extending yet further your renown. Placard the town with the following notice:—

"WANTED, a number of tall handsome young men, with good figures, and a few old ones of a venerable exterior."

When you have got them, dress each in a first-rate suit of clothes. Let one be attired as a gentleman of fashion, another as an officer in the Guards, a third in a naval uniform, a fourth as a footman in livery, a fifth as a judge, and a sixth as a bishop; the two last being selected from the venerable old men. Array the rest in travelling and other costumes, and in different forms of the paletot and wrapper.

Among them let there be some ingenuous youths, elegantly clad, suitably to their respective ages. Cause them all, bearing banners, inscribed with "In this Style," and charged with a general defiance to competition, to march about the metropolis, along the kerb-stone, in procession, with the bishop at their head. You will thus greatly extend your notoriety at a moderate additional outlay; but I know that you trade for fame, and not for money. Adopt this plan, therefore, regardless of expense, and never mind increasing the present obstructions in the streets.

I am, Your Admirer,

PUNCH.

## "TO FINE YOUNG MEN."

As it is the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY who draws up thanksgiving prayers for the successful slaughter of the enemy, may we ask, is it the chaplains of regiments who write the recruiting bills, scattered throughout the country, to catch the eye of the "Fine Young Men?" One of these compositions, recently put forth at Gloucester, is now before us. There is a truthfulness in the promises held out—and indeed a picturesqueness of painting, that do the highest credit to the morals of the author, whether the thing be written on a drum-head or a pulpit-cushion. For instance, when the "Fine Young Men,"—like eels, *bobbed* for,—are caught by the shilling, they are immediately

"—taught the art of riding, driving, *drawing*, fencing, gunnery, and the mechanics; the making and use of gunpowder, sky-rockets, and other fire-works."

The allusion to sky-rockets and other fire-works shows the hand of the master. The author subtly, knowingly touches on schoolboy recollections—on those Fifth of November days, when fire-works were precious to the juvenile. We subjoin a few of the advantages offered to "the Gunners" (for so artillerymen are styled). Here they are:—

"They are lodged in the finest barracks in the world! They have *light work and good pay, the best beef that Kent can afford*, and a comfortable place in the barracks called the 'Canteen,' set apart for them to see their friends in and take a cheerful glass: also *a splendid library and reading-room, a park and pleasure grounds*, with a select number of horses for their *instruction* and *amusement*. After their *education is completed*, they will have an opportunity *afforded them to travel to foreign countries*, where they may drink their wine at two-pence per bottle, by the New Tariff!"

These, it must be owned, are many agreeable advantages; and yet, with a modesty peculiar to recruiting sergeants—he of the Upper George Inn, Gloucester, has said nothing of the box at the opera, and the Mowbray Hounds, always at the service of the Gunners. But perhaps the sergeants did not wish to tell the fine young men all that was in store for them. Only let them enlist, and then no doubt he would surprise them.

After—it is not said how many—years' service, the recruits are promised that they shall "return to see their friends"—(balls, bullets, and bayonets permitting)—"with money, manners, and—*experience!*" The last advantage, no doubt, warranted.

### A Sure Capture.

WE recommend the following plan to LOUIS-PHILIPPE as an infallible one for taking ABD-EL-KADER. Let his Majesty get the Arab chief to accept a bill—the larger the sum the better; and put it into the hands of LEVY. If that illustrious sheriff's officer does not capture ABD-EL-KADER the very day it falls due, we will pay the amount and costs ourselves.

### SEASONABLE RELIEF.

THE Public Baths and Washhouse establishment in Glasshouse Yard, Smithfield, have been giving pails of whitewash for nothing to the poor in the neighbourhood. We understand that the applications from Railway Directors to be whitewashed have been exceedingly numerous.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1846.

## Serenade to the Lord Mayor.

COME, arouse thee, arouse thee, my lazy LORD MAYOR,
Do not slumber thy twelvemonths away;
Don't you know that because you won't take proper care,
People's lives are endanger'd each day?
What 's the use, my LORD MAYOR, of your ruling the Thames,
If wild anarchy flaunts on its wave;
Which the steam-boat, o'ercrowded, illegally stems,
Whilst with cool unconcern you behave?

To what end does your Lordship the river control,
If you suffer the piers on its banks
To consist, as you know they do, nearly the whole,
Of a lot of old barges and planks?
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my lazy LORD MAYOR,
And attend to the cares of your realm;
Can the course of the City Barge ever prove fair,
With a lubber asleep at the helm?

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAPTER VIII.—GREAT CITY SNOBS.

THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of DE MOGYNS; no less than four LADY SUSAN SCRAPERS have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half-a-pint of port and simpering over the *Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for SYDNEY SCRAPER, Esq. "What *can* be your antipathy to Baker Street?" asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.—"Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?" says one estimable correspondent; "are not the snobbish Snobs to have their turn?"—"Pitch into the University Snobs!" writes an indignant gentleman, (who spells elegant with two l's.)—"Show up the Clerical Snob," suggests another.—"Being at MEURICE'S Hotel, Paris, some time since," some wag hints, "I saw LORD B., leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling out, '*Garçon, cirez-moi ces bottes.*' Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?"

No; far from it. If his lordship's boots are dirty, it is because he is LORD B., and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair; and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them clean. LORD B., in so doing, performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I have had him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this Chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. AS PHIDIAS took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a VENUS: so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand Snobs, before one is expressed upon paper.

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy, and ought to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist, you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in Lombard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility, there is little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities, and who frequents Exeter Hall; you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my LORD N—'s *soirées*, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third, (a City Snob of taste,) at picture-auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my lord duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved LADY WILHELMINA WAGGLE-WIGGLE! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored Sovereign QUEEN CAROLINE, at Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith?) but the City Snob's doors are for the most part closed to him; and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the SCHARLACHSCHILD family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, &c. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their *fêtes*. PRINCE POLONIA, at Rome, and his brother, the DUKE OF STRACHINO, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grandees with a farthing or two, it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The POLONIAS have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognisance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city, with the arms of the COLONNAS and DORIAS.

Our City Snobs have the same mania of aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see those two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally—making truce and uniting—for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down on common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger. I like to see old STIFFNECK obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by PUMP and ALDGATE'S butler. "PUMP and ALDGATE," says he, "your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror: I am own cousin to CHARLES MARTEL, ORLANDO FURIOSO, PHILIP AUGUSTUS, PETER THE CRUEL, and FREDERIC BARBAROSSA. I quarter the Royal arms of BRENTFORD in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, BLANCHE STIFFNECK, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become LADY BLANCHE PUMP and ALDGATE."

Old PUMP and ALDGATE clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the Peerage, is to look down the list, and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters, how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

Old PUMP and ALDGATE buys the article, and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blest by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, "At Rochampton, on Saturday, the LADY EMILIA PUMP, of a son and heir."

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young PUMP in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, "How 's your wife, PUMP, my boy?"

MR. PUMP looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, "*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you."

"*O, I thought she was your wife!*" said that familiar brute, SNOOKS, wishing him good by; and ten minutes after, the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young PUMP appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor PUMP, this martyr to MAMMON, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who, having deserted the middle rank of life,

is not yet admitted to the higher ; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in the City, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver :* that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered "as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers." So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so ; has been washed into estates, and woods, and castles and town-mansions ; it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old PUMP sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. PUMP THE SECOND becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. PUMP TERTIUS goes on with the bank ; but his chief business in life is to become the father of PUMP QUARTUS, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as BARON PUMPINGTON, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

DESIGN FOR A BAS-RELIEF OVER THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

## THE STRAND HERO.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created in the neighbourhood of the Strand, by the presence of an enormous *gendarme* within the portico of the establishment of M. PHILIPPE the conjurer. Crowds daily assemble round this "monster in human form," to whom truly British chaff is being every moment copiously administered. The gallant fellow not understanding the language, replies with a fierce roll of the eye, or a slight agitation of the mustache.

Much curiosity has been roused, and various conjectures have been hazarded, as to the object of M. PHILIPPE in keeping up a great standing army of one, at the threshold of the Strand Theatre. We have ascertained that the measure is taken on account of the symptoms of hostility which have shown themselves at another establishment. While we are upon this subject, we may as well state that we have received a communication from our own valiant Brook Green Volunteer, requesting us to state distinctly that he is not the individual now doing duty at the entrance of the Strand Theatre. We give the gallant fellow's own words, as being peculiarly characteristic of the British soldier:—"Though I would throw myself into any gap, or place myself in the narrowest passage, in my country's cause, I could never stand at ease in the service of the foreigner. No, I had rather bring up the van as the driver of an advertising cart, than ground an arm or fix a bayonet under a French officer. I had rather turn my cartridge-box into a cigar-case, sell my gorget for a conductor's badge, and have my bayonet converted into a skewer for a fillet of veal, than wear those precious accoutrements as the *gendarme* of the alien."

## A DESCENDANT OF THE STUARTS.

MARY STUART was brought before MR. HARDWICK, charged with breaking SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S windows, and that with no more ceremony than SIR JAMES broke the seals of MAZZINI'S letters. MARY STUART'S object, by this destruction, was to touch the heart of the Home Secretary. Thinking that statesmen had their feelings framed and glazed, she sought to appeal to them with congenial stone. In fine, she broke two squares of glass, because SIR JAMES would not believe that she was "really the grand-daughter of CHARLES STUART, but out of her senses." For ourselves, we think the poor woman under a delusion, and this is our reason :—she said, "As to my birth, I do not think *anything of that. I only want to get my living.*" Now, in our opinion, this is by far too sensible an observation to be made by any descendant of the STUARTS. The poor woman has no doubt been imposed upon ; the rationality of her words—the independence of her spirit—entirely falsifies her assumed origin.

## GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

ONE of the principal studies of young ladies at Boarding-schools is Geography ; but as young ladies, generally, are not destined to emulate MUNGO PARK, Geography, as it is taught them, is of little use to them. If, however, they have not to find their way about the world, they have to find it about town ; and a Metropolitan Geography would be really of service to them. We can here only afford to give an idea of such a work, leaving it to some industrious PINNOCK to carry our notion out. Geography, perhaps, would hardly be the proper word for it ; a better would be Topography ; or a better still, Shopography. It should consist of descriptions such as the following :—

SWAN AND EDGAR'S. Is bounded on the north and east by Regent Street, on the south by Piccadilly, and on the west by the shop next door. It is rich in various products of the loom and spindle, and abounds in silks, satins, balzerines, barèges, mousselines-de-laine, gloves, ribbons, and silk-stockings.

THE PANTHEON. On the north is bounded by Oxford-street ; being situated about 100 yards to the east of the junction of the latter with the Street of Regent. It is bounded on the south by Great Marlborough-street, and on the east and west by the adjacent premises. Its productions are dolls, trinkets, Berlin wool, artificial and natural flowers, stay-laces, cedar-pencils, card-cases, housewifes, reticules, perfumes, and nicknackery of all descriptions ; also gold-fish, parroquets, Java sparrows, and other tropical birds. It contains some very queer specimens of the fine arts, besides caricatures, and sentimental lithographs ; and there are occasionally to be met in it some nice young men.

CAPES. Cape Cardinal is situated at most of the linendrapers'. It may also be viewed in the Soho Bazaar ; longitude about five miles from Greenwich. This establishment lies in Soho-square, by which it is bounded to the east ; to the south by a contiguous row of houses, and to the west by the back settlements or slums.

We recommend the Conductresses of Seminaries for Young Ladies to give up old GUTHRIE, and substitute for their pupils a system of geography more likely to be useful to them in after life.

## THE WINDSOR STEEPLE CHASE.

A STEEPLE CHASE would be a very foolish matter, but for the compliment it very subtly conveys to the Church : an institution to which the military in garrison at Windsor are peculiarly devoted. During the past Passion Week the officers have raced for the "Household Brigade Cup," and a foolish parishioner of Upton-cum-Chalvey, has, in the *Times*, indulged in somewhat savage remarks at the expense of the gallant horsemen. He asks—

"Out of the 52 weeks of which the year is composed, could these gentlemen have found no other in which to collect together the offscourings of society—to erect the standard of vice and profanity—than that in which our and their Redeemer gave up his life in shame and agony for a fallen race? Surely this is very bad."

Not at all. It is very proper that at such a season the play-houses should be shut up, but wherefore prohibit the reasonable recreation of officers and gentlemen ? Besides, there is a moral courage manifested by the military in their fine contempt of observances sacred to mere civilians : and courage, whether in attacking a column or a custom, may be considered, by the military of Windsor garrison, the first element of a soldier. Had they chased on Good Friday itself, 'twould only have shown a finer spirit. The Parishioner asks :—

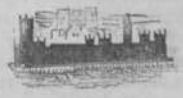
"Out of the seven days of the week, could no other day be found except the Sabbath, wherein to erect their 'stands' and 'booths?' Would not the Saturday before, or the Monday after, have sufficed for the purpose? Let these gentlemen answer."

And they do, in fact, answer and say—Sunday being observed as a religious holiday by the vulgar, is, for that reason, the best of all days to be devoted to sporting preparations for the select.

"The fact is, that throughout the 'Sunday next before Easter,' the axe, the hammer, and the saw were unceasingly plied ; and, as if that were not sufficient, a ring was formed in the evening upon the spot, and a prize-fight concluded the labours of the day!"

Very proper. The Parishioner, however, does not inform us whether the fight was "for love," or for a purse contributed by the gallant huntsmen in garrison.

## A NEW VERSION OF "THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."



This is the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the press with its newsman's horn, that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the peerage, all forlorn, that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the report, all tattered and torn, presented to the peerage all forlorn that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the chairman, all weary and worn, that brought up the report all tattered and torn, presented to the peerage all forlorn that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the witness not to be borne, who tired the chairman all weary and worn, that brought up the report all tattered and torn, presented to the peerage all forlorn, that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the Counsel as sharp as a thorn, that bothered the witness not to be borne, who tired the chairman all weary and worn, that brought up the report all tattered and torn, presented to the peerage all forlorn, that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

This is the Clerk who at early morn woke up the Counsel as sharp as a thorn, that bothered the witness not to be borne, that tired the chairman all weary and worn that brought up the report all tattered and torn, presented to the peerage all forlorn, that appealed to the press with its newsman's horn that took up the Brougham that worried the architect that snubbed the Reid that wasted the money laid out on the house that Barry (ought to have) built.

### A BLUE VOLUNTEER.

At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, two fellows were indicted for assaulting Mr. Joseph Gibbon, a son of the late Sir J. Gibbon, on the 20th of March. Mr. Gibbon, says the report in the *Times*,—

"For the last twelve years has been singularly active in causing the apprehension of many of the most notorious and desperate thieves in the Metropolis."

In fact, Mr. Gibbon—a man of property—was an amateur policeman. His being so was, as Mr. Serjeant Adams properly observed, "a matter of taste;" and he himself remarked, of his constabulary inclination, that "it was a propensity he had, and he was altogether unable to help it."

We have really a high respect for Mr. Gibbon, and we wish that some other men of property would follow his example. There are numbers of our Aristocracy entirely out of employ, who might devote themselves—*gratis*, of course,—usefully to preservation of the peace. Many of them, it is true, hold commissions in the Guards! but they might, with much more benefit to their country, volunteer into the A Division. We suspect that their objection to this service is its uniform; which might be improved so as to suit their taste; when, we apprehend, that their inducements to enter the Army and the Police Force would be equal. Duly to encourage them to adopt a walk, or rather beat, of life for which Nature and circumstances have so well fitted them, we would recommend this subject to the consideration of Prince Albert; who, we doubt not, will gladly devise a costume, worthy, in every sense, to be entitled the A 1.

### THE PUMP-COURT CIRCULAR.

Mr. Briefless gave an audience to his laundress. The subject of a reduction of duties was discussed, and a debate arose on the consumption of coal, in which there appeared to be an alarming deficit.

Mr. Miffins's wig was taken its usual airing in Westminster Hall. It subsequently returned to its box, where it will probably pass the remainder of the term, and the short vacation that follows.

Under Porter Tims, who was absent on leave on Easter Monday, has rejoined the regiment of Ticket Templars, and entertained a select party of his companions under the archway, by an account of his holiday rambles. The German Green Baise Band of brazen trumpets offered to attend, but its services were declined without much courtesy.

### Backward Ireland.

At Conciliation Hall, the Lord Mayor of Dublin "believed in his heart that Ireland would fall back 300 years, if O'Connell was lost to her sons." And what more would Irishmen wish? The Union is the blight of Ireland: now, put Ireland back even a hundred years, and no Union would exist. However, his Lordship further observed that "O'Connell's precious life would be protracted until justice was obtained; and nothing was justice but Repeal." If O'Connell is really to live to see Repeal, he would be a profitable assurance—(and Daniel himself knows what profitable assurance is)—to any Life Office.

## "DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

*Snip.* "That 's a sweet Thing for a Waistcoat, Sir, and would look uncommon well upon you, Sir?"

## THE CIVIL WAR IN THE CITY.

This struggle, in which "a brother madly seeks to shed a brother's cash," is still raging, and it has been determined that two decisive actions shall be fought in the courts of law, the most destructive of all fields of battle. The indefatigable Mr. Newton, the attorney, is providing ammunition on behalf of the Watermen. That powerful engine, a writ, has already been brought to play, and he has received with that effective shield a special plea, the first fire—in the shape of a declaration—from the enemy.

Writs of *certiorari* have been savagely exchanged, by which the parties have shifted the *champ de bataille*. The City forces are confident in the name of the Lord Mayor, whom they consider a tower of strength; but it must be remembered that such a tower leans all on one side, like the structure at Pisa. The Watermen are, on their parts, eager, and declare themselves armed in the triple panoply of Justice. However the struggle ends, one lamentable fact is certain—namely, that the fields of Westminster must be deluged with the costs of both parties.

## HORSE-KILLING.

Three horses, ridden by gentlemen, were killed—run to death—at the Windsor Easter Hunt. We understand that the offending riders—smitten with remorse—have sent in a very handsome subscription to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They have felt that had they been costermongers, and driven their donkeys to death, they would have been sentenced to a fine, and therefore unanimously resolved that, being gentlemen, they should, for their offence of cruelty, pay a double penalty.

### France, the Bird of Wisdom.

M. Michelet says, in his late work—*Le Peuple*, "France can see in the darkest night, when others can no longer distinguish." It seems, then, that we have mistaken for the Gallic Cock what turns out to be, in reality, an Owl.

## AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is a delightful thing at the present moment, when so much excitement prevails on the subject of food, to find individuals coming forward to suggest modes of nourishment. Sir Trayton Drake has, we find, announced to the Royal Agricultural Society the important fact, that he got a turnip, cut it in slices, and gave a bit to his horse, who relished it exceedingly. Sir Trayton then selected a slice or two, which he boiled in a copper, and after mashing the pieces of turnip into a pulp, rushed off to his pig-sty and distributed the delicacy among the inmates, who devoured it with exceeding gusto.

The country ought to feel very grateful to Sir Trayton Drake for having made these experiments, and for having communicated the interesting result to the Agricultural Society.

We have now got at the important fact, that pigs will eat boiled turnips, and that a horse will not turn up his nose at the raw article. Inspired by a strong wish to be useful to our fellow-creatures, we have been subjecting ourselves to a series of curious experiments with reference to food, and we hasten to lay before the public a few facts which we have ascertained beyond all question. In the first place, we think we can venture to assert positively that the ordinary barn-door fowl's egg plunged into water, and boiled for a few minutes, will, when broken, be found to contain a nutritious substance.

The common dough, when baked until a crust is formed on the exterior, also furnishes a very good substitute for the less accessible muffin, or the still more *récherché* tea-cake. Those who find a difficulty in purchasing pastry may manage tolerably well by getting a bundle of the stalks of the common rhubarb, stripping off the leaves, and placing them in a dish, embedded in a paste of household flour. We have tried this, when baked, upon our own children, who have eaten it with almost as great a relish as was exhibited by Sir Trayton Drake's horse, when he bolted the sliced turnip.

These things are trivial in themselves; but they are of the utmost importance in all well-regulated families.

## LATEST FASHION.

A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE BOULEVARDS.

### PALMERSTON IN PARIS.

It is an extraordinary fact, that Lord Palmerston dined with the King of the French on Sunday, and nevertheless the *Nation* did not the next day warn its readers that France was sold, and *perfide Albion* had bought her.

THE IRISH CINDERELLA AND HER HAUGHTY SISTERS, BRITANNIA AND CALEDONIA.

## A Merrie Legende,

OF A MANNE WHO MOTE GO FYGHTE FOR HYS COUNTRIE WHETHER HE WOLD OR NOE; AND HOW HE BETOOKE HYM TO A SANCTUARIE; WITH WHAT TO THAT END BEFELLE;

*Contaynge moreover a warnynge to all wyse governmentes how they choose them a souldierie, and how they them equippe.*

DONE INTO VERSE RYGHTE PLEASAUNT TO BE REDDE.

Now Heaven our nobelle Sovereygne blesse,
With wisdom, grace, each peere:
How a manne mote fyghte for hys countrie's myghte,
Ye legende you shall heare.

A sommones from our Sovereygne came,
To musterre through ye lande
Those fierce, dethe-dealynge sonnes of Fame,
Ye drede mylyeya bande.

Ye trompettes range in distante ville;
They called a manne whose care
Hadde been to fashione garbes which we
For ADAM's synne must weare.

No roystererre ryfe for fyghte was he,
None witnesse 'gainst hym bore,
Save that he once discharged a shotte
Agaynst a taverne doore.

To hew hym a lane through ghastlie slayne,
Was glorie he abhorred;
He never mote, on battaile playne
Make breeches with hys sworde.

Smalle treasure hadde he wherewith to fee
A manne to be shotte in hys stede;
Soe he joyned hys bande with a heavie hearte,
And Alberte hatte on hedde.

On ryvall bankes two hostyle rankes
In horrente squadrunnes falle,
Soe bitterre—each opposynge hille
Mote seem a steepe in Gaulle.

In feinte of stryfe they wolde them joyne,
To teste their warlyke myghte;
When dyre astounde ye squares turned rounde,
And sette ye wynges in flyghte.

For, lo! each horrid Alberte hatte
Wroughte terror none mote smother,
It made them in such fearfulle guyse
They dare not face each other.

Pavid they fledde—from every hedde
Was flunge ye helme accursede;
Ne manne was lefte; our heroe brave
Escaped amidst ye fyrste.

But as he ranne, enraged and shamed,
A deepe avowe he tooke
To cleare hys stayne with ye bloode of ye slayne,
For hys courage uppe was shooke.

There laye in hys waye an ould abbaye;
He fierce ye gate 'gan 'sayle,
And strayghte he furyous made attacke
On ye porterre stoute and hale.

When bretherene helped ye porterre stronge
Not once ye warrioure shranke;
Till, with one fulle, hard, desperate pulle,
To earthe he senselesse sanke.

Valiaunte he felle, as ye masterre welle
Hadde marked—behind ye doore—
For ere ye bretherene bore hym offe
He hadde sette on a goodlie score.

With dawne of morne hys thoughtes retorne,
And griefe for hys synfulle wronge;
Contryte, he swore for evermore
To love that porterre stronge.

He sorrowynge strove, till humble workes
Hys hostiel charge should paye,
And since hys bande ne more was founde
He tarried there for aye.

Hys trew devotionne met rewarde,
To Abbott's ranke he rose;
And there, in plennytude and ease,
He made hys peacefulle close.

And oft strange swelles, with mystic chaunte,
At midnyghte mayst thou heare,
From where devoted bretherene stille
Pay homage to hys beere.

Now from mylycia Heaven us guarde;
May Alberte helmettes felle
Ne more them fryghte or putte to flyghte,
Or force them hale to celle.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ENEALOGY. An article much in request among rich *parvenus* who are desirous of proving their descent from something very high, and who certainly prove that there has been a tremendous drop down on their part, if they ever had illustrious ancestors. Good genealogies may be had on reasonable terms at the Heralds' Office, where BROWNS may be traced back to the DE BRUINS, at the usual scale of charges. Persons going abroad, may be supplied with a good family trunk for travelling, and upstarts can procure stocks which will enable them to hold up their heads pretty stiffly above their neighbours.

GENERAL. A title conferred on all above the rank of field officers. There have been always Major-Generals, but we knew no instance of a Minor-General until the appearance of GENERAL TOM THUMB at the theatres and exhibition rooms.

GENTLEMAN. A corruption of *gentilhomme;* and, presuming gentle and manly to be the characteristics of the *gentilhomme*, the corruption exhibited in some of the modern snobs who take the name of gentleman, must be allowed to be truly horrible. The Romans had a class enjoying what were called gentile privileges, or the rights of gentility; but as a gentleman has been defined to be "one who keeps a gig"—and the Romans were utterly gigless—the gentleman of Rome must have been very different from the English notion of the character. A gentleman is said to be "one who bears a coat of arms," and this seems to be the definition most in accordance with the modern view; for a coat of arms, which means, porbably, a good coat to the back, is in these days often accepted as the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. GEORGE THE FOURTH used to be called the most finished gentleman in Europe, entirely on the well-cut coat principle. BLACKSTONE says that any one who can live idly and without manual labour, is a gentleman. According to this, the vagabond who clears a handsome income by shivering with a few matches in his hand, or lying on the pavement with a label round his neck, inscribed with the words, "I am starving," is a perfect gentleman. These, however, are matters that we must leave to that Snob's *alma mater*, the Heralds' College.

### AN "HONOURED" HEATH.

THE newspaper accounts of Newmarket Races inform us that "PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE arrived by the special train and *honoured the heath* with his presence." And our private correspondent adds, "the daisies seemed deeply impressed by the ineffable condescension."

### SEASONABLE COMBINATION.

IMMEDIATELY it was known that Vauxhall Gardens opened on Whit Monday, the umbrella-makers struck for an advance of wages.

### A WORD AND A BLOW.

THE mouth of *La Jeune France* seems to be constructed on the principle of the Temple of JANUS at Rome. As soon as it is opened, there is a talk of war: it is only when the mouth is shut that the short intervals of peace occur.

GROSS ABUSE.

"You're a Provisional Director, Sir!"
"And you're an Allottee, Sir!"

## MOON AT THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

It is certainly not so well known as, by means of *Punch*, it will be this day week, that Alderman Moon, in his green gosling days, was present at the Battle of Waterloo! There can be no doubt of it; for the Alderman, as the publisher of Mr. Salter's picture of the Waterloo Banquet, appears by portrait in the work. The beholder, after some search, cannot fail to observe the small features of a small man peeping in at the door of the banquet-room at the moment "when the Duke of Wellington has just risen to return thanks for the drinking of his health." Those features—and the fact will show the humility of the man—are owned, wherever he appears, by Alderman Moon. The uninformed observer, seeing that little face at the door, might imagine that the Duke was afflicted with a tight boot; and that, being quite at home, he had merely acted up to the simplicity of his character by having a moment before ordered a boot-jack; and that somewhere in the hand of the little man at the door was the instrument: for, sooth to say, by the force of association some faces have a boot-jack look. But this is not the case. No: Alderman Moon is not peeping into the banquetting-room under favour of a boot-jack, but by right of service on the field of Waterloo. He was a young man then; but the effect of the British bayonet made a lively impression upon him. It was from that effect the Alderman dates his passion for steel engraving.

We are, happily, in the possession of the *Military Adventures of Alderman Moon;* evidently written during sundry campaigns: as, from a certain raggedness of the leaves, it is our belief that the MS. was occasionally made to supply wadding for the mortal musket. Nevertheless, we are certain that we can piece out a very handsome military biography of the steel Alderman, allowance being made for inevitable omissions.

We owe it to the world; we owe it to Moon himself, to publish this life. And for this reason. We have not been nearly five years in print; no, we have not added nearly ten volumes to the imperishable literature of the universe without having felt from without the envy of the little and the malicious, of the small literary croakers, that puff, puff, puff—swell a little, and finally burst. Therefore do we sympathise with—therefore will we champion Moon!

For consider the consequence of destroying or keeping back the biography in which the military claims of Moon are made as manifest, as bright to the world, as the illuminated clock at the Horse Guards. Would it not incite fifty people to put in their claims to be painted in the Waterloo Banquet as well as Alderman Moon?

For instance, the Duke's tailor speaks (or writes to the *Times* or *Punch*):—"I helped to make the Duke's Waterloo coat. I was then an apprentice; but it was my glory to sew the Duke's seams. I was present in my stitches on the field of Waterloo. And as Moon, the printseller, is painted at the door, surely I, as the Duke's tailor, may be permitted to be taken with my eye at the keyhole. For, I must vehemently repeat the question—if the Duke's printseller, wherefore not the Duke's tailor?"

And the Duke's hatter—in a like key of indignation—puts a like query.

And the Duke's shoemaker—we fear, with an oath, exclaims, "If the mere printseller is admitted, why is the useful snob left out?"

And the Duke's Gardener—who has trained and pruned and watered the Duke's laurels since they were twigs, he, with an honest tear in his eye, looks at Moon, or rather the half-Moon at the door, and then indignantly dashing the "gem of sorrow" (when we write a very fine figure, yet somehow mistrust it, we always clap it between inverted commas; it's safest;)—"gem of sorrow" to the earth, asks why he, the faithful, honest Gerkin, is not there?

And so with all the Duke's Household:—the Duke's valet—his coachman—his footman—his fat porter—his smallest of grooms—all seeing Moon in the picture, will, naturally enough, clamour for admission, unless—

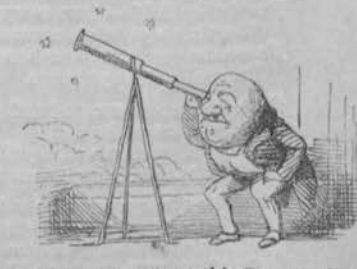
—Unless they are made acquainted with the great Waterloo claims of Alderman Moon to be present—or rather to stand in the draft of the door—at the Waterloo banquet. These claims, we pledge ourselves to make so fully known in our next, that neither the Duke's tailor nor the Duke's shoemaker shall have a word to say for themselves. Envy herself, seeing Moon in the picture, shall cease to frown, and only suck her thumb.

We have treated this matter at some length, inasmuch as if Moon's claims were unknown, all sorts of people in any way associated with great men and great things might insist upon being painted to the great perplexity of all sorts of Salters. For instance, when the next royal christening should be painted, the worthy tradesman who supplies the royal nursery with tops-and-bottoms, might justly expect to be introduced not very far from the Archbishop of Canterbury. And *when* the Houses of Parliament are finished, and their portraits painted, all the original hodmen (should any survive) employed upon the structure, might conceive that they had as good claims to be in the pictured triumph of Barry, as Moon has to show himself in the painted conquest of Wellington. Now this, with Moon's enormous military claims made known, cannot be.

In the meanwhile, we congratulate Alderman Moon—we especially congratulate the subscribers to the print—that the enterprising publisher is to all future time present at the Waterloo Banquet. Moon is henceforth imperishably connected with Wellington. He will go down to posterity as inseparably a part of the great soldier. Even as Oliver Cromwell's pimple upon Oliver Cromwell's nose.

## COMET INTELLIGENCE.

The Telescope in Leicester Square has been reaping a good harvest lately, owing to the rush into the market of so many new Comets. The astronomer at the head of it is to be heard of an evening calling out, "Just up, a new Comet, in capital condition. There is likewise, Gentlemen, a tail after the Comet, in very good cut. A fine fresh Comet also ready at eight o'clock, and another will be served up, with the milky way, at ten. The charge is only one penny." The customers at this Comet ordinary are very numerous. It is not unusual to hear a gentleman say, "I'll take the Comet after you, sir."



## THE REAL RAILWAY KING.

A gentleman in the Queen's Bench has papered his room with nothing but railway shares. The effect is very rich. It is calculated that not less than three millions of capital has been sent in this way to the wall. Every county in the United Kingdom is there represented. The whole railway world is compressed into the space of eight feet by six. The gentleman breakfasts in England, takes his tiffin in India, dines at Paris, and sleeps in Switzerland, just according as he moves his chair. We must not forget to mention that every share has been made to run in the direction of the fire-place. In this way the flue ingeniously represents the grand central terminus of all the lines in the world.

## NURSERY RHYME.

THE STORY OF THE REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS, "SUITED TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY."

THERE was a little Lady who had twenty-four million babies, and she wanted to get cheap bread for them, but she could not, because of the Corn Law. So she went to the Lords, and she said,—

"Lords, Lords, repeal this law, or I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Lords said to her, "Pooh! We are the landed interest; what do we care for your babies? The Tories to a man will stand by us." So she went to the Tories, and she said,—

"Tories, Tories, desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Tories said to her, "Madam, we have no objection to eat dirt; we do it every day; but at present we are under the orders of the Duke." So she went to the Duke, and she said,—

"Duke, Duke, order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Duke said to her, "F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is Commander-in-Chief of the army, but he is neither a maltster nor a miller. All communications to his Grace must be made through SIR ROBERT PEEL." So she went to SIR ROBERT PEEL, and she said,—

"PEEL, PEEL, speak to the Duke: the Duke won't order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then PEEL said, "The Tories brought me in, I know, but I should like to rat and cut the Snobs. However, as yet, there is no pressure from without, there's no Great Fact to frighten me." So she went to look for a Great Fact; and she heard a voice, saying to her, "I am ready to come to your help, if you will only get somebody to form a League, and call me into notice. There's RICHARD COBDEN." So she went to RICHARD COBDEN, and she said,—

"COBDEN, COBDEN, form a League; the League will soon become a Fact; but there's no Fact yet to frighten PEEL; and PEEL won't speak to the Duke; the Duke won't order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then COBDEN began to form the League; the League began to become a Fact; the Fact began to frighten PEEL; PEEL began to speak to the Duke; the Duke began to order the Tories; the Tories began to desert the Lords; the Lords set-to to repeal the Law; and so the little Lady got cheap bread for her Babies.

## A SMALL THING TO DO.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I am a poor man, and very anxious to turn an honest penny. I believe, on noble authority, that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. I have a wife and six small children; all of whom, however, are too large for my purpose, except one: that one is a baby. Now, Sir, this is the point. Can you inform me by what means I may check the growth of that baby at the age of two years? I have tried gin with no effect, except that of throwing the child into a fever. My object is to render it a dwarf, in order to exhibit it. I am told that the proprietor of TOM THUMB is making a rapid fortune in this manner, with little or no exertion; and this is just what I want to do too. If you could tell me of any drug, or any system of treatment whereby I might stunt my child's proportions without endangering its life—for, of course, I should be sorry to lose it—you would oblige me. I should mention that it is a little girl; and you will confer an additional favour on me if you will say how I could also make it an ALBINO.

Yours, respectfully,

NICHOLAS CATCHPENNY.

### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

ALDERMAN GIBBS has presented to himself a valuable snuff-box, as a slight testimonial of his esteem, in honour of his having again elected himself Churchwarden of Walbrook. After the election ALDERMAN GIBBS invited the Churchwarden to dinner.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

WE are happy to be enabled to announce that a reconciliation has taken place between the "very highest personage" in the City and the authorities of Christ's Hospital. The cockney rebels have returned to their allegiance, and tranquillity reigns in the civic territory. At the present moment, when the aspect of affairs between the Watermen and the LORD MAYOR continues to be threatening, it is gratifying to feel that the Sovereign of the East-End can count upon the loyalty of a class of his subjects who had been hitherto led away by an insane desire for independence. The right of visit to Christ's Hospital is now fairly recognised, and we trust that the LORD MAYOR and the noble institution alluded to, will remain upon visiting terms to the end of their respective existences.

## POISON GAS-WORKS.

IF anybody, possessed with a hatred of his species, wishes to poison whole districts without running the risk of being hanged for murder, he should adopt the following plan:—In a densely populated neighbourhood, let him buy a few square yards of ground. Let him dig a number of deep holes in it, as close together as possible. Let him put into these holes as many tons as they will hold of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, and sulphur; which he will be able to procure very cheaply, as all of them exist in combination in any animal substance. Let him then cover them up, lightly, with a thin layer of mould. In the materials thus deposited in them there will occur, in a short time, an intense chemical action, which will eliminate a variety of the most subtle and deadly poisons, in the form of gases. These, ascending into the atmosphere, will mingle with it, and contaminate it for miles around, affecting all who may happen to breathe it, in a degree proportionate to their proximity to the centre of infection.

In the immediate vicinity of this spot, the exhalations will produce sudden death; a little further off, typhus fever, or lingering decline; and more remotely still, eruptions for instance, generated in Spa Fields, will perhaps disfigure faces in May Fair. Reader, in London, and every large town, such poison-magazines exist; they are established for the sake of getting money; they are attached to Churches and Chapels, whose proprietors and ministers obtain a living by them; and they are, in fact, the graveyards within the walls of cities.

### Parliamentary Furloughs.

SEVERAL Members of Parliament have availed themselves of the Debate on the Corn Laws for the purpose of travelling. One honourable gentleman, who has a taste for military adventures, has gone over to India, having left directions with his servant that he is to be sent for as soon as there is the most distant prospect of a division on the third reading.

## THE LONDON MAILS.

In consequence of the extreme tardiness of the Mails at home, —caused by the apathy of the Post-office—added to the constant blockade of the streets, and owing to the tremendous acceleration of the Indian Intelligence by means of the newspaper expresses, there is every probability that Bombay and Calcutta will be brought much nearer to the metropolis than the suburbs. Every month brings India closer to London, and sends Kensington farther off. For every day gained in the Indian despatches, an hour appears to be lost in the transit from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the old town, or ton, of Kensing.

We fancy the time is not far distant when extraordinary expresses will be as much wanted, and as anxiously looked for, from the suburbs to the Metropolis, as they have hitherto been between the banks of the Sutlej and the bureau of the newspaper offices. We can imagine the interest that will be felt in telegraphic despatches from Chelsea—the Cockney Marseilles—or in a trial of the respective merits of the Pimlico route, and of the passage along Brompton, the Austria of the Metropolis. We can conceive the intense anxiety that will be manifested for news a day later from the remote Green of Turnham. The time will no doubt arrive when the papers will issue third editions on the strength of intelligence received *viâ* Hyde Park Corner from Belgrave Square; and we shall be occasionally startled by the announcement of recent dates from Baker Street, by an extraordinary cab in anticipation of the regular demi-semi-daily omnibus.

As we begin to think less of such everyday matters of news as advices from the Court of Delhi, we shall set a higher value on the arrival of despatches from the Court Road of Tottenham. Such is evidently the tendency of the existing state of the Metropolitan thoroughfares. The inhabitants, harassed by constant blockades, are beginning to lose sight of those ties which were the result of frequent social intercourse, while the energy of newspaper enterprise is rendering us familiar with India and her people.

Perhaps, as a method of accelerating the metropolitan mails, a series of suspension bridges might be resorted to, thus enabling the public to

> Speed the soft intercourse o'er roofs and walls,
> And waft a sigh from Shoreditch to St. Paul's.

To make use of a venerable pun—in character with the fine old Gothic architecture of the churches—we may say that the series of bridges would be one way of a-bridging the distance.

## JOKES FOR THE COURTS OF LAW.

Pitying the great destitution of wit into which the members of the Bar appear to be plunged, and struck by their constant effort to say something smart, we have determined on preparing for their use *The Funny Barrister's Manual; or, Complete Forensic Jester*. Every one must have remarked the very wonderful economy of wit in the courts of law, where the homœopathic system of humour seems to prevail. The least possible amount of smartness goes an immense way, and the smallest contributions of fun are thankfully received on all sides. The forensic jokes are as old as the forensic forms, and comprise a set of platitudes that have appeared in every edition of *Joe Miller*, from the first copy entered at Stationers' Hall down to the present time. We therefore contemplate the immediate prepartion of a series of jokes for humorously disposed barristers. We shall issue an entire set of a dozen, applicable to motions of course, which will be copyright; but a license for retailing them may be procured on moderate terms at the *Punch* Office. We shall afterwards try a serviceable lot of puns for demurrers, which being a very dry branch of the law, is capable of much improvement by means of a little facetious seasoning.

The Judges may receive private lessons in joking at their own houses; or a judgment, sent down to our office overnight, will be interspersed with brilliant sallies, at ten shillings per sally, and forwarded in time for the early delivery at the morning sittings. Equity decrees larded with the most unctuous humour, at five guineas per folio.

A few sets of questions for witnesses, for the use of common-law barristers, and applicable to any trial on any subject, will be ready in a few days, and specimens may be procured by application at the *Punch* Office.

The present is merely an experiment, intended to prove whether wit is utterly foreign to the forensic character. If our project succeeds, classes for forensic joking will be established, to take the place of the singing lessons lately extinguished. Professor Hopkins will be requested to act as an assistant, as some compensation for the loss he has sustained by the rapid evaporation of his vocalising pupils.

## Vestiges of the Natural History of Peerage Creation.

For the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, as regards the Peerage, the records of Parliament may be consulted at large, where they will be found in great abundance in divers votes, by no means always of a conscientious nature, given in favour of certain Ministers; and also in the evident traces of footsteps following the track of such Ministers, manifestly produced by the act of walking, or progression, through thick and thin. They are analogous to the footmarks of animals of the rat species. Beneath these often appear the wreck or remainder of principles which seem to have been trampled down. Some of them will be observable in very ticklish positions, being clearly beyond all constitutional bounds. Various marks of royal favour, some of them on a very questionable kind of ground, will be met with amongst these Vestiges; as will also many relics of shot and shells, with flags, banners, and other trophies, taken from a foreign enemy. The late speech of Sir Robert Peel, on proposing a vote of thanks to the Indian Army, affords, prospectively, vestiges of creation, in the intimation that Her Majesty is about to make Peers of Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge.

### THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A new curtain, on the first night of the *Mousquetaires*, was painted for the theatre at Bordeaux, in which M. Alexandre Dumas was represented in the attitude and in the costume of Shakspeare. We are positive this indignity originated in the ignorance of the artist. Depend upon it he was told to paint the Swan of Avon; only, instead of a swan, he put in a goose.

A new Toast.—At one of the dinners, lately, at Lincoln's Inn Hall, a learned Serjeant proposed "The Health of the Railways." A Parliamentary Silk Gown returned thanks.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 25 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. IX.—ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS.

AS no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so likewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding Cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last-named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert; and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession, when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than a berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

When I read in the Gazette such announcements as "LIEUTENANT and CAPTAIN GRIG, from the Bombardier Guards, to be Captain, vice GRIZZLE, who retires," I know what becomes of the Peninsular GRIZZLE; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town, where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to live like a gentleman, on the stipend of half a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little GRIG rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a Colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and LORD GRIGSBY is his father, who had the same luck before him. GRIG must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters. And as it is very difficult for a spoiled child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of Fortune not to be a Snob.

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the Army, the most enormous Job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give GRIG, and his like, the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The DUKE's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as MARLBOROUGH did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born GRIG rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as CORPORAL WALLOP, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of GRIG's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jack-boot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out "Shoulder humps! Carry humps!" all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little Lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering about Pall Mall, in high-heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tom-foolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE GRANBY TUFTO., K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c., &c. His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and SIR GEORGE is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere: his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple, old gouty fingers, still writes a school-boy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his bloated old carcass as if he were still handsome GEORGE TUFTO of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour, which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the Army is not composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated army Snob. No: when epaulets are not sold; when corporal punishments are abolished, and CORPORAL SMITH has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of LIEUTENANT GRIG; when there is no such rank as Ensign and Lieutenant, (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a Major-General myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army-Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces until next week.

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### Official Intelligence.

WE understand it is in contemplation to add to the number of clerks at present employed in the Register Office in Chancery Lane, on account of the number of persons who are continually applying to register their paletots. If the struggle goes on among the cheap tailors, who are continually trying to outvie each other in novelty, the Battle of the Paletot, like the Battle of the Constitution, will have to be fought in the Registration Courts.

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### THE REAL SUFFERERS.

AN author has been paying a large sum of money to have his tragedy played. This arrangement, we think, is hardly fair—it is not the manager in such cases, but the audience who should be paid.

## THE GOLDEN BEAR.

We take the subjoined from *The Daily News*:—

"Baron Stieglitz, the rich Petersburgh merchant, who inherited his father's vast property at his decease some three or four years since, was on 'Change yesterday, and was the "observed of all observers:" his reputation of being worth *five millions British, sterling*, obviously secured to him the homage of all the frequenters of a place *where* wealth gives rank."

"*Where* wealth gives rank!" We should like to know the spot in blessed England where wealth does not give rank. Try Baron Stieglitz in every city, town and hamlet throughout the country, beginning at the Land's End and finishing in London; let it be duly known that a man, a monster man, "with five millions British, sterling," was about to produce himself, and the whole populace would turn out to look at him; the wiser sort taking care to guard their eyes with spectacles, lest the five millions of glittering gold should somehow concentrate their glories in the Baron's countenance, and scorch them like sunbeams. We are sure of it. The Baron might add a tolerable amount to the five millions if he would show himself at a guinea a-head to begin with. We can imagine hundreds of City men paying down their cash to have a good stare at the marvel they themselves have some fond hopes to emulate. The price might gradually descend to meet the means of all classes, until it fell to a penny. As it is thought something even to cut beef "with a *hammy* knife,"—so even for poverty to look at a man worth five millions might give to poverty a certain conceit of wealth—just a flavour of gold.

How is it that Baron Stieglitz has not yet been especially banquetted at Guildhall? How is it that the freedom of the City in a box of diamonds (because he has five millions sterling) has not been presented to him? If wealth is not to have its customary respect—if the "refined gold" of the golden calf is not to be again gilt and gilt, alas! for the privileges of property. But our hopes are in Sir Peter Laurie. Doubtless, at the next Court of Aldermen he will propose the proper honours to Baron Stieglitz.

## The Great Wizard of St. Stephen's.

A little while ago we had a regular glut of comets, which came hurrying into the astronomical market with so much rapidity that it was feared they would scarcely find room in that part of the skies remaining open at all hours of the night for their accommodation. The glut of comets has been succeeded by a glut of Wizards, who have come pouring in upon us with considerable energy during the late Easter Holidays. Philippe, the *soi-disant physician*, has had a rival in the arrival of Anderson, the old original Northern Wizard, who was the first of the present race of metropolitan Magi that started a series of Delphic mysteries at the Adelphi.

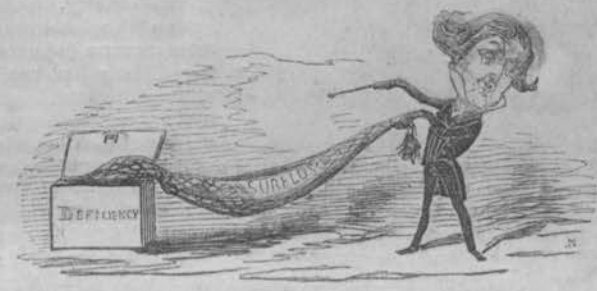
Both conjurers, however, are thrown into the shade by the appearance of the great Political Wizard, who has lately been performing with wonderful success at Westminster. He has drawn a succession of tolerably crowded houses; and such is the magic influence over them which he possesses, that he can make them believe almost anything, playing the most astonishing tricks before their eyes, and imposing upon them by means of the most wondrous delusions.

Among the most remarkable of his achievements may be reckoned the gun trick, in which he far surpasses the self-styled *homo invulnerabilis*, now exhibiting at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, only stands to be shot at by a single cannon, but the great Wizard of Westminster receives unhurt the leaden discharges of an entire Conservative battery. The metamorphoses effected by the latter are also nearly incredible. He can turn a Protectionist into a Free Trader with the utmost ease, and can change an old Whig Opposition bench into a prop for a Conservative Ministry. The Northern Wizard's trick of pouring red and white wine out of the same bottle, is nothing to the ingenuity of the Westminster Wizard, who can let fall from the same mouth the most opposite sentiments. Though Mr. Anderson may be very clever in emitting alternately water and milk from the same vessel, what shall be said of the political Wizard, who can inundate the whole house with milk and water in a state of actual combination in his speeches?

The Wizard of the North may boast of bringing birds and other articles from the inside of an orange; but what shall we say of the

Political Magician, who draws Free Trade and a variety of other objects out of nothing in the world but a diseased potato? His collection of automata is perhaps the most complete that was ever known. Instead of having, like Mr. Anderson, one little figure nodding or shaking its head, saying aye or no at the will of its proprietor, the Westminster Wizard has several automata under similar control, and all ready to say aye or no, as their master happens to require of them.

The performances of the Westminster Wizard are allowed on all hands to be surpassingly ingenious, and every one is quite aware that his effects are all produced by mere tricks; the delusion is so complete that universal admiration is excited at the ease with which he succeeds in duping every one, including even those whose eyes are wide open.




THE GREATEST FEAT ON RECORD.

## GREAT ICE IMPORTATION.

We have read in the papers recently, several paragraphs announcing the recent importation of ice, to an extent that is quite unparalleled. The cargoes that are continually arriving cause us very naturally to inquire what is going to be done with all the ice that is being "entered inwards" at the Custom House? It cannot be all intended for being "entered inwards" in the shape of ice-creams during the ensuing summer; and though every small greengrocer boasts of ginger beer kept continually in ice, still the superabundance of the article imported would be sufficient to cause an inundation of the markets. It is evident, therefore, that something beyond the reduction of cream to a gelid state, or the freezing of Imperial pop, must be contemplated by those speculators who are introducing ice by ship-loads into England. We are inclined to believe that the Wenham Lake article, which is brought in the form of substantial blocks, may be intended as a substitute for the wood pavement. There is no doubt that the ice would be an improvement on the wood; for the latter has all the slippery qualities of the former, without any of its more desirable attributes.

Another very feasible suggestion with reference to the destination of the Wenham Ice, is, that its importation may have something to do with Dr. Reid's Ventilating experiments. The professor may possibly require a few cargoes of ice to enable him to cool down the atmosphere to the degree required for Parliamentary consumption.

Another opinion seems to be, that the ice is intended for workhouse use, as it has been ascertained by Dr. Reid that persons in a freezing temperature feel a total prostration of the appetite. At all events, it is a mystery to us; for all this ice seems quite incapable of solution.

### CONTRABAND GOODS.

Two live *gendarmes* patrol every day before the Strand Theatre. We really thought at first that they had been sent over as police, to seize some of the pieces our talented dramatists are in the habit of stealing from the French.

## PUNCH TO HIS MANUFACTURING FRIENDS.

Our friends in the North are earnestly entreated to pause in their munificence. We are literally overstocked with articles of utility, and are groaning under a perfect plethora of pots and pans, kettles and crockery. We sincerely regret our rashness in having adopted the principle resorted to for furnishing the Pecksniffery; for our attic being small, we are not able to accommodate half the dust-pans, jugs, and basins that the beneficence of our friends in the North has showered down upon us. We are compelled to put up with the company of a great wooden-headed Scotchman in the act of constantly taking a pinch of snuff, which has been sent to us as a specimen of the perfection attained in making figures for the shop-doors of the tobacconists. A washing-tub is well enough in its place, but we rather object to give it accommodation in our study, and we beg leave to inform the person who gave it us, that unless it is carried away, it will be sold to pay expenses, for it has cost us a world of worry to know where to put it. The pickles we have received were well enough at first, but the most inveterate amateurs of a relish cannot go on devouring capsicums from morning till night, or picking out tit-bits of cauliflower with incessant *gusto*. We have endeavoured to accommodate our friends as far as we could, but we have learned that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and we beg to state distinctly that we will receive no more ironmongery or turnery, under any pretext whatever. We are like the unfortunate individual who suffered so severely for wishing everything he touched might turn to gold; for wherever we lay our hand, it lights on some saucepan, pot, kettle, or other article of kitchen *vertû*. We have had too much of a good thing, and we form another sad illustration of the vanity of human wishes.

PORTRAIT OF A NEW NUG.

### Peel's Acts.

The Corn Law Bill is getting on so slowly, that we advise Sir Robert Peel to print upon the Parliamentary Papers, the popular play-bill information,—

"*A period of twelve months will elapse between the first and second readings*," and—
"*Between the second and third readings there will be an interval of two years.*"

## "SO TAKE YOUR TIME, DO, BARRY."

SONG.—BY LORD B.

Oh, now I come before you
To sing my favourite song;
I'll just mount on the woolsack,
And will not keep you long.
So take your time, do, Barry,
And, Barry, Barry, make it long—
Yes, take your time, do, Barry,
And, Barry, make it long.

Last week, I said to Barry,
"Why don't you roof us in?"
He said he would not carry
One hod, till he had more tin.
So take your time, &c.

"What 's come of all the money?"
I then made bold to say;
Says he, "Indeed it 's Dr. Reid
As blows it all away."
So take your time, &c.

Then I attack'd the Doctor,
And what was his reply?
Why, a piping-hot sirocco blast
He puff'd into my eye.
So take your time, &c.

And is the House to tarry,
While these two "humbugs" tilt?
As long as you build on Barry,
*You never will be built!*
So take your time, &c.

He promised us a palace,
And only gave a wall;
In short, though he 's a man of bricks,
He 's not a brick at all.
So take your time, &c.

"No money, no completion"—
The song now sung to you—
Your sons will hear from year to year,
And your great grandsons too.
So take your time, &c.

In the year nineteen hundred
The House will see, I know,
New Barrys make-believe to build—
New Reids affect to blow.
So take your time, &c.

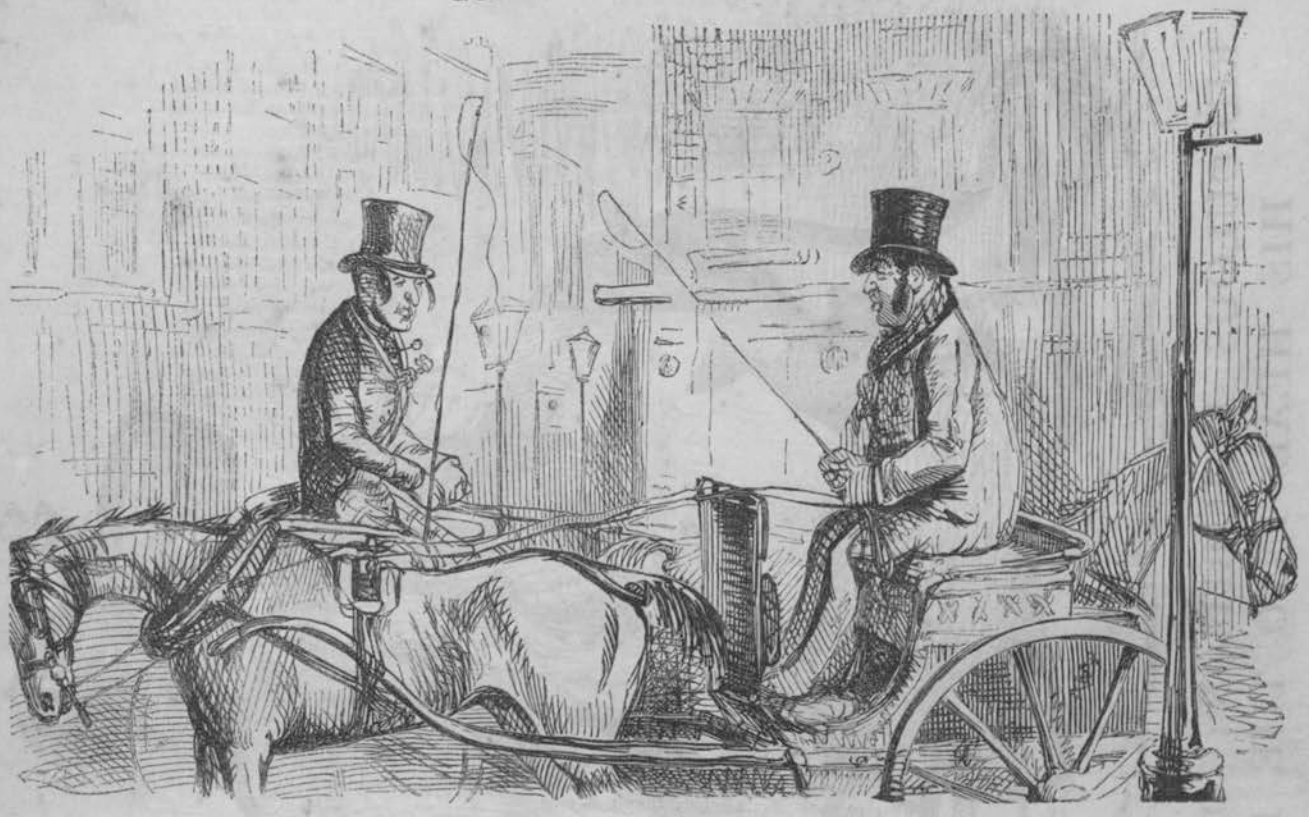
As sure as I 'm old Harry,
And you my victims are,
I'll move that Reid and Barry
Be call'd to your Lordships' bar.
So take your time, &c.

And when we know who 's guilty,
It then shall be agreed—
That Reid shall blow up Barry,
Or Barry brick up Reid.
So take your time, do Barry,
But Barry, Barry, don't be long;
If you take much longer, Barry,
You 'll find you 're in the wrong!

## BROUGHAM AND THE TALLOW-CHANDLER.

Some of our readers may recollect the story of the tallow-chandler, who, when he disposed of his good-will, and was about to retire upon a fortune, made an especial agreement that he should be allowed to come to the shop, and enjoy himself on melting-days. We wonder that this story was forgotten by Brougham—so full as he is of anecdote—when he was called up to the Lords. He ought certainly to have had a clause inserted in his patent, that would have relieved him in his present strait, for he complained, a night or two since, that "there seemed an utter incapacity to do business in another place. Their Lordships did *their* business; but elsewhere they seemed never to think of it." Assuredly, like the old tallow-chandler, Brougham ought to be permitted to take his seat in the Commons on melting-days.

## GOING OUT ARRESTING.



"Vell, Aaron, my tear, ave yer ad any Sport?"
"Pretty vell. I've bagged four Allottees and two Provisionals."

## MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATION.

In the City Article of the *Times* of the 17th April is the Report of a Select Committee of the Mississippi Legislature, the object of which is the abolition of all laws for the recovery of debt. It is not against mere imprisonment for debt, but against legal intervention generally in obtaining performance of a contract. The Report terminates with the recommendation of a Bill.

A copy of this Bill has been forwarded to us *exclusively*, and we have great pleasure in laying it before our readers.

A BILL FOR THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF ALL MEANS OF RECOVERING DEBTS IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

Whereas the practice of applying for, and recovering debts, is found detrimental to that spirit of friendship and good fellowship that should prevail among the citizens of a free and enlightened state: And whereas, in cases of debt generally, the lender is the primary cause of the debt being contracted, and should not therefore be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong: Be it Enacted, That from and after the 30th day of June next, no person in this State, to whom a sum of money is owing, shall make any attempt to recover it from the party from whom it is due, either by legal process, application, plain request, delicate allusion, gentle hint, or otherwise; nor shall he in the presence of the said indebted party ever make any mention of the said sum due, either directly or indirectly, under penalty of forfeiting his rights as a citizen of this State.

II. And be it further Enacted, That if at any time after the said 30th of June any party shall, contrary to the provisions of this Act, make any mention of a debt due to him in the presence of the party indebted, and such last-mentioned party shall resent the same by a prompt application of the bowie-knife, the said party last-mentioned shall be deemed to have committed no offence whatever against the laws of this State.

III. And whereas, sundry schoolmasters in this State have been in the habit of instructing the children committed to their charge to write on divers slates and copy-books such pernicious maxims as "Honesty is the best policy,"—"Out of debt out of danger," and the like: Be it hereby Enacted, That any schoolmaster who after the said 30th of June shall be convicted of having taught any child or adult these or similar maxims, or any other maxims tending to show the justice or expediency of paying debts, shall be deemed to come within the application of the law of John Lynch, of blessed memory.

IV. And be it Enacted, That this Act shall not be repealed by any Act to be passed in this or any future session of the Legislature.

## HER MAJESTY'S (LEGAL) STAG HOUNDS.

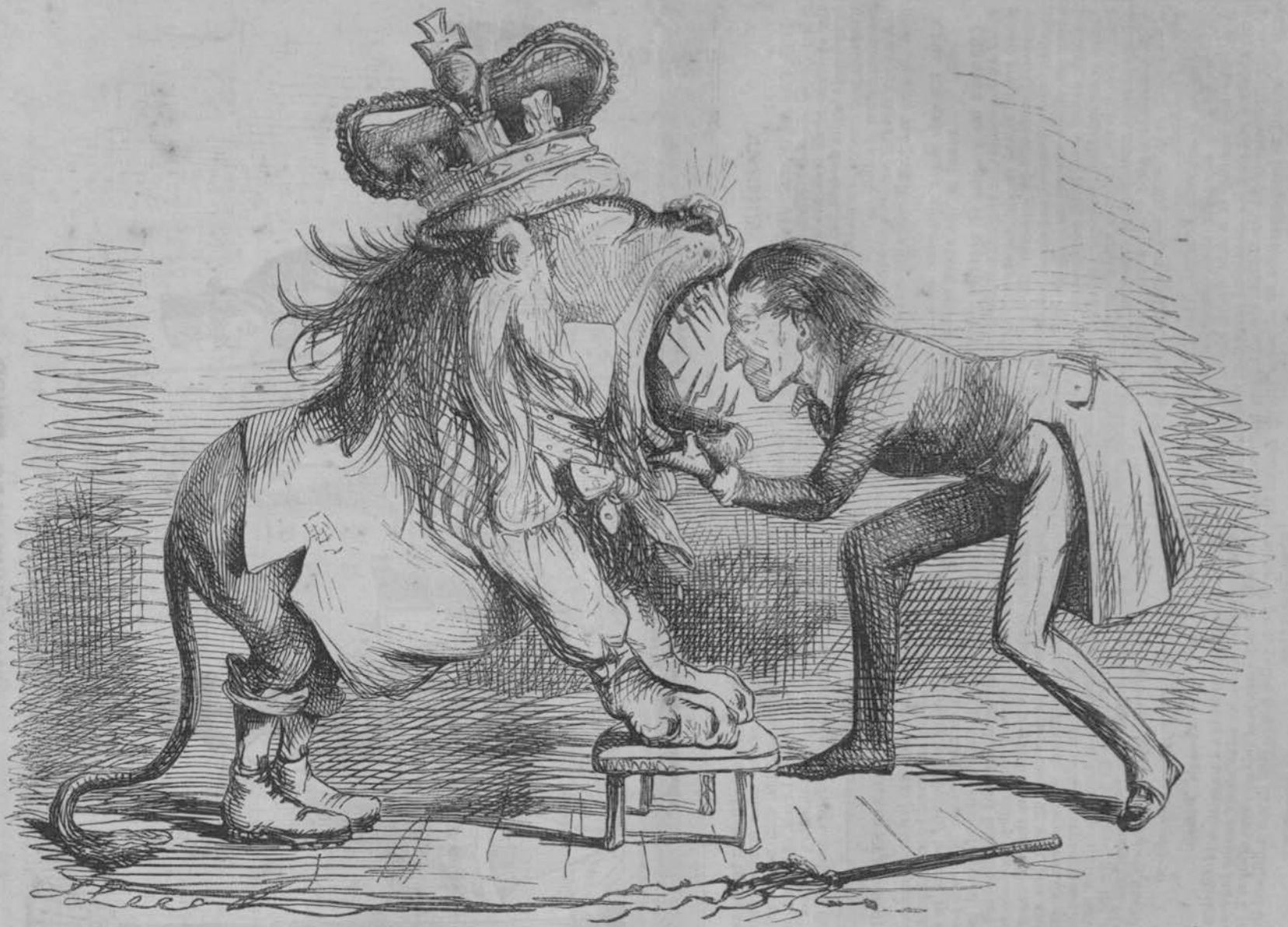
The celebrated Stag, Walker, was last term uncarted at *Nisi Prius*; where he afforded a good run of several hours' duration. After he had been allowed the usual delay, significantly termed, in sporting phraseology, law, the hounds were fairly set on his track; when he started gallantly across country in the direction of several projected lines of railway, displaying his usual ingenuity in baffling and doubling on his foes. After leading them a brisk gallop over several wide fields of legislation, in the course of which more than one eager sportsman was deposited in the mud, the dogs came up with him at a corner of the Joint-Stock Company's ground, where everybody expected he would have been taken; but turning off at a very acute angle, the wily animal suddenly took to the Court of Exchequer; thus successfully eluding his pursuers. In this asylum he has thus, for the present, realised Edwin Landseer's picture of the "Sanctuary," not having as yet been captured; and his ultimate seizure is extremely doubtful.

### French Polish.

Jules Janin has published a translation of *Clarissa Harlowe*, with a long preface, in which he talks about having improved Richardson. The next literary attempt of this generous critic will be, we are told, to rub up Milton, polish Scott, give Byron a lift, and throw a little light upon Shakspeare.

### ALL MRS. HARRIS'S DOING.

It is very currently reported that the conversion of the Earl of Essex to Free Trade was occasioned solely by his having been in the habit of reading the leaders of the *Standard*.



RIDICULOUS EXHIBITION; OR, YANKEE-NOODLE PUTTING HIS HEAD INTO THE BRITISH LION'S MOUTH.

## WANTED, A LAUNDRESS.

It is a matter of much surprise in the City, that the Gresham Committee should allow the statue of Her Majesty in the Royal Exchange to remain so long without washing. We believe that the citizens are tolerably well off for soap, and there can therefore be no excuse for allowing the Queen to stand in such a public situation with a face "regularly grimed in," as the nursery maids used to say in the days of our infancy. All the nice shading of the features, designed by the artist, is destroyed by dabs of soot and smoke, that have got settled in all the lines of the royal countenance. The crown is also in a truly disgraceful state, and has never had so many stains upon it within the period of our memory.

The hair of Her Majesty is smothered in dust, while the royal fingers are so fearfully besmeared, that we are quite sure if Her Majesty only knew of the fact, she would wash her hands of the business altogether. The royal robes look as if they had been worn until the dirt had got so completely ground in, that there would be no

getting it out again. We strongly advise the engagement of a laundress to do the washing regularly, for Her Majesty's representative. Royalty surely deserves a clean face, once a week at least; and if Her Majesty stands on too high an eminence to be reached every day, she is at all events approachable through the medium of a Turkish ambassador, or a Turk's-head, as that great enemy of cleanliness is technically designated. We should be sorry to harbour a disrespectful feeling towards the Queen, but we must confess that we never enter the Royal Exchange without wishing we had a pail of water at hand to throw unceremoniously into the face of our Sovereign. Though Her Majesty might take offence, she would not look half so black at us when the operation was over.

## "HIGH ART" *versus* TOM THUMB.

B. R. Haydon, historical painter, has made a bold, not to say an unfeeling attack on General Tom Thumb. He has, moreover, shown a great want of respect towards very distinguished persons. However, let Mr. Haydon speak for himself. He thus shouts to Horace Vernet, La Roche, and others, through the columns of the *Times*:—

"*Exquisite Feeling of the English People for High Art.*—General Tom Thumb last week received 12,000 people, who paid him 600*l.*: B. R. Haydon, who has devoted 42 years to elevate their taste, was honoured by the visits of 133½, producing 5*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, being a reward for painting two of his finest works, 'Aristides and Nero.' Horace Vernet, La Roche, Ingres, Cornelius, Hess, Snorr, and Scheffer, hasten to this glorious country of fresco and patronage, and grand design, if you have a tender fancy to end your days in a Whig Union. 'Ingenuas didicisse,'" &c.

We have a great respect for the burning enthusiasm of Mr. Haydon; but, like all enthusiasts, he lamentably lacks judgment—discretion. In the first place, the 12,000, people who visited Tom Thumb did not visit the mere dwarf. No. it was not unmixed curiosity for a joke of Nature, (and Nature, be it said with reverence, makes in the way of human creatures, very dull jokes at times)—no, it was to pay a reverence to one whom royalty delights to honour. Tom Thumb is not to be considered as a dwarf, but as an abstraction of highest taste. Has he not had rings and watches given him by Queens, and pencil-cases by Princes and Dukes? Is he not shown as a creature honoured and valued by the great? Very well, Mr. Haydon. Let "High Art" in England obtain the same patronage—let it receive as cordial a welcome at the Palace, as again and again has been vouchsafed to Tom Thumb,—and crowds of snobs, for such only reason, will rush to contemplate it—or to think they contemplate it.

Tom Thumb has 12,000 visitors—B. R. Haydon 133½. That ½ is touching. What sort of ½ was it? Did it run alone, or being brought to drink in High Art, was it a baby at the breast? And if so, in longs or shorts?

## CHORAL ODE TO THE CAMBRIDGE NIGHTINGALE.

STROPHE I.—TOWN.

Tailors, if of impatient mind,
'Mongst Cambridge men no favour find;
But let them but refrain their bills to press,
And then no sufferers better
Are off for business.
Ne'er, oh Snip! against thy debtor
Undergraduate may'st thou draw
The parchment-winged bolt of Law.

ANTISTROPHE I.—UNIVERSITY.

But me let Credit ever bless,
The choicest gift of happiness:
Ne'er, through unheeding confidence in thee
My tailor, to th' Insolvent Court may I be driv'n;
But live from fear of Whitecross free,
Too crafty ever to involve
Myself in debt, except where tick is giv'n.

STROPHE II.—TOWN.

Oh business! oh, my gainful trade!
Discommun'd may I never be,
Ill-fated Nightingale, like thee,—
Oh wretch forlorn, unhappy blade!—
By the Vice-Chancellor's decree.
Cease, cease, my heart, to beat that day!
—Of all the ills on man that prey,
The very worst I'd choose,
Rather than thus my custom lose.

ANTISTROPHE II.—UNIVERSITY.

Well do we wot, oh graceless wight!
Thou fain hadst sought thy legal right
Of privilege in foul despite:
To thee no trade remains,
Nor friend to soothe thy pains.
Perish the ingrate who shall dare
To sue his patron! Verily
That caitiff base, I swear,
Tailor of mine shall never be.

### To Conjurers, Fire-eaters, &c. &c.

A large room, capitally adapted for an exhibition, with benches on each side for an audience of 500, can be let for several nights in the week, it being generally disengaged on the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Tricks, transformations, zoological concerts, and dissolving views could be shown off to the greatest advantage, the room having been previously used for those purposes. There is likewise a table which would be just the thing for Tom Thumb. Terms very moderate, as the object of the parties is to prevent the room from falling into ruin, from its being so seldom used. For further particulars, apply to the Speaker at the House of Commons, any Thursday night, not later than ten. Cards to view the premises may be obtained from any respectable M.P.

### THE RIVALS.

On Monday week there was a holiday at St. Stephen's. There have been so many holidays lately, that we really think Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Barry, the Architect, have a bet pending as to who will persevere longest in making "no House."

## HOLY (FRENCH) BAYONETS.

M. MICHELET has written an admirable book against the Jesuits. His *Priests, Women, and Families*, is truly an excellent work, stampt with the highest social value. It would seem that M. MICHELET regretted the authorship of so much excellence, and straightway resolved to balance the good book—to overbalance it we should say—with a very stupid, and a very wicked one. He therefore wrote his last work, *The People*. In this book, or blasphemy, MICHELET, places the hopes of human nature in a powder-magazine. His remedies for all social ills are in bullets; his light that is to lead the nations on to regeneration, the flashing rays of swords and bayonets. A jubilee is to be preached to the whole earth,—but it is to be preached by roaring cannon. The whole world is to be blest with fertility, as in the Golden Age; but then it must first be watered with torrents of blood, and fertilised with thousands of carcases. The next generation, after breathing an atmosphere of smoke and brimstone, will see the bright blue of a better day. And, be it understood, France is to do all this. France is the arsenal where the weapons that are to convert the human race—weapons of divine temper—are piled. It is French lead, French gunpowder, and French steel, that are to bring about the millennium. It is thus the philosopher brays to Young France: it is thus he would teach the tiger-cubs to lap blood:—

"Ah! *my only hope* is in the flag!—that it may save France, and the France of the army. May our glorious army, upon which the eyes of the world are fixed, keep itself pure! May it be a sword against the enemy, proof against corruption!"

No hope in the peaceful heart of man—no hope in the fraternising spirit of science and commerce: no, MICHELET'S only hope "is in the flag;" the flag that has in its day been to a nation, what a death's-head and cross-bones have been to some twenty miscreants who have pillaged and murdered every luckless victim in their power. Nevertheless, the philosopher prays that the glorious army "may keep itself pure!" Well, recollecting the caves of Dahra, if the army be pure now, it is safe for all time; for we cannot well understand what atrocity—what blackness is to defile it.

"May a spirit of police never enter there! What a deposit in the hands of these young soldiers! *What responsibility for the future!* On the day of the last grand battle *between civilisation and barbarism* (who knows but it may be to-morrow?) the judge must find *them irreproachable*, their swords pure, *and their bayonets gleaming without spot! Every time I see them pass, my heart bounds within me.* Here, and here only, strength and mind, valour and right, things separated throughout the earth, go hand in hand. If the world is saved by war, you will save it. *Holy bayonets of France!* watch that nothing may darken that glory now hovering above you, and which no eye can sustain."

"Between civilisation and barbarism!" Between civilised France and barbarian England—eh, M. MICHELET? Is JOHN BULL to be taught the humanities by the "bayonets without spot?" Are his preceptors to be those nice, irreproachable youths, tipped and moustachioed—Young France? As it is only in their ranks that "valour and right" go hand in hand, how will the nations of the earth rejoice, brought under the saving mercy of *Jeune France!* With what a glory does MICHELET invest the troops! No; they are not scrubby, ignorant, vapouring bipeds of a few sous a-day, drawn by lot or purchased to slay and destroy,—they are an army of chosen spirits, presences almost celestial, appointed by Fate to carry to the bosoms of all men moral dignity and perfect civilisation,—only there is this slight inconvenience, the blessings are to be received by means of bullet and sabre.

And then the "*Holy* Bayonets!" That's a sublime touch! Quite equal to the Irishman's "Holy Poker!"

### SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

ON the 23rd inst.—the Anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S birth—MR. HARLEY, as stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, went for the day into decent mourning.

### A RATTING MATCH.

A GRAND match is expected to come off in the House of Commons, on the division on the third reading of the Anti-Corn-Law Bill.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

GLEANING. The practice of picking up what is left behind by the reapers. Gleaning may, according to circumstances, be respectable or otherwise. If I leave my pocket-handkerchief hanging out behind, the person who acts as a gleaner, and carries it away, is no better than a pickpocket. So, if I get into a cab and leave behind me a pocket-book, the driver is not authorised in turning gleaner, and clearing off my property, because I accidentally leave it behind me. There are also gleaners of another class, who enter the field of literature, and, with a view of making their bread, pick up all the stray ideas left behind by the original reapers, who may perhaps have had the trouble of cultivating the crop, for the refuse of which the literary gleaner crawls about with humble industry. By some rules made at a meeting of farmers, in August, 1845, it was agreed that the privilege of gleaning should not be allowed to any able-bodied labourer. The same rule is, we presume, applicable to literary gleaners, as no able labourer in the field of letters would stoop to such a practice.

GOVERNMENT. A word used in several senses, which accounts for the ambiguity that often belongs to ministers. It means the business of Government, or thing done, or the persons who do, though the thing done is not usually the Government, but the nation. There are several forms of Government, of which Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy are the principal. To use a musical illustration, Monarchy may be compared to a solo, where one man executes all sorts of airs. Aristocracy is a concerted piece; while Democracy is generally nothing better than a discord. Our English Government is a combination of all three, producing generally a very delightful harmony. When some low notes get out of tune in the bass, or when too much falsetto is introduced in the higher parts, the effect is often disagreeable.

## THE LAND OF BULLS.

"At an Inquest held at Clonmel, on Friday last, on the body of a man found dead in the street, the jury returned a verdict of 'Death from starvation.'"

"At the Dublin Cattle Show, the prize cattle were declared to be fatter than had ever been seen before. PRINCE ALBERT'S heifer is expected to win the first prize."

To find out the cause of "Ould Ireland's" distress,
The nobs of the nation are puzzling their wigs;
But the Cattle-show leads us to hazard this guess,
—The peasants are starving to fatten the pigs.

While a landlord has prizes at Dublin to win,
What matter potatoes and rubbish like that?
Poor people, of course, must expect to get thin,
When the farmer's obliged to make cattle so fat.

This explains the strange stories recorded with stress,
In the *Times*, and indeed all the papers you touch;
While men die of hunger induced by distress,
The pigs and the calves die of eating too much!

## SIBTHORPE ON ELECTIONS.

THE gallant Militia Colonel has made one of his great speeches (most imperfectly reported) in the Commons, on the Duration of Elections Bill. He said, "I have a vote for five counties, and as I am not a bird—(*cries of 'yes, you are'*)—I shall not condescend to answer such ribaldry, for I very well know the sort of bird that hon. members mean. As I am not a bird, to be in five places at once, how can I eat the five dinners to be given on the triumph of Conservative principles? If anything more than another can show the revolution to which we are fast arriving, it is the shabbiness that has crept into election expenses. I like to see money fly like *winking*. (*Great laughter.*) Hon. members may laugh; but they know very well what I mean by *winking*. All the true manly spirit—the pride of our ancestors—as shown at elections, is vanished—effervesced—obliterated. There was a time when the independent English yeoman expressed his political opinions by means of dead cats, cabbage-stumps, and bad eggs, but the Whigs, with their confounded Reform, have broken the heart,—yes, the lion-heart—of BRITANNIA, and—and"——— [Here the hon. and (militia) gallant member sat down in a state of great excitement, promising that his speech should be continued at their "next."]

### AN ANNUAL VISITOR.

WE are beginning to look out for the Report of HER MAJESTY'S visit to Ireland, as it is generally about this time of the year that it appears in the newspapers.

## Education by Electric Telegraph.

It has been announced that a Submarine Electric Telegraph is to be laid down from Dover to Calais. If this great feat is accomplished, we shall have, in addition to electrical eels, a quantity of galvanic soles, and perhaps an immense assortment of shocking herrings. We shall have salmon amusing themselves by going through a series of wonderful evolutions on the slack wire, and other facetious members of the finny tribe, hurrying to and fro upon the great medium of communication between France and England. It would be awkward if some mischievous old shark should snap the wire in two, just as it might be in the act of conveying some very important piece of intelligence. He might cut short a royal speech with a slight effort of his jaw; or, with a wag of his tail, abbreviate the most interesting announcement. Our object, however, in alluding to the Submarine Electric Telegraph, is for the purpose of recommending that it should be devoted to educational purposes. We are aware that professors already advertise their readiness to teach "French, comparatively in no time;" but this language may be acquired in that wonderfully brief space of time distinguished as "the twinkling of a bed-post" by the wonderful aid of the Electric Telegraph.

Supposing branch wires to be connected with the main line, they could be laid on to all the schools in England, particularly about the Kentish coast, where the experiment might be tried in the first instance. A French master stationed at the Calais end of the wire, could direct his lessons along the line, and the wires laid on to the various schools would communicate to them all the instruction that the French master might be capable of affording. The same system could, of course, be equally well adapted to other studies.

## SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am a physician, and I sign myself as below, because the appearance of my name in connection with any publication of wit or humour, would be fatal to me in my profession. I reside near Belgrave Square, and I was sent for the other day to see an old patient in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House, instantly. I directly ordered my carriage, and proceeded as quickly as possible to my destination; but owing to the obstructions in Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill I was one hour and twenty minutes before I got there. Judge of my feelings, Sir, when I tell you that on entering the sick chamber I found a neighbouring practitioner bleeding my patient in the jugular vein! and especially when I add, that the man has supplanted me in the family. Let me conclude, Sir, by indignantly apprising you of the circumstance that an omnibus-pole smashed my vehicle into the bargain.

"Your injured reader,

"Sydenham Harvey."

## WHO IS THE GOVERNMENT BROKER?

We every now and then hear of the Government Broker, who, we are told, goes into the market and operates. Our idea of a broker is a man who comes and seizes one's goods for rent, or who keeps a sort of stall for old furniture, and lives in a place called Brokers' Alley, in the uninviting neighbourhood of Holborn. What the Government can possibly want with a broker, we are totally at a loss to conceive. We sometimes think it may be a man kept by the Government for the purpose of being put into possession when it is found necessary to distrain for assessed taxes. At other times we imagine the Government Broker is the person who supplies the desks, chairs, &c., &c., for the public offices. His operations in the market are, however, beyond us altogether, and we give up the fruitless attempt to unravel the mystery.

## BARON PARKE ON SERMONS.

"Mr. Punch,

"I have read, in the case of 'Gathercole *v.* Miall,' that Mr. Baron Parke states that 'there was a wide distinction between the act of a clergyman's *preaching a sermon*, and the fact of an individual *publishing a book*. In the latter case, it was quite clear that the publisher of a book *invited criticism*.'

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, it appears from this that the whole question is a matter of printing. Now, I wish to ask you, if, as an actor, I am not perfect in my part—(an event, by the way, that never happens)—and I play the said part from a play not printed, whether I could not recover against yourself for any reasonable abuse, seeing that as the play was in MS., I did not 'invite criticism?'

"A line left at the stage-door, will oblige

"Your constant reader (in the shop-window),

"Paul Bedford."

## A LADIES' CLUB.

It is announced, we perceive, that a Ladies' Club is to be opened in the ensuing May. We are glad to see that the Ladies of England have spirit enough to take up the Club in their own defence, and hope they will return, with compound interest, the heavy blow and the great discouragement which Clubs have so long inflicted on them. Your married gentleman of fashion will now know what it is to have a partner come home the worse for tea, and perhaps none the better for scandal. We shall willingly contribute any suggestions for arrangements that may occur to us as suitable to this institution. For the accommodation of mammas, a children's room should be attached to it; and in addition to the chicken, lobster-salad, and pastry, constituting the ordinary bill of fare, a sufficiency of rusks, soojie, and "tops-and-bottoms," should be kept constantly on hand. It would be well, also, that a proper quantity of feathers, to burn in case of necessity, as well as an adequate number of bottles of Leamington salts, should be accessible on the premises. A cab, as an adjunct to a Club, will become requisite to the young lady of fashion; and we may hence expect the development of a new animal creation, in the shape of a tigress. The Ladies' Club, of course, will take in all the more elegant periodicals; we need hardly say, especially *Punch*. As necessarily will it contain a collection of music, which should include the following new version of a certain popular catch:—"We won't go home till evening—till candles do appear." In short, it should be invested with every inducement to ladies to stay out as late as possible, and enjoy themselves away from the solitary drawing-rooms.

## EDUCATION FOR SOLDIERS.

Our contemporary the *Quarterly Review* has suggested, very properly, that English soldiers should be educated as they are in most parts of the Continent. We think the scheme a very excellent one; but it ought to be extended to the officers, who are often, comparatively, quite as destitute as the men of educational advantages.

Entering the army at fifteen or sixteen, it is hardly to be supposed that they can have completed an education at an age when persons in other professions are only beginning it. We beg leave, therefore, to recommend, for the benefit of our brave soldiery, the immediate establishment of evening schools for military adults. It is all very well to talk about "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" but, unless the "young idea" in the army can do something beyond mere shooting, he will not be qualified to shine in society.

We are quite sure that the officers of the various regiments will at once acknowledge the advantages of a course of instruction that shall combine Latin exercises with the platoon exercise, and enable them to

join in the grand march of intellect. Accomplishments might subsequently be added to the more solid branches, and a polka step for parade duty would be a relief to the jog-trot action which is at present much used in military evolutions.

We beg leave seriously to suggest a course of studies under a strict military pedagogue—a person half-soldier, half-schoolmaster—who might be able to preserve, by his rank in the army, a kind of authority over the men, and yet be possessed of all the qualities necessary for a teacher. Of such a character our artist has endeavoured to give a faint sketch in the drawing attached to this article.

## AN AFFAIR OF REAL HONOUR.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold, we believe, was no field of any such metal, but only of silver, because, like silver, it has been entirely superseded. That field, whereon HENRY VIII. and FRANCIS I. shook hands, must yield henceforth in celebrity to the Field of the Cloth of Table, over which M. THIERS and LORD PALMERSTON have made it up. The former, if fields were liable to eclipses, we should say is now eclipsed; but at any rate fields are capable of sinking, and we pronounce it to have sunk into comparative insignificance. Indeed, we prefer the Field of the Table Cloth to that of the Gold Cloth in every way. First, of the two it was much the least expensive; although we do not know what it cost M. THIERS, and are at the same time confident that he did the handsome thing. Secondly, its arrangements were much the more agreeable, and far the better calculated to promote the end in view; breaking a lance being considerably less conducive to harmony and good feeling than cracking a bottle. A friendly sparring-match, knightly or fistic, may be a good-humoured termination of a quarrel; but an amicable eating-match is a much better one; and the blows in which a difference ends most satisfactorily are blows-out.

History, in the person of DR. GOLDSMITH, informs us that HENRY, for the honour of his country, had, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, a tilting-bout with MESSIEURS GRANDEVAL and DE MONTMORENCY, the former of whom he placed *hors de combat*. Whether LORD PALMERSTON, from the same motive, engaged in a bout of another description, and saw Messieurs Anybody under the table at the field of the cloth thereof, we are not at present informed. We may, however, confidently state, that it was M. THIERS who, at this sociable set-to, had the honour of drawing the first claret; and we hope it proved good. We wish we had been present at this *tourney* of the Table Cloth, to have displayed our devotion to our *ladye-love* by an exploit the most congenial to knights of our order.

In the mean time, we congratulate both France and England upon the whole affair. The best way of putting an end to animosity is treating it like the DUKE OF CLARENCE; and we are glad that M. THIERS and LORD PALMERSTON have drowned theirs in the bowl.

## DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.

THIS Society has its Dinner on Monday, when the pockets of the people present will be eloquently appealed to by MR. HARLEY, the Master of the Fund. We are not at liberty to give the document; but, following the custom of our contemporaries, as regards QUEEN'S Parliamentary speeches, we may venture to indicate the heads. MR. HARLEY will begin by giving a short history of the Fund. Possibly he will name the number of claimants, and state the amount of balance in hand. He will then appeal to the company upon their old dramatic recollections. He will show what peculiar claims the company of Drury Lane, as at present established, have upon public charity. He will give the number of tragedians and comedians engaged—will enumerate the tragedies and comedies played during the past and present seasons, and having shown that, from the condition of the theatre, there cannot be many future claimants on the bounty of the public, he will, very considerably affected, throw himself upon the sympathies of the meeting, and—send round the plate. Certainly the only Drury Lane acting at the present time is the Farce played by the Fund at the Freemason's Tavern.

### Good News for Politicians.

AT a recent *conversazione* of the MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, there were exhibited some examples of a process by which all organic substances can be brought to a consistency approaching petrifaction, so as to be preserved to an indefinite period. In the present dearth of political consistency, the discovery bids fair to become of very great value to statesmen.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAPTER X.—MILITARY SNOBS.

TALKING in the Park yesterday with my young friend TAGG, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, CAPTAIN RAG, and the "larking," or raffish Military Snob, ENSIGN FAMISH. Indeed you are fully sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o'clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down "the Lady's Mile."

TAGG and RAG are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend's history. CAPTAIN RAG is a small dapper north-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop, had cheated all his brother-officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire, which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His head quarters are RUMMER'S, in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit, but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman jockey and gentleman leg.

According to *Bell's Life*, he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badauds* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute, "The Disowned," before starting for "the French Grand National."

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season, he rides often in the Park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horsewoman, FANNY HIGHFLYER, or in confidential converse with LORD THIMBLERIG, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the One Tun with SAM SNAFFLE the jockey, CAPTAIN O'ROURKE, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at RUMMER'S that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with HOCUS, the leg, at his little box near Epsom, where, if report speak true, many "rummish plants" are concocted.

He does not play billiards often, and never in public: but when he does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good deal with FAMISH.

When he makes his appearance in a drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

His young friend is ENSIGN FAMISH, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as RAG, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. RAG lets FAMISH accompany him to TATTERSALL'S, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses FAMISH'S cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little FAMISH, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen; or drunk and helpless, when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato-men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little BOBBY by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

His mother, LADY FANNY FAMISH, believes devotedly that ROBERT is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

BOBBY frequents the Union-Jack Club of course; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half a dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold SLAPPER'S long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curaçoa: and where you see HOBBY, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with DOBBY, of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from RUMBLE of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides the disreputable old Military Snob who has seen service, the respectable old Military Snob, who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious Martinet-airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustachios—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur Military Snob, who writes Captain on his cards because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungdy Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the army in general—that gallant and judicious army, every man of which, from F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c., downwards—(with the exception of H. R. H. FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, who, however, can hardly count as a military man,) reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read SIR HARRY SMITH'S account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by—think of SIR HENRY HARDINGE, with his son, "dear little ARTHUR," riding in front of the line at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!

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WONDERFUL DARING.—The inmates of the Limerick workhouse have refused to eat the Indian meal. The idea of any pauper presuming to have a taste!

A COMMON ANNOYANCE.

## JENKINS ON MARRIAGE IN HIGH-LIFE.

A long time since, we announced the death of Jenkins, but now and then we are induced to believe that we have been shamefully hoaxed in the matter. Occasionally, we are led to think that Jenkins is still in the flesh; or, if not, assuredly his *spirit* now and then haunts the columns of the *Morning Post*:—

"E'en in its pages live his *wanted* fires."

Now and then we think we detect him, with a wan and ghastly smile, and a spectral camellia in his spectral button-hole, seated in an opera box; and have him eloquent in the *Post*, on the following morning. Be this as it may, sure we are the spirit of Jenkins visited St. George's Church last week in the marriage of ——— but no, fair, lovely lady, we will not, in the full honeymoon of your happiness—(and may all your years be lighted by such moons!)—we will not put your name in the same page with the Snob's who bought his shoulder of mutton with the reputed history of your nuptials.

In the *Morning Post* of the 30th of April, 1846, will be found these lines (with many others):—

"The first of a series of aristocratic alliances which *we had the gratification to announce*, about two months since, as about to be solemnized during the present season, took place yesterday, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, in the presence of a very numerous circle of the nobility, the parties to the *intercating contract* being"———

Now, we ask it in a friendly spirit, *why* should Jenkins feel a "gratification to announce a series of aristocratic alliances?" Can it be possible that Jenkins acts in a double capacity? Is he also beadle of St. George's, as well as reporter to the *Post*? Or, as Mr. Weippert contracts for the attendance of quadrille bands at parties, Jenkins may arrange the *non*-attendance of the marrow-bones and cleavers.

Jenkins continues:—

"The noble bride arrived at the church in company with her mother at a few minutes *after* the appointed time. On alighting, her Ladyship was received by the expectant bridegroom, and welcomed *in the most affectionate manner* by the distinguished circle assembled to do honour to the occasion. The Duke of Wellington was foremost among the noble individuals who pressed forward to address a few words of congratulation to her Ladyship."

The Duke, it is well known, is what the players would call "the stock-father" on these occasions; but in the present instance, Field-Marshal the Duke did *not* give the bride away.

"The bridal procession moved to the altar, headed by the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Edward Howard, Dean of Lichfield and Prebendary and Succentor of York, who, in the absence of his venerable relative, the Archbishop of York, *had kindly undertaken* to perform the religious portion of the ceremony."

When Mr. John Cooper, late of Drury Lane, but now, we believe, of the Princess's, enters before the curtain, and with an appealing look assures the audience that Mr. Compton is suddenly ill, but that Mr. Oxberry has "kindly undertaken" to play the sick man's part,—we take such announcement as a matter of course. But why should Jenkins make an apology for the Archbishop of York—trumpeting the "kindness" of the Very Reverend Henry Edward Howard, Dean of Lichfield, &c., &c., &c.? Surely the Very Reverend Etcetera Etcetera was, as the phrase goes, "up" in the marriage service! Besides, allowing him to be as "slow of study" as *Bottom* himself, it amounts to nothing, seeing that custom allows him to read his part.

"The ceremony commenced and proceeded *without the slightest incident* to mar its solemn effect."

This is told in a tone of disappointment not to be concealed. How Jenkins would have expanded on hysterics, sal-volatile, and burnt feathers! Nevertheless, Jenkins will have his paragraph:—

"Her Ladyship appeared *slightly nervous*, and disappointed many whose eyes were *anxiously directed towards her*, by a *studied endeavour to avoid observation*. The happy bridegroom, *au contraire*, seemed both *proud and conscious* of the happiness he had secured."

If Jenkins were writing an opera notice, could he be more minute, more artistic, in his description of the actors?

The brilliancy of the ceremony was, however, wholly attributable to its moral and religious character; for—

"*The good old custom* of each guest bearing a favour, which by long usage has become *symbolical of wedded happiness*, was in the present instance dispensed with. *Two solitary white satin bows* were all we saw among the whole assembly, and these but served to render the absence of others more apparent."

Here we feel for Jenkins. He was happy—he rejoiced in the wedding ceremony; for *he* was not to be married. But when he read the disregard of the "good old custom"—when his soul was smitten by "two solitary white satin bows," he felt—as a man of the *Post* he felt it—the insecurity of our institutions; and left St. George's a sadder, if not a wiser flunkey.

## A YOUNG IRISH MELODY.

(*For the "Nation" Newspaper.*)

Ye English, a rush for your conciliation!
Alike your persuasion and force we defy;
We detest, we abominate you as a nation,
We hate you the worse the more kindness you try.

Take back in your teeth every boon that you send us;
At least take our curse, though the gift we retain;
For the object of all your attempts is to mend us,
Whilst such as we are we desire to remain.

We spurn with contempt the instruction you proffer,
Insidiously meant our wild passions to tame;
And although we 'll receive all the food that you offer,
We wish you bad luck while we eat up the same.

To the best law you give us we bear most aversion,
Since order, and quiet, and peace it promotes;
We abhor your Concession far more than Coercion,
As checking more strongly the cutting of throats.

There 's an enmity, Sassenach, that 's sown 'twixt our races—
*Old* Erin may harbour no venomous thing;
But *Young* Ireland 's the boy that will fly in your faces,
And the hand that would feed him requite with a sting.

## CONTINENTAL AMUSEMENTS.

Tuesday being a fine day, the populace of Lisbon turned out early, and amused themselves by firing. In the evening there was a slight revolution, but by midnight everything was as quiet as usual. The damage has been estimated at two broken windows.

In Spain the provinces break out, with all their characteristic love of amusement, much the same as usual. The soldiers revolt in the morning, swear allegiance at noon, and revolt again in the evening. The greatest revelry prevails at Madrid. The palace has been attacked, and the treasury taken by the mob; only Narvaez had taken the precaution to leave nothing in it. Great preparations are being made on the grandest scale to surprise ministers with a new *fête*. Particulars of this festive revolution will shortly be announced.

## THE REAL MAN COME!

SONG BY TWO AGED EDITRESSES.

AIR—"*The Campbells are coming.*"

"'I hope it won't be long afore we works together, off and on, again,' said MRS. GAMP."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

"LORD GEORGE is a-coming, huzza! huzza!
LORD GEORGE is a-coming, huzza! huzza!
He 's prosing and summing, and hawing and humming,—
Yes, that 's him a-coming, huzza! huzza!

"He 's flooring SIR ROBERT, hear, hear! hear, hear!
He 's flooring SIR ROBERT, hear, hear! hear, hear!
He 's having a bob at that pupil of COBBETT,
Who *once was* our ROBERT, hear, hear! hear, hear!"

"What 's that he was saying, my dear, my dear?
What 's that he was saying, my dear, my dear?"
"The odds he was laying on starvation staying
By prudent delaying, my dear, my dear."

"He 's surely a Statesman, my dear, my dear?
He 's surely a Statesman, my dear, my dear?"
"He 's won all the plates, man,—and knows all the weights, man,—
O yes, he 's a Statesman, my dear, my dear."

"Then he 'll soon be in power, perhaps, perhaps?
He 'll soon be in power, perhaps, perhaps?"
"In about half an hour, we 'll seat him in power,
And PEEL in the Tower—perhaps, perhaps."

"And JOHN DAY and CHAPPELL, my dear, my dear?"
"With the seals they shall grapple, my dear, my dear;
And NAT and JOHN DAVIS shall share in our favours,
And BUTLER and PAVIS, my dear, my dear!"

"Then up with your bonnet, sky high, sky high!
Up, dear, with your bonnet, sky high, sky high!"
"There, up goes my bonnet with the Blue ribbon on it,
(Which, it 's *nailed* to my bonnet)—my eye! my eye!"

"For the Statesman 's a-coming, huzza! huzza!
The Statesman 's a-coming, huzza! huzza!
Such a good one at summing—in his Scheme* there 's no humming—
He 's certainly coming: huzza! huzza!"

* "The magnificent Scheme of government propounded by this great Statesman," &c., &c.—*Morning Herald*, April 27.

## Court Circular for the French.

THE French are a polite nation; therefore we expect that they will return a compliment very largely paid them in this country. We allude to the adoption of cant terms borrowed from their language by British journalists, in order to denote the things and transactions of high-life. As, by calling the most fashionable sort of people the *élite* of *ton*, and speaking of a dancing tea-party as a *thé dansant*; whereas it is the party that dances, not the Hyson; and the tea is quite distinct from the caper.

Also, by describing a person of dignified demeanour as *distingué* instead of dignified, a rout as a *soirée*, and a meat-breakfast as a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, just as if everybody does not use a fork who has a Yarmouth bloater for that meal. If we, out of admiration for the French language, employ it when we might full as well talk plain English, the French ought surely to reciprocate the civility, particularly since we go out of our way in deference to them, often using a phraseology which is at the same time Frenchified and nonsensical. Accordingly, in their fashionable journals, we shall expect to find such announcements as the following:—

Hier au soir *came off*, à sa maison, dans la Rue St. Honoré, le grand *hop* de MADAME LA COMTESSE DE VANILLE. La compagnie était ornée par presque tous les *swells* les plus *tip-top*.

Aujourd'hui, M. DE FRICANDEAU donnera, à son hôtel, un *spread* magnifique; où plusieurs *nobs* de la première distinction se trouveront autour de son *mahogany*.

On dit qu'il y a sur le *Kidderminster* une alliance nuptiale entre un Marquis bien connu parmi les *crack* cercles, et une demoiselle de *tin*, heritière à un millionaire Anglais.

Au plein *tog* et *fancy ball* de MADAME DE PAPILLOTE, assistèrent une foule de *first-rate* gens. L'affaire était extrêmement *spicy*.

Our neighbours must really consent to a free interchange, amongst other commodities, of fashionable slang, or we shall never believe in the *entente cordiale* that they talk about.

## POLITICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

OUR old political friends are so much in the habit of appearing with new faces, that it is really impossible to catch the very various aspects under which they, from time to time, present themselves. We would suggest, therefore, that the photographic art, which is capable of catching the momentary expression of the features, should be applied to Statesmen, with the view of giving something like permanency to political appearances. We know that such portraits are frequently not very flattering to the subjects, for the shadows are strongly marked, and the general tone is by no means prepossessing. Still, as a series of faithful political portraits, a collection made on the principle we suggest, would be one of considerable interest to those who might be curious to know what SIR R. PEEL was even a year ago. A photographic likeness of him, taken even at that comparatively recent period, would startle those who have only seen him in his recent character.

### Quid pro Quo.

A MR. NEIGHBOUR advertises the "DUKE OF NORFOLK'S PUNCH." Our Neighbour, we presume, is a friend of the Duke's; and wishes to repay *Punch*, on the part of his Grace, for having so well advertised the DUKE OF NORFOLK.

## GREAT MORAL LESSON AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

**Know all Men,** That MADAME TUSSAUD has come out as a great public teacher. She has converted her Exhibition in Baker Street into an educational institution, and has resolved herself and Sons into a Society for the Diffusion of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. For she informs us, by Advertisement, that—

TWENTY-FIVE MALE AND FEMALE MAGNIFICENT NEW COURT DRESSES, of surpassing beauty, intended to amuse and instruct the middle classes, and to give them an idea of regal splendour, are just added to MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' EXHIBITION.

The middle classes owe MADAME TUSSAUD a large debt of gratitude, which, it is to be hoped, they will liquidate by many shilling-instalments; and sixpenny ditto in the case of children under eight years of age. Her Court dresses will, at any rate, amuse them; Court fashions being singularly absurd. As certainly will they instruct the British public, by giving it a correct idea of regal splendour, which people generally imagine to be imposing, and not ludicrous. It is a pity, however, that the intentions of MADAME TUSSAUD should be limited to the amusement and instruction of the middle classes, since the higher ranks are, equally with them, in want of the former, and need the latter somewhat more than they do; especially on a subject which she could illustrate admirably.

If we were in the place of MADAME TUSSAUD, we would superadd to our collection some twice twenty-five, or more, shabby old working dresses, of surpassing uncouthness, intended to amuse and instruct the superior classes, by giving them an idea of laborious indigence. A dustman, with his fantail hat and bell, velveteens, and gaiters, (the legs being with especial care moulded after Nature,) would form a diverting object of contemplation to the exquisite.

The same may be said of a costermonger, a chimney-sweep, a cabman, or a ploughboy, in their respective professional habiliments. A lady of fashion would be greatly entertained by surveying, at her leisure, a Billingsgate fishwoman, and wondering how any creature in female shape could wear a man's hat and smoke a short pipe, or put her foot into a hobnailed boot. Street-children, too, and ragged schoolboys, would suggest a pleasing comparison with noble infants and young Etonians.

Thus would one part of the world acquire, agreeably and easily, some little notion of how the other part of it lives. The collection should include specimens of the Irish peasantry, the hand-loom weavers, and the other starving portions of the population, all in their characteristic tatters; and also the inmates of the various workhouses, in the ignominious garb prescribed for them by the Poor-Law. But this department of the Exhibition should be contained in a separate Chamber of Horrors, and half a guinea extra should be charged for admission to it, for the benefit of the living originals.

## THE MILESIAN MARTYR.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN having become very anxious to make himself the lion of the day, has very properly been accommodated with a den, by the House of Commons. Every attempt was made, in the first instance, to subdue the would-be lion; and it was only when the soothing system had totally failed that restraint was necessarily resorted to. The Sergeant-at-Arms has been appointed to act as a sort of political VAN AMBURGH, to keep the lion in subjection. It is true that MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has only assumed the skin of the noble animal, but if he is such a donkey as to try and pass himself off for a lion—imitating the roar and the refractory nature of that formidable brute—he must expect to be treated accordingly. He boasts of his patience, which is a quality we naturally look for in his case, and we do not wonder, therefore, at his professed determination to endure any burden that may be put upon him.

## SMITH O'BRIEN AND D'ISRAELI.

IF we had a gift to bestow—such as our artist has indicated in the annexed Illustration—and if it bore the inscription *Detur stultiori*, we should be sorely puzzled as to whether SMITH O'BRIEN, or BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, would be the fitter person for us to bestow it on. Knowing the fatal consequences of the Judgment of PARIS, we decline giving a decision in favour of either of the candidates for the crown of papyrus now lying before us. There is an old saying, that "He whom the cap fits, may wear it;" but the cap in question may fit both, and a difficulty thus arises which we are quite incapable of determining.

"THE reigning Duke of Brunswick paid a *short* visit to the Royal Family at Hanover last week."—*Morning Post.* [He would have stayed longer, but the King was at home.—*Punch.*]

# PUNCH IN A FIX.

PUNCH (*loq.*). "CÆSAR AND POMPEY VERY MUCH ALIKE, ESPECIALLY POMPEY."

## THE DRAUGHTS.

### A Comedy.

(FREELY IMITATED FROM *THE CLOUDS* OF ARISTOPHANES.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| LORD BROUGHAM. | DR. REID. |
| LORD LINCOLN. | *Chorus of Draughts.* |

LORD BROUGHAM. LORD LINCOLN *asleep beside him.*

ROUGH. Oh dear! Oh dear!
Oh, royal JOVE! How long this house of ours
Is in the building! Will it ne'er be done!
Night after night have I been blowing up,
Yet BARRY potters on!
'Tis longer than a Chancery suit; that is,
Than Chancery suits were wont to be when I
Sat on the woolsack—would I sat there now!
And LINCOLN too, the sluggish Woods and Forests,
Are just as bad as BARRY. What ho! LINCOLN!
Awake, I say.

*Linc.* (*in his sleep*). Fresco and ventilation—five more years!

*Brough.* Confound the fresco—methinks we, the Peers,
Must sit *al fresco*, while the house is building.
(*Shaking him.*) Awake, I say!

*Linc.* (*in his sleep.*) DYCE, COPE, MACLISE, REID, HERBERT, HORSLEY. —ah! (*snores.*)

*Brough.* Still on high art! Awake, I say; rouse up! (*shakes him violently.*) [LINCOLN *awakes and stretches himself.*

*Linc.* What *is* the matter, BROUGHAM, that you make
Such an infernal fidget?

*Brough.* Our house! Our house! To all my questions, when
We are to take possession, the reply,
Like that erst given to FERGUSON, is still, "You don't lodge here."

*Linc.* The house aint painted yet, nor ventilated.

*Brough.* Hang ventilation! England's Peers, I hope,
Give themselves airs enough—they want not REID'S.

*Linc.* As you 're in such a hurry, let us go
And seek the Temple of the Winds, where REID
Dispenseth blasts of hot and cold at will.
Dost see that shaft?

*Brough.* I do.

*Linc.* That is the Atmospheric Laboratory.
There dwells the man who hath found out that we,
Like the chameleon, should feed on air!

[*The interior of the Atmospheric Laboratory is shown by means of the ἐκκύκλημα.* REID *is suspended on a pair of bellows.*

*Brough.* Who 's that upon the bellows?

*Linc.* That is REID!

*Brough.* Blow him!

*Linc.* Nay, that 's his function—let 's accost him.
Oh, modern ÆOLUS, behold us here—
Two humble Peers, who seek out thine abode,
Honouring thy draughts, and anxious to inquire
Thy principles, in application to our future house!

*Reid.* I will initiate ye. Sit ye down upon that bag.

*Brough.* What is it?

*Reid.* It contains my theories.

*Brough.* Oh! Wind?

*Reid.* Precisely. Listen now, while I
Invoke my sacred goddesses, the Draughts!—

"Oh, mightiest powers of earth, that in Cloudland have your birth,
I invoke ye, by Bladder and Bellows!
Come forth at my command, from all corners of the land,
To convert these refractory fellows.
Whether o'er Sahara's waste, hot and hot, you give a taste
How things are in the realms of Old HARRY;
Or cold-drawn in Baffin's Bay, ye fan Walruses at play
And froze round the nose of bold PARRY.
From that paradise of stenches, where Cologne her odorous trenches
Defies by the aid of FARINA;
Smoke of peat from Irish cabins, frowzy whiffs from Houndsditch rabbins,
Savoury reek from the wynds of Edina.
And to spice your aerial grog, a slice of London fog
Cut thick from a street near the river,
With alternate ague-layers of cold and sultry airs,
To dance us from sweat into shiver!
Come oxygen, and nitrogen, and carburetted hydrogen,
Laughing-gases and choke-damp inclusive,
From all crannies, corners, chinks, perfumes, odours, flavours, stinks,
From trade-winds to draughts small but intrusive.
From north, south, east, and west, in my laboratory rest,
To supply our pent-up legislation,
With such wind as that, which, late, in the Corn-Law debate
Was so wastefully spent on the nation!"

[*The Draughts rush in from every quarter of the stage, and nearly blow* BROUGHAM *and* LINCOLN *off the bag.*

*Brough.* Hold hard! Hold hard! Oh, Lord, my head, my legs!
I 'm frozen, fried, burnt, blistered, cut in half!

*Reid.* Ha, ha! 'Tis well. I call this healthy breathing!
[*Inhales with satisfaction.*
A touch of cold upon your nose. I see
The skin is peeling off!

*Brough.* (*shivers*) Ah—ah!

*Reid.* Excuse me. That was a slight thought too strong
Of Arctic,—you 're frost-bitten.

*Brough.* (*tearing off his cravat.*) Air, air, I faint!
[LINCOLN *drops helplessly off the bag.*

*Reid.* Huzza! It works—more hot—what ho! more cold!
[*Frantically working his machinery.*

*Brough.* (*gasping.*) Oh, cruel REID! (*faintly*) I die!
Upon my heart, if a *post-mortem* 's tried,
Will—be—found—graven—
"Give us our new house!
REID is a humbug!" [*Dies.*

*Reid.* (*exultingly.*) My enemy is floored! now I may work my will
On Lords and Commons both— [*Explosion.*
Huzza! A *feu-de-joie!* [*Blows the roof off the House. Scene closes.*

## RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

PERHAPS the best method of dealing with the subject of Railway liabilities would be to pass an Act of Oblivion, of which, in humble imitation of the legislative conciseness of LORD BROUGHAM, we beg leave to suggest the following short form:—

Whereas, it is expedient to expunge and entirely obliterate certain circumstances that have happened within the last year with reference to Railway speculation: AND WHEREAS, it is desirable that certain individuals should be placed in the position in which they were this time twelvemonths: BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED, by and with the consent of Parliament, that so much of the last twelve months as relates to the Railway mania should be repealed, and the last year, so far as Railway liabilities are concerned, is hereby repealed accordingly. PROVIDED ALWAYS, that nothing in this Act contained shall be construed into a permission to any person or persons to forget himself or themselves on any other subject whatever.

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That this Act shall be known by the name of Lethe's Act, or the Act of Oblivion.

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That any one possessed of scrip to the amount of twenty pounds, or being a Provisional Director of any Railway, shall be allowed to claim the benefit of this Act, which shall be a sufficient answer to all his Railway liabilities.

There should, of course, be the usual clause, that the Act may be amended in the present Session.

## OUR PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISER.

MEDICAL.—Wants a Situation, as Visiting and Dispensing Assistant, a young man, highly qualified, but whom a difference in opinion with the Courts of Examiners has prevented from passing the Hall and College. He has had considerable experience in Night Work, his ordinary practice having, for the last five years—during which he has been attending the hospitals—usually kept him out till from three to four in the morning. He can give the most satisfactory general references to several respectable publicans, at whose establishments he has been in the habit of taking his evening meal, and the strongest professional testimonials from the Beadle and Porter of his Hospital. Address to A. Z., at any of the principal billiard-rooms.

### NO SUCH LUCK!

THE *Eco del Comercio*, being seized by the authorities at Madrid, published lately a blank sheet. If our debates could only be published in the same way!

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

"DEAR PUNCH, "*Newman Street, Tuesday.*

"ME and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday, agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our pictures wasn't admitted.

"So we followed about some of the gents., and thought we 'd *Exhibit the Exhibitors;* among whom we remarked as follows. We remarked

MR. SNEAKER, R.A., particularly kind to MR. SMITH, a prize-holder of the Art-Union. N.B. SNEAKER always puts on a white Choaker on Opening day; and has his boots *French pollisht.*

"Presently we examined MR. HOKEY, a-watching the effect of his picture upon a party who *looks* like a prize holder of the Art-Union. Remark the agitation in HOKEY'S eye, and the tremulous nervousness of his highlows. The old gent looks like a flat; but not such a flat as to buy HOKEY'S picture at no price. O no!

"Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent.*, ORLANDO FIGGS, who drew in our Academy for ten years.

Fancy FIGGS'S delight at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

"The next chap we came to was

SEBASTIAN WINKLES, whose *profound disgust* at finding his portrait on the floor, you may *imadgin.* I don't think that queer fellow

PEOMBO RODGERS was much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

"But the most *riled* of all was

HANNIBAL FITCH, who found his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all up, dear *Mr. Punch*, and oblige your constant reader, "MODEST MERIT."

## THE LAY OF THE ALLOTTEE.

WHEN I remember all the lines
In which I've taken shares,
My mind the hopeless task resigns
Of counting all my cares.
WOOLMER and TOBY is the cry,
What can its meaning be?
An exile from my land I fly,
Poor hapless Allottee!

Onwards across the briny deep,
Rolls the majestic ship,
I pace the deck, then sit and weep,
O'er piles of worthless scrip.
'Tis ever thus—'mid Time's advance,
Crush'd hopes we 're doom'd to see.
Bear me, ye billows, swift to France,
Poor hapless Allottee!

They ask me the expense to share,
Of outlay all their own;
How will the Secretary stare
To find the victim flown!
From ribaldry on such a theme,
Angry and hurt I flee;
Good Captain, pray put on the steam
For the poor Allottee!

I stand at length upon the shore
Of fair and courtly France;
I hear the breakers loudly roar,
I see the billows dance.
Upon the pier I take a turn,
Lonely I cannot be;
Each one I meet has been, I learn,
A fellow-Allottee!

### Fashionable Railway Movements.

IT is expected that the railway world of fashion will be in a state of considerable activity during the ensuing season. The movements of the provisional committee-men and the allottees are already exciting very general interest. We are happy to have it in our power to give the following, which may be relied upon:—

SIR JASPER GRIGGS, the indefatigable chairman of the Eastern Archipelago and Arctic Circle Junction has taken his departure for Boulogne, where he will remain during the legal season. He will return to town for the long vacation.

An entresol in the *rue des Pipots* has been taken by MR. PHELIM O'DOO, who intends passing the stag-hunting season on the Continent. The roughness of the sport is the reason assigned by MR. O'DOO for declining to remain in this country during its continuance.

LEVY'S hounds had an excellent run one day last week after a stag of amazing magnitude. After traversing Middlesex for some time, the pack got off the scent, and it was afterwards ascertained that the object of pursuit had got away into Surrey, where the hounds were unable to follow him.

### WHO CAN BLAME HIM?

PRINCE ALBERT was asked why he went so rarely to an English theatre, and visited so often the French plays. His answer deserves to be engraved over the stage door of every metropolitan theatre. "My reason," he said, "is this: nearly all the English pieces are taken from the French, and do you think I would go to the translation of a piece as long as I can see the original?"

## MUSICAL BEDS.

THERE is a paragraph in the *Nonconformist*, which states, that some genius has invented a musical bed, that begins to play a tune directly you lie down, and can be wound up to play another tune when you are desirous of waking.

There is one advantage about a bed of this description, namely, that you can always rely on having it well aired by means of the favourite airs of some of the most popular composers. We should think, however, that there must be some tact required in adapting the musical compositions to the required purposes. It would be very injudicious, for instance, to attempt to send any one to sleep with a quadrille of MUSARD, while to try and wake any one up with a bit of SEBASTIAN BACH, or a *morceau* of Juvenile-England classicality, would be equally preposterous. The invention certainly opens quite a new field to many of those long-haired and turned-down-collar composers, who will now have a splendid chance of bringing their composing talents to bear upon those who are soliciting the sometimes-obstinate MORPHEUS. There are several rising young men, who have been rising for the last twenty years, and who are admirably adapted to the task of setting four-posts and French bedsteads to somniferous music. We presume that the idea has been taken from the Chamber Concerts, which have recently become popular.

Considering the awful infliction it is, to be compelled to hear the music of certain persons whom we could but will not name, the addition of their music to a bed might turn it into a regular *lit de justice*, or shocking instrument of cruelty.

The arrangement by which one is to be woke up at any hour, comprises a march, with drum and cymbal accompaniments. Such a *charivari* might not be always very welcome when it came; for, though one often goes to bed with a very valiant determination to get up very early, it is extremely natural to alter one's mind by the morning. If we often get angry with the person calling us, and disturbing our rest, what should we say to the drums and cymbals going through a regular march, at a most unseasonable hour? For our own parts we should muffle the drums at once with our bolster, and suffocate the cymbals with our goose-feather bed. We should recommend that, if the principle is carried out, the airs chosen should be appropriate to the kind of beds they might be adapted to. "Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe," would do very well for an infant's cot, while "Rise, gentle Moon," would be suited to the purpose of waking a celebrated alderman.

### SELF-POSSESSION.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD, in addressing the DUKE D'AUMALE, made frequent allusions to "*my* army, *my* soldiers," &c. It will be next "*my* people, *my* Africa;" but we are afraid it will be a long time before the Marshal will be able to say "*my* ABD-EL-KADER."

### Railway Curiosity.

THE Papers inform us that not a single accident has occurred on the Jamaica Railway during the last quarter! The Directors of the Eastern Counties have sent out agents to Jamaica to look at this Railway, for they will not believe there exists such a phenomenon.

### PENAL CODE FOR EDITORS.

IN Spain, editors are imprisoned; in France, they are decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. We do not know which is the greater punishment.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

HABEAS CORPUS. One of the great bulwarks of the British Constitution, and a supplement to Magna Charta. The use of the bulwark is that any man in custody may, by virtue of the writ, know what he is in custody for; a piece of knowledge that can only be required by a gentleman so inundated with executions that he scarcely knows one from the other, and is desirous of being informed at whose suit he has been pounced upon.

HANAPER. From *Hanaperium*, a hamper, in which the writs of Chancery were formerly kept. The hamper itself is abolished, but the clerkship of it continues, and is a sinecure office of £468 a year—a salary which the public is somewhat unfairly hampered with.

HERALD. An officer by whom, in the middle ages, "messages and parcels were carefully delivered." It was also his duty to lay out the lists for tournaments, which comprised, no doubt, the careful beating of carpets, while his presence as an attendant at the banquets which followed made him a regular waiter at evening parties. The modern Herald has very little to do, and is only a superior kind of beefeater.

HERALDS' COLLEGE. A sort of Snobs' university, in which parvenus take their degrees of respectability.

HERALDRY. The art of arranging coats of arms and badges; though Heraldry does not teach the proper position of the badge on the breast of the omnibus driver, conductor, or waterman. The earliest specimen of Heraldry known in this country is of the time of EDWARD THE FIRST, whose badge was a badger.

HUE AND CRY. The old Common Law method of pursuing felons with horn and voice; though the Hue and Cry were only used for crimes of the darkest hue, and for crying evils.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS. The Ins and Outs of Commerce.

INCOME-TAX. A triennial periodical, or permanent burden imposed for temporary purposes.

INDENTURE. A legal deed: from *in*, and *dens*, a tooth—a derivation showing that it is an instrument by which the law sticks its teeth pretty sharply into him who has to pay for it.

## FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS.

ONE of the daily fashionable organs informs its readers that the fashionable season is likely to be dull, and then proceeds to give a list of the probable arrangements for the next few weeks. We beg to add to the list the following "further arrangements," which will add materially to the attractions of the *beau monde*:—

MRS. EIDERDOWN will give a series of *thé et tournez dehors* (tea and turn outs) at her suburban residence in the Kennington Oval.

During the month of May Mr. BRIEFLESS will throw open his chambers to the *élite* of the legal world, who will be invited, twice a week, to a *matinée muffinesque*, which is expected to surpass the *recherché* spreads which gave so much gaiety to the Temple in the course of the last season.

The loss of ALDERMAN STAG will be much felt in the City. His house will, however, be the scene of one grand *levée* during the season, at which it is expected the Sheriff will be represented by one of his officers.

MR. JONES has it in contemplation to give a rapid succession of leg-of-mutton dinners at his lodgings in Stamford Street. These delightful little *réunions à la jigot* created a great sensation last season, and it is expected they will this year be equally popular.

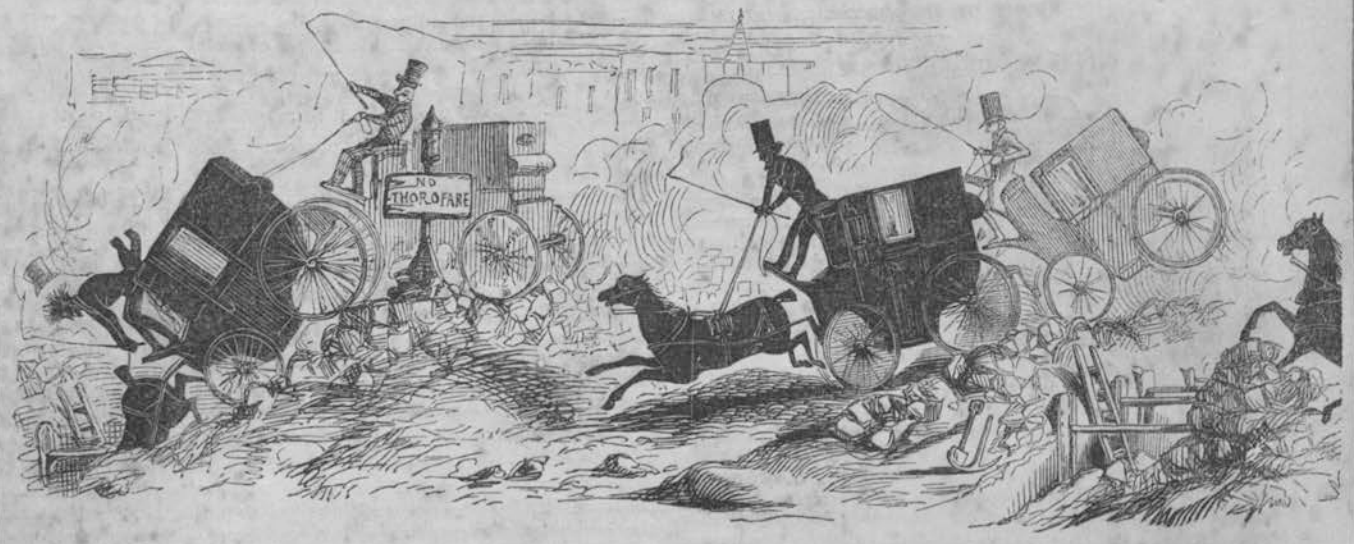
BARON NATHAN will throw open his old ancestral hall at Kennington for a series of Polka *soirées* during the whole of the new-laid egg season. He will resume his delightful capers among the eggs, which have never been equalled since the celebrated performance of the donkey among the chickens.

The German trumpeters will continue their delightful extemporaneous *soirées* in the open air. In the true spirit of foreign hospitality, these entertainments will be "open to all parties and influenced by none," except the policeman on duty.

### A CHEAP TRIP.

UPWARDS of 7,000 tons of gravel have been shipped from New York since September last for the purpose of beautifying the parks and gardens of London. According to this, a Yankee domiciled in London would be able to tread again his native soil without going any further than Hyde Park.

## STREET STEEPLE-CHASES.




The sport of steeple-chasing having lately become very popular, we beg leave to recommend its adoption in some of our metropolitan thoroughfares. The grand fun of a steeple-chase seems to consist in the risk people run, and the difficulty they encounter in urging their horses across yawning chasms, and other kinds of obstacles. There is often difficulty in selecting a spot where the impediments are sufficiently numerous. We have, therefore, only to suggest the Strand, Holborn, or Oxford Street, one or other of which thoroughfares is always in a condition to admit of the fine old English sport of a steeple-chase.

As the excitement caused by the danger forms the most interesting portion of the pastime, we think the fun of the thing would be greatly enhanced by allowing omnibuses and cabs to take a part in a grand Metropolitan Steeple-chase. The well-known valour of the drivers, who are always ready to outrun discretion, if their horses will gallop fast enough, would induce them to plunge without hesitation into the midst of sewers and gas-pipes, or to go bounding over lumps of granite, blocks of wood, and every other obstacle which the paving, lighting, and watering authorities are so constantly offering to the traffic of the Metropolis.

A steeple-chase from Charing Cross to the Bank, including the delicious bits of wood pavement, here and there, for the horses to slide about upon, and the five or six barriers of one kind or another, that are sure to be in operation in different parts of the projected route, would render it exceedingly well adapted for the purpose we have suggested.

## GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

In furtherance of the objects of this most useful charity, it is in contemplation to establish a School, for the purpose of preparing young ladies destined to be governesses, for the situations they are intended to fill. The necessity of teaching those who are to be teachers, and of instructing the governess how to govern, is obvious; the pupils, accordingly, will learn all the modern languages and accomplishments—geography, astronomy, the use of the globes, and so much of moral philosophy as includes the true principles of education. But as the social position of a governess is a peculiar one, being, as a novelty, rather uncomfortable, though, like a certain process to which eels are subjected, nothing when anybody is used to it. One great object of this School will be to familiarise the pupils with the life they may expect to lead. Its arrangements will therefore comprise a system of training calculated for the inculcation of an amount of practical as well as moral philosophy adequate to this purpose.

To the Institution will be attached a Servants' Hall, wherein, at stated times, will attend a number of footmen and other menials, to intercourse with whom the future governess may be habituated, and whose insults and impertinences she may learn betimes to put up with. A nursery will also be connected with it, in order to exercise her patience in the management of refractory children, at which probation the students will take turns. The children will be selected from the most purse-proud families, and their mammas will drop in every now and then, daily, and reprimand and find fault capriciously and unjustly with their preceptress, so as to inure her to such treatment. Some charitable ladies of great style, in the vicinity of Russell Square, have volunteered their services in this particular. One of these ladies will, moreover, preside regularly at dinner to teach the language of looks, that the learner may understand, from a glance, when she is to refuse wine, or to decline another helping.

Evening parties will be given occasionally, in the schoolroom, and to them will be invited a number of agreeable men, that the "young persons" may know how to behave in society; that is, to hold their tongues and sit still. For the due enforcement of these proprieties, one of the ladies aforesaid will also be present, accompanied by her daughters, by whom the scholars are to be studiously snubbed, by way of a lesson to them in meekness under contumely. The novices, during leisure hours, are to sit in separate apartments, accessible to all the servants, who, however, will not be allowed to wait upon them, or bring them any refreshment, if hungry from the insufficiency of their meals. Their dresses are to be such as a young lady can afford upon twenty pounds a year, finding herself in everything but her victuals, and not having, by half, as much of those as she can eat.

Thus, it may be hoped, will governesses be provided with qualifications high enough, wants few enough, and spirit humble enough, to meet the views of any lady in the land.

### A Shower of Blacking.

The *Worcestershire Guardian* says:—"A most extraordinary storm of black rain fell in the northern part of Worcestershire last week. For two hours this extraordinary shower lasted, and the pools, watercourses, and even the Severn itself, were completely turned black." What could this have been? Had Apollo, in a fit of indignation at some recent attempts, been throwing his ink-stand at Melpomene's head? or had old Vulcan been washing himself, and upset the basin? We see no other way of accounting for the raining powers in Worcestershire having gone into mourning.

ON THE RAILWAY WINDING UP.

Committees cannot be believed,
At items there 'll be lots of cavilling;
Before the "winding-up"'s achieved,
Some mysteries will need unravelling.

To Evening Party Givers.—The only substitute for Tea: Brandy-and-water.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 9, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. XI.—ON CLERICAL SNOBS.

AFTER Snobs military, Snobs clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here. for the same reason that *Punch* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

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And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, Fie upon them, fie upon them! while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same. and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business;—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old FATHER NOAH was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons that dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of school-boys, because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whaps the schoolmaster.

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I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds apiece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers MR. EISENBERG, Chiropodist, has lately done upon "HIS GRACE THE RIGHT REVEREND LORD BISHOP OF TAPIOCA."

And I confess, that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I confess I think that their chance is * * * * But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

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And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an over-paid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late SYDNEY SMITH—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many SMITHS in this world are called SIDNEY SMITH?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church,—without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession; he admitted most pathetically that the Clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so; round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black-pudding, a shovel-hatted fuzz-wigged SILENUS. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise: he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet; many tithes are levied upon *his* pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire; and his wife must dress neatly; and he must "look like a gentleman," as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Yes; you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good; or an or-molu clock at HOWELL and JAMES's, because it is such a bargain; or a box at the Opera, because LABLACHE and GRISI are divine in the *Puritani*; fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending a half-crown when JOHN BREAKSTONE's family are without a loaf; or "standing" a bottle of port for poor POLLY RABBITS, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little BOB SCARECROW, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

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But what is this? Instead of "showing up" the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly FRANCIS, lying at rest under the turf. O JIMMY, and JOHNNY, and WILLY, friends of my youth! O noble and dear old ELIAS! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever cast ridicule upon either!

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## KING DAN.

A NEW VERSION OF "KING DEATH."

KING DAN was a rare old fellow,
On cash he was always bent;
He called for the gold so yellow,
And they forked out the Irish rent.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

There came to him many, starving,
Who 'd forgotten the word content;
And widows, their last mites halving,
To add to the Irish rent.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

The workman gave half his earning,
Though his children wanted clothes;
And the peasant, a penny turning,
To the rent-fund a farthing throws.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed to his heart's content—
As he took up the gold so yellow,
And promised Repeal for the rent.
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

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### A French Legend.

A FRENCH theatre is being built at Algiers. The first piece will be a popular story, which has been making a great noise for years in the French papers, called "La Prise d'ABD-EL-KADER." Rumour attributes the invention of it to MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

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DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

A YOUNG Medical Student went one evening last week into Exeter Hall, fancying it was the Adelphi Theatre. He did not find out his mistake till he was turned out for bawling to the BISHOP OF LONDON, "Brayvo, WRIGHT!"

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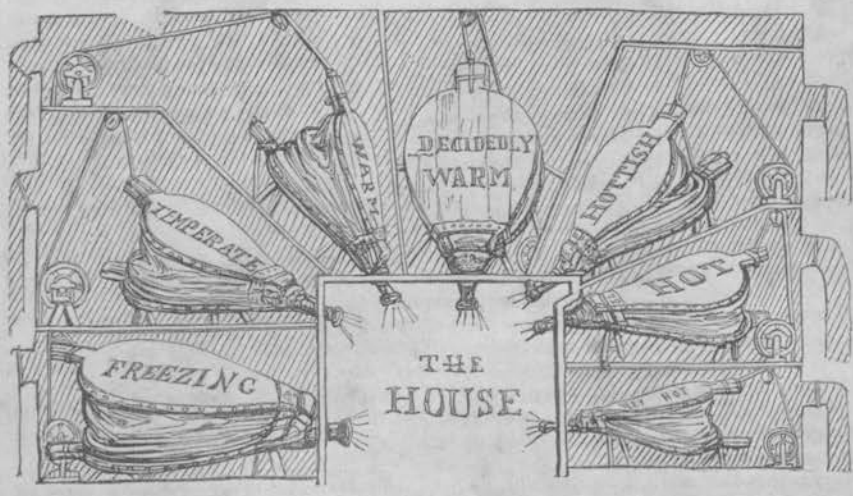
A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A SMALL TEA-PARTY.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN takes for two of his meals nothing but "tea and dry toast." There is one thing which would do him much more good in his present captivity, viz.,—"tea and *turn out*."

## DR. REID'S PROCESS.




Some curiosity has been excited in the public mind to know what is really the process by which Dr. Reid proposes to blow, not only hot and cold, but all the intermediate degrees of tepid, freezing, and temperate, into the Houses of Parliament. We can only conceive that he contemplates suspending a series of bellows in the roof of the building, all of which will be worked by machinery hung on ropes, and running along upon pulleys. The ropes may be so arranged that any member may pull one of them as he would a bell, and thus discharge upon himself any amount or quality of atmosphere he may feel a fancy for. Lord Brougham, who is very fond of an opportunity of giving himself a puff, will thus be always in a position to indulge in his favourite luxury.

One would imagine that such a contrivance as that we have described would hardly justify the extreme self-conceit of Dr. Reid, the originator of the plan; but it must be remembered that the self-importance and conceit of the man who blows the bellows, have become the subject of a proverb. There is, it will be seen, every kind of air in Dr. Reid's atmospheric catalogue, but one. We need scarcely say that the single air which is wanting is the air of practicability.

## MARRIAGES IN MIDDLE LIFE.

While some of our fashionable contemporaries are congratulating themselves on being able to announce a series of marriages in the circles of *haut ton*, we are in a state of ecstatic happiness at being in a position to record a delightful series of nuptial knots, which are about to be tied in the middle ranks of society.

A marriage is on the carpet—or perhaps we should rather say, on the drugget, in this instance—between the dashing and decisive Horatio Twang, the Hay's Court Dentist, and the lovely Miss Lavinia Lightroot, the daughter of the extensive builder (of bonnets) in Cranbourne Alley. The friends of both parties are what is usually called agreeable, except an old maternal uncle on the side of the bridegroom, who makes himself as disagreeable as possible.

While only the preliminaries have been arranged for this happy match, we are delighted to be able to give the particulars of a little hymeneal affair which came off last week at St. George's—(in the East, Wapping.) The bridal party arrived in two omnibuses, while a Hansom equipage—we mean a Hansom cab—was in readiness to take the happy couple to the London Bridge Packet Station, with a view to a honey-week at Gravesend. The bride, who is the eldest unmarried daughter of Mr. Gubbins, the great coal and potato merchant, and who consequently had, like Love,

"Once lived in a humble shed,"

wore a stout cotton velvet, and being herself rather stout, the effect was extremely pleasing. She was attended to the altar by her seven sisters from Edmonton, and by a number of infantine creatures who had formed part of a mob of boys and girls that had collected to see the marriage 'buses discharge their cargoes.

The bridegroom, who has three flys of his own, with considerable good taste declined the display that he might have made by driving himself to church in either of the vehicles. He came in the cab already alluded to, and was given away by the cabman, who was an early friend, having been brought up in the same livery stable with the happy Benedict. Such was the recollection of the past, that each had a drop in his eye before the commencement of the ceremony. Immediately after its conclusion, the wedding party repaired to the house of the uncle of the bride, who, through some mistake, had no wedding breakfast in readiness. It was ultimately arranged to adjourn to an adjacent tea-garden, where an elegant *déjeûner à la pain et fromage* was laid out on a table; and beer having been called for, at first sparingly, but ultimately with much liberality, the festivities were prolonged until a late period of the evening.

## Improved British Beverages.

Since the consumption of British produce should be the desire of the British heart, whilst, at the same time, the British nomenclature is a disqualification to it in the British mind, whereas it goes down or is swallowed very readily under a foreign one; and since this particularly applies to wines, we beg to recommend to public favour some excellent beverages of this description, as old friends under new names. This peculiar advantage, in addition to their quality and flavour, is their moderate price, which renders them very eligible for the families of small capitalists, or large economists. We shall specify:—

1. *The Gingerberger.*—This, particularly diluted with a little water, is a light and agreeable dinner wine, and possesses cordial and stomachic properties, which challenge competition with Vermuth, Gingerberger, having all the sparkles of that article without any of its bitterness.

2. *The Elderberger.*—This so-called rich and luscious potation is likewise a powerful cordial, and carries a fine bouquet. Elderberger is very fruity. It is a splendid supper-wine, particularly on a cold frosty night, and may without vulgarity be said emphatically to be spicy.

3. *The Currantsheim* has a pleasant tartness, and is a most agreeable accompaniment to a piece of plum-cake. It may confidently be offered to the younger classes of students, male and female.

4. *The Sparkling Groseille* need not be mentioned when introduced at dinner parties; and it will then be unhesitatingly drunk as Champagne.

When we consider how frequently the vintage of the hedge-pick is relished as fine "Old Crusted," and the amount of bees'-wing, which as such it is found to contain, we shall readily see that, in order to be appreciated, our native liquors need only foreign titles, just as the Monsieur gives a currency to the Balfe, and the Herr an interest to the name of Muggins.

## THE FALLS OF FLEET STREET.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the legitimate successors of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey are Honey and Skelton, the hairdressers. These individuals have got the old palace in front of the Temple gate, to which there is no objection; but they have a sad habit of washing the outside with pails of water, which they pour down on the devoted heads of the passengers.

A shower-bath is sometimes refreshing; but it is awkward when it is administered without notice to a person wearing a new hat, and not by any means prepared for a ducking. We have been personally drenched three times within the last week, by an individual attempting to wash the face of the old palace of Henry VIII. and his friend the Cardinal. Honey and Skelton ought not to keep up a continual Niagara in front of their premises.

### Royal Patronage of the Drama.

The Duke of Cambridge has, in his most condescending way, assured the people of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, that "for the term of his natural life he will make them an annual present. Yes; they will dine every year, and at that dinner, he will *give* them his company." (*Loud cheers.*)

## THE ARISTOCRACY OF GOLD.

PUNCH is about to suggest new honours for the wealthy. In truth, they need them. In these revolutionary days, when that very grave owl, the Wisdom of our Ancestors, is abused as nothing better than a great goose, we feel that the rich have a peculiar claim upon our compassion. Poor things! The hypocritical world seems to have suddenly fallen in love with LAZARUS, petting him with at least fine phrases, whilst DIVES is abused after Billingsgate fashion. The world—like an old harlotry penitent—has fallen in love with rags and tatters, and spits out her shrewish words at brocade and lace. At this moment, reflecting upon what the wealthy have to endure from a glib-tongued generation, it would take a very large sum, indeed, to make us consent to be rich. No; we will "tread upon the pride of PLATO," as PLATO said, "with greater pride." We will wrap our old cloak about us, looking the more loftily for the patches on the garment. Nothing shall ever make us rich; nevertheless, we will show that we have bowels for the unfortunate wealthy. Gather about us, then, ye poor despised men of money-bags, and give attentive ear to what we propose for ye. It is a genial season, this, and we feel our heart open—as did the pine that shut up *Ariel*—and a good spirit come out of it to work dainty devices. Now, while the earth has its coat of green—or petticoat, the earth being feminine—in its soft newness; now, whilst the birds sing, and as prettily sings a Warwick poetess—

> "The butterflies, in colours rare,
> Dance to the music of the air;"

now, touched by the bounty of the season, will we proclaim ourselves—The Rich Man's Friend! The poor have friends enough, with all Young England to dance with them round the Maypole, to notch for them at cricket, and to crown their glowing brows with "everything that pretty bin,"—whilst the unhappy rich,—but let us not be subdued into unmanly softness. We will dry our eyes, and take another dip of ink.

So, as the wicked insolence of the world does all it can to revile wealth, let wealth make for itself a titular aristocracy. Let PLUTUS turn Herald, and, after his own fashion, ennoble his children. Why should we give titles to men who bleed and make bleed in the field, and refuse them to those unfortunate children of MAMMON, who make others bleed on the Stock Exchange? If a man make for himself a plum, nay, half a plum, ought he not—upon giving good Bank of England evidence of the fact—to be raised to what, for the time, we will call the Money Peerage? May not his victories over difficulties—his ambush-work—his feints—his sharpshooting in the acquirement of the said plum, be equal to the triumphs on the field of battle, or on the floor of Parliament? And what, we ask, is the encouragement for men to be wealthy in these days, seeing that the poor are so shamefully put over the head of the rich? What comfort has any man—we ask for no compassion in our own case—in the possession of half a million of money, if it is only to make him the shining target to be fired at by the indignation of pauper virtue? Money ought, therefore, to ennoble its possessor. Directly the calf was gilt inch-thick, it should no longer be mere JOHN CALF, but at least LORD VITELLUS.

However, let us put a case. DODDLES, a stockbroker, with sons and daughters, proves to the Heralds' College (to be instituted in the Bank Parlour) that he has a million of money: whereupon he immediately receives his patent of nobility; the titles for himself and family running as follow (to be varied according to circumstances, by the Herald PENNYWEIGHT KING-AT-CASH):—

| | |
|---|---|
| THE DUKE OF BULLION. | (DODDLES himself.) |
| THE MARQUIS OF GOLDBAR. | (DODDLES' son and heir.) |
| LORD DOLLAR, | Younger sons of DODDLES. |
| LORD TWO-AND-SIX, | |
| LORD FOURPENNYBIT, | |
| LORD TWOPENNY. | |
| LADY MARY BOB, | Daughters of DODDLES. |
| LADY JULIA SIXPENCE, | |
| LADY AUGUSTA FARTHING. | |

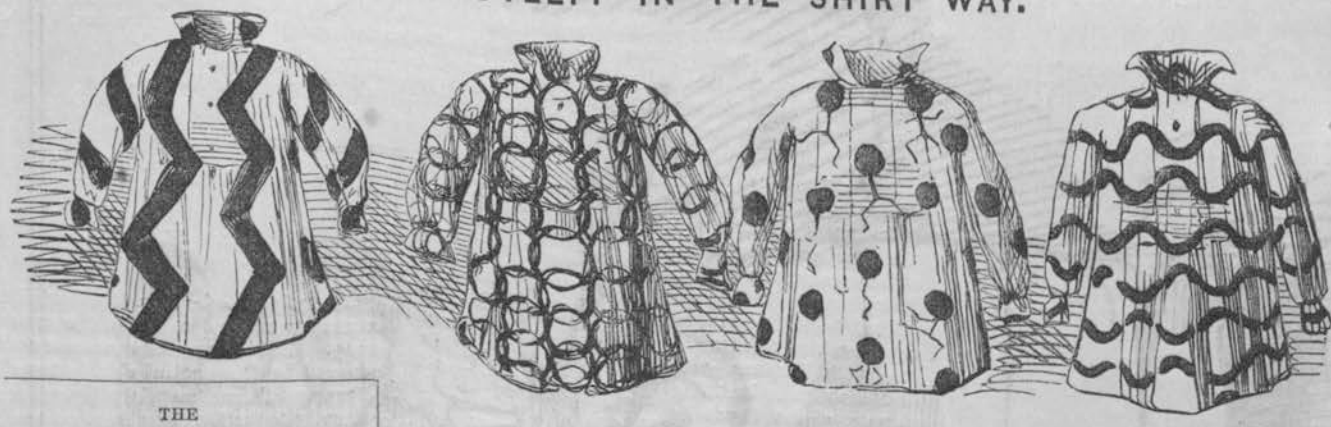
And then, for minor branches, there might be the HON. MR. TIN, MR. STUMPY, MR. BRADS, MR. REXPENNINARUM, and so forth; the names being popular synonyms for money. And whereas, what are now used as terms of reproach, might, assumed by the ennobled rich, be turned into titles of honour. Thus, in process of time, we might hope to see men take off their hats very reverently to the DUKE OF ROOT-OF-EVIL, the MARQUIS OF YELLOWTRASH, the EARL OF FILTHYLUCRE, and the like. As it is, it is dreadful for the well-regulated mind (we mean our own, of course,) to contemplate the increasing contempt for the wealthy, and the growing love for the poor. Something ought to be done to stop this social revolution, and it is our modesty to think that we have suggested the most efficient means.

## A NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING.

MANY complaints have been made of the postmen having been employed to advertise, in the course of their rounds, *Kelly's Post-Office Directory*. If the principle of turning postmen into puffers for private property is to be admitted, we think much trouble would be saved by clapping a board round their necks with an effective bill pasted over it, in the style adopted by the itinerant advertisers of MADAME TUSSAUD, or the myrmidons of MOSES. Instead of leaving a prospectus at each door, the plan we suggest would be a saving of time and an extension of publicity. A postman with a bill-board over his breast would be altogether a very attractive novelty, and might fairly calculate on having a mob at his heels; which, though it might impede the public service, would well answer the purpose of the proprietor of the *Directory*.

THE LAST.—WIDDICOMB has written an autograph letter to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, congratulating His Majesty upon his recent escape.

## MORE NOVELTY IN THE SHIRT WAY.



### THE DRURY-LANE FUND DINNER.

Before we proceed, let us apologise to our readers. We have been misinformed. The Fund Dinner has taken place, and Mr. Harley has made *his* speech! Had a "Daniel come to judgment," it could not have been better. The plate *did* go round; but Mr. Harley did not, as we were informed he would, name the amount of balance on the books, the number of actors and actresses engaged at Drury Lane, and what they had acted during the past and present seasons to vindicate the dignity and utility of the drama. Neither did he state that, in consequence of the condition of Drury Lane, the number of actors joining the Fund must amount to little more than *nil*, leaving a thumping balance for the present fortunate subscribers. Mr. Harley said nothing of these things; nevertheless, his speech was very beautiful, and full to overflowing with truth—playhouse truth. For instance, he observed with wonderful gravity:

"This brilliant assembly is one *of many triumphant proofs* of the *high estimation* in which the drama is held by the rank and intelligence of England."

This is quite as true as it is eloquent. The rank of England—at least a Duke and a Lord or two—dine at the Freemasons' Tavern, and prove, by their knives and forks, their devotion to the stage. They eat and drink, and therefore patronise! Besides, does not the *Morning Post* annually publish the list of noble subscribers to the Haymarket and Sadler's Wells? And was not Covent Garden "so esteemed" by "rank" that it was shut up, lest it break down under the weight of nobility thronging it? And Harley knew this, and looked gravely as a Bishop at the Duke of Beaufort, while he spoke it.

There is, however, touching beauty in this burst about England: it makes us feel very proud of our country:—

"England! pre-eminent in arts, invincible in arms, the *triple jewels* of whose imperial crown are justice, mercy, and charity; and it well deserves the proud distinction. Our sublimest poet has enriched it with his immortal scenes, and a bright host of kindred spirits, in succeeding times, *have wound up* the intellectual charm."

We are sure this is very fine, or Harley would not have uttered it. Not he. And then, taking breath, Mr. Harley asked,

"In what relation to the drama stands the actor?"

Whereupon, a cynic at the lower end of the table observed, in a low voice,—"Why, at Drury Lane, in the relation of a very poor relation; seeing that at that theatre the two never come together." Harley, however, made a mistake. The *Times*—publishing letters touching these funds—called for a balance-sheet, and the number (not the names) of the annuitants. Whereupon, the orator continued—

"You have hitherto taken our word that the recipients of your bounty are in every way worthy of it. This generous confidence has rendered the gift doubly acceptable. Are grateful blessings less efficacious because we do not ostentatiously proclaim *by whom* they are individually breathed?"

No, no, Harley; the names were not required; it was merely the number, and—the balance-sheet. But next year, no doubt, both will be forthcoming. Otherwise, eloquent Harley, subscribers may button their pockets, seeing that they are called upon to pay in the dark. Whilst Drury Lane employed a company of comedians, it was very right indeed in "rank and intelligence" to subscribe, but whilst you yourself, Harley, stand alone the solitary comic pillar of the edifice, and whilst for the most part foreign singers and dancers (who cannot by its laws claim upon the Fund) compose the company, the public will, we fear, in a season or two, look very black at the Drury Lane plate. *The Jolly Beggars*, though a tolerably amusing piece, may tire on too frequent repetition at the Freemasons' Tavern.

A PRIVATE OPINION.

"Well, I think this is the neatest thing I have seen for a long time."

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to hear that Richardson's Theatre will remain open at the next Greenwich Fair for an additional day, if the proprietor can succeed in obtaining *congés* for the unlimited *corps de ballet* and indefinite string of *figurantes* engaged at his establishment. The Ghost will, it is feared, be compelled to fulfil a provincial engagement as Scarecrow during the months preceding the harvest, when the corn requires protection; and, unless a further *congé* can be obtained, the Ghost cannot continue the attractive series of solemn warnings which were so popular at Easter last, and will be eagerly looked for during Whitsuntide.

The *première danseuse* must also give up her present engagement at Richardson's, unless her *congé* can be bought from the gentleman with the Pandean pipes and drum, to whom she is under an engagement to give a series of Highland Flings on stilts, through a four weeks' tour in the suburbs.

Great exertions are however being made to obtain a further *congé*; and it is a remarkable fact that Mr. Bolton, the author-manager, and lessee of the Olympic, is in the same predicament with some of his *danseuses*, who are under engagements from which nothing but a *congé* can relieve them. We, of course, wait with much anxiety the result of the negotiations in both cases.

### THE CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

An advertisement the other day announced a reward of one guinea for "a large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak, lost in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket." We can fancy any gentleman looking rather blue at the loss of his cloak, but there is something odd in his advertising the fact of his blueness in connection with the loss of his garment.

# THE BAD BOY WHO DIDN'T CARE.

*Mr. Speaker.*—"THERE, MASTER O'BRIEN, GO INTO THE CELLAR, AND DON'T COME OUT TILL YOU KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE YOURSELF."

## JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH has received from that eminent railroad authority, MR. JEAMES PLUSH, the following letter, which bears most pathetically upon the present Gauge dispute :—

OU will scarcely praps reckonize in this little skitch the haltered linimints of I, with woos face the reders of your valluble mislny were once fimiliar,—the unfortnt JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, fomly so selabrated in the fashnabble suckles, now the pore JEAMES PLUSH, landlord of the Wheel of Fortune public house. Yes, that is me; that is my haypun which I wear as becomes a publican—those is the checkers which hornyment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Romin Genral, ST. CENATUS, equal to any emudgency of Fortun. I, who have drunk Shampang in my time, aint now abov droring a ½ pint of Small Bier. As for my wife—that Angel—I've not ventured to depigt *her*. Fansy her a sittn in the Bar, smilin like a sunflower—and, ho, dear *Punch!* happy in nussing a deer little darlint totsywotsy of a JEAMES, with my air to a curl, and my i's to a T!

"I never thought I should have been injuiced to write anything but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway Subjix—which with all my sole I *abaw*. Railway letters, obbligations to pay hup, ginteal inquirys as to my Salissator's name, &c., &c., I dispize and scorn artily. But as a man, an usbnd, a father, and a freebon Brittn, my jewty compels me to come forwoods, and igspress my opinion upon that *nashnal newsance*—THE BREAK OF GAGE.

"An interesting ewent in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honer of being kinected, acurd a few weex sins, when the LADY ANGELINA S———, daughter of the EARL OF B———CRES, presented the gallant Capting, her usband, with a Son & hair. Nothink would satasfy her Ladyship but that her old and atacht famdy-shamber, my wife MARY HANN PLUSH, should be presnt upon this hospicious occasion. CAPTING S——— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I cunsented that my MARY HANN should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our noable frend's residence, Honeymoon Lodge, near Cheltenham.

"Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to poast it in a Chay and 4, but MARY HANN, with the hobstenacy of her Sex, was bent upon Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all husbinds. We set out by the Great Westn, in an eavle Hour.

"We didnt take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal bandboxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little JAMES ANGELO's (called so in complament to his noble Godmamma) craddle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Topsanbawtems, Farinashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child who is now 6 months old, with a *perdidgus appatite*. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my lady, from SKIVARY & MORIS, containing enough rewbub, DAFFY'S Alixir, GODFREY'S, with a few score of parsles for LADY HANGELINA'S family and owschold. About 2000 spessymins of Babby linning from MRS. FLUMMARY'S, in Regent Street, a Chayny Cresning bowl from old LADY BAREACRES (big enough to immus a Halderman), & a case marked 'Glass,' from her ladyship's meddicle man, which were stowed away together; had to this an ormylew Cradle, with rose-coloured Satting & Pink lace hangings, held up by a gold tuttledove, &c. We had, ingluding JAMES HANGELO'S rattle & my umbrellow, 73 packidges in all.

We got on very well as far as Swindon, where, in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cottn velvet spencers, who serves out the soop, and I of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shoodn't like MARY HANN to know—and here, to our infanit disgust, we changed carridges. I forgot to say that we were in the seckndclass, having with us JAMES HANGELO, and 23 other light harticles.

"Fust inconveniance; and almost as bad as break of gage. I cast my hi upon the gal in cottn velvet, and wanted some soop, of coarse; but seasing up JAMES HANGELO (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—'JAMES,' says MARY HANN, 'instead of looking at that young lady—and not so *very* young, neither—be pleased to look to our packidges, & place them, in the other carridge.' I did so with an evy Art. I eranged them 23 articles in the opsit carridg, only missing my umbrella & baby's rattle; and jest as I came back for my baysn of soop, the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure, —& farewell soop and cottn velvet. MARY HANN was sulky. She said it was my losing the umbrella. If it had been a *cotton velvet umberella* I could have understood. JAMES HANGELO sittn on my knee was evidently unwell; without his coral: & for 20 miles that blessid babby kep up a rawring, which caused all the passingers to simpithize with him igseedingly.

"We arrive at Gloster, and there fansy my disgust at bein ableeged to undergo another change of carriages! Fansy me holding up moughs, tippits, cloaks, and baskits, and JAMES HANGELO rawring still like mad, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage. 'MARY HANN,' says I, rot to desperation, 'I shall throttle this darling if he goes on.' 'Do,' says she—'and *go into the refreshment* room,' says she—a snatchin the babby out of my arms. 'Do go,' says she, 'youre not fit to look after luggage,' and she began lulling JAMES HANGELO to sleep with one hi, while she looked after the packets with the other. 'Now, Sir! if you please, mind that packet!—pretty darling—easy with that box, Sir, its glass —pooooty poppet—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot, No. 24?' she cried, reading out of a list she had.—And poor little JAMES went to sleep. The porters were bundling and carting the various harticles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannon-ball.

"At last—bang goes a package marked 'Glass,' and containing the Chayny bowl and LADY BAREACRES' mixture, into a large white bandbox, with a crash and a smash. 'It's My Lady's box from CRINOLINE'S!' cries MARY HANN; and she puts down the child on the bench, and rushes forward to inspect the dammidge. You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside; and LADY B.'s mixture (which had the igsack smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed bandbox containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satting.

"As JAMES was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I *would* go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soup; so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his mamma, and went off. There 's not near such good attendance as at Swindon.

* * * * * * * *

"We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and MARY HANN so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"'Have you all the small parcels?'

"'Twenty-three in all,' says I.

"'Then give me baby.'

"'GIVE YOU WHAT?' says I.

"'Give me baby.'

"'What haven't y-y-yoooo got him?' says I.

* * * * * * * *

"O Mussy! You should have heard her sreak! *We'd left him on the ledge at Gloster.*

"It all came of the break of gage."

## JENKINS HAPPY.

JENKINS (he is certainly come again) in the *Post*, says—

"*We are happy* to be able to correct a rumour that was prevalent at the west end of the town on Saturday, to the effect that a marriage had been *clandestinely solemnized* at St. George's, Hanover Square, between a commoner of family and fortune, and the LADY ANNA ELIZA MARY GRENVILLE, daughter of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS."

NOW, *why* should JENKINS be happy? What has the celibacy of LADY GRENVILLE to do with his felicity? JENKINS is surely not of the house of CHANDOS: he can fear no blot in *his* scutcheon. Then, again we ask it, wherefore is he happy? At the disappointment of the lovers? Stony-hearted JENKINS!

### Smithfield Intelligence.

OUR Smithfield correspondent writes to us in a state of gloomy despondency. A general flatness prevailed in all sorts of meats, and veal was as dead as mutton. There was a terrible glut of beef, and several cows got their horns crumpled in the crowd. A few south downs exhibited a slight upward tendency, but they went into a rapid decline before the close of business,—a decline caused by a want of general consumption. Pigs fell when taken by the leg, and fine old steers were so depressed that it required several doses of STEER'S opodeldoc to bring them up again. There was in the course of the day a buoyancy in heifers, but the (h)effervescence was only temporary.

RESULTS OF RAILWAY SPECULATION.

## PUNCH'S LITERARY REVIEW.

*Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, for* 1846.

This is a very amusing work, and its circulation will no doubt be large in proportion to its merits. It opens with a sprightly little essay, called, modestly enough, a Notice to Exhibitors, which is chiefly addressed to those who do not exhibit at all, but are under the necessity of carting off their rejected pictures at their earliest convenience. More might perhaps have been made of this touching topic. A beautiful picture might have been drawn of the would-be Rubens, loitering about Trafalgar Square, and listening to the gentle splashing of the fountains, before he could venture to make inquiry of the porter, and fainting in the arms of that official on hearing of the rejection of his pet picture.

This, however, has been lost sight of, and we must therefore look at the Catalogue as what it is, wafting away, with a sigh of regret, the conception of what, in more poetical hands, it might have been. There is a fine commercial spirit in the announcement, that "Persons desirous to become purchasers, &c., may apply to the Clerk." We think it should have been added, that "Persons desirous of going home in a cab, may apply to the waterman."

Having read, in the preliminary chapter of the Catalogue, that "No advertisement, unnecessary quotation, or narrative, can be admitted," we were surprised to find a gentleman advertised at No. 63 as a K. H., F.R.S., H.E.I.C.S.—within four letters of half the alphabet. We really think that, for the general convenience, it should be arranged that every person exhibiting his portrait should be limited to a couple of vowels and four consonants, or a liquid and two mutes, or a brace of diphthongs by themselves; which would have a very imposing appearance.

No one can object to a puff for Her Most Gracious Majesty; but it is hardly allowable that Number 66 should include an advertisement of the Blue Coat School, of which, we are told in the Catalogue, Her Majesty has condescended to become a Benefactor and Governor. This grand puff *de deux* is a proceeding we feel we ought to discountenance. We should have thought that F.M. the Duke of Wellington had experienced puffing enough, but Mr. Pickersgill's picture of him is made the occasion of a quotation from *Macbeth*, to prove the Duke's courage. The four lines in which we are told, "'tis much he dares, &c.," might well have been cut out, as superfluous, from the Royal Academy Catalogue.

No 296 would have afforded a fine opportunity for historical writing, by a description of the battle of Trafalgar. Unhappily, however, the author has sunk down into a mere showman's account of a penny exhibition. Look to the right, and you will see "the *Dingy* being just then sent by Captain Hardy with Lieutenant Hills, to inform Vice-Admiral Collingwood of the death of Nelson; on the left, &c., &c." It will be seen that this is upon a level with the unwritten literature we have alluded to.

Perhaps the puff pictorial is somewhat less agreeable than the puff verbal, and we may therefore pass over, without any very severe comment, the Number 402, described as "a portrait of himself, purchased by fifty Scottish artists, and presented by them to the Royal Academy of Scotland." As it required fifty artists to make the purchase of one picture, we may presume that they all subscribed with real Scottish liberality.

We can scarcely understand the author of the Catalogue, when he describes Number 1207, somewhat meagrely, as an "old building at Chelsea: painted on the spot." Does he mean that the old building was not removed before it was painted? Of course, the old building could not have been brought to the artist's house, who, if he painted the structure at all, must have painted it on the spot it stood upon.

Number 1279 has been made the medium of one of the most remarkable puffs that ever was known; for though the picture only represents a staircase, Mr. Hullah and his system are somehow or other lugged in over the banisters. The painting is described most unnecessarily and lengthily, as "a staircase leading to the Music Hall for Mr. Hullah's singing classes." Who cares where the staircase leads to? It might have led to the Egyptian Hall, to Tom Thumb's levees, just as well as to the Music Hall for Mr. Hullah's pupils. We are sure Mr. Hullah must regret this unnecessary suggestion of "Sich a getting up stairs," for himself and pupils. It is not by such advertisements as these that one can ascend the ladder of popularity.

On the whole, we think the Catalogue about on an average with those of past years, as a literary production. We miss some of those beautiful snatches of poetry, which may well be called snatches, from their seizing, wholesale, the ideas of other people, that certain painters used to favour us with, under the signature of M.S., or anonymous. Mr. Turner seems to have used up his "Fallacies of Hope," which is perhaps an advantage, as he has had none left for insertion in this year's Catalogue. We have only to say in conclusion, that the book will pass a quarter of an hour very pleasantly.

## A VOICE FROM THE CELLAR.

The subjoined correspondence has been handed to us. With our customary urbanity—has it not become a proverb?—we print it. The first letter is from the Martyr of the Cellar, Mr. Smith O'Brien, to Madame Tussaud. The second is that distinguished lady's answer.

"Dearest Madam, *The Cellar, May* 11, 1846.

"At the present moment, when Ireland is ringing with my wrongs; when millions of hearts, the property of the finest peasantry of the earth, are beating with sympathy towards their martyr; when, at least, the same number of swords are ready (on being drawn) to flash from their scabbards for my liberation,—it has been suggested to me by, possibly a partial friend, that the figure of Smith O'Brien, the Martyr, would make a most attractive addition to your collection of distinguished characters. I am not particular where you put me, so I get in. You've had O'Connell for some time, and (but quite between ourselves) the people have had enough of him. All Ireland (including myself) look up to me as the sort of Prince of Wales to King Dan. You may therefore (if you are over-crowded) turn him out, to make room for me.

"Yours, dearest Madam, with every feeling of respect,
"Smith O'Brien."

"P.S.—I shall be happy to give you the earliest day for sitting; and that the thing may be more complete, propose to present you with the identical suit of clothes worn by me when taken to the Cellar."

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"Sir, *Baker Street, Portman Square, May* 11.

"Permit me to thank you for your very polite offer; but as I contemplate the immediate addition of Tom Thumb to my Collection, I fear I shall be too much crowded to give you even a corner. Besides, martyrs are, at the best, heavy subjects. I don't think people would lay out sixpence upon 'em. O'Connell has done pretty well for me, but I should hardly like to risk an O'Brien;—in the like way that people who are very fond of mushrooms, are most particular to avoid toadstools.

"I remain your obedient Servant, M. Tussaud."

"P.S.—I know a man who travels with a van of wax-work. Perhaps he may accept your offer. Shall I send him to the Cellar?"

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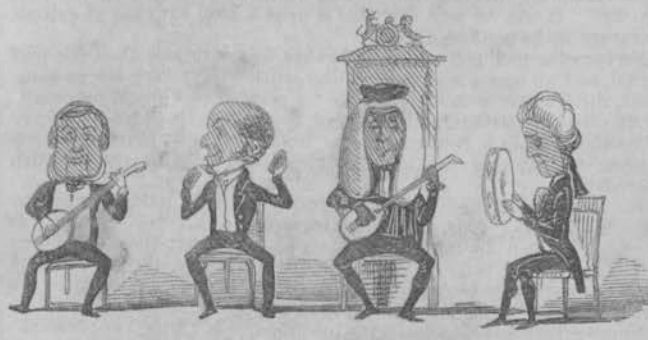
Westminster Bridge is in as dangerous a state as ever. Mr. Batty says, the most difficult feat his horses have to accomplish is crossing the mountainous paving that runs over the Thames, from his Circus to the Houses of Parliament. The Alps, he declares, are nothing to it.

## THE POLITICAL SERENADERS.



As matters seem to be just now rather flat in the political world, we strongly recommend the formation of a party of Political Serenaders, who might prove almost as attractive as the Ethiopians. The old nigger peculiarity of wheeling about and turning about, has been practised so long by politicians, that it has ceased to excite either wonder or interest, and there is nothing now left but quiet melody, of which we have much pleasure in affording two or three specimens.

We will commence with the song of SMITH O'BRIEN, which might very well be sung to the admired air of—

"JIM ALONG JOSEY."

I'M from the House of Commons, you all must know,
Where to a Railway Committee I refused to go.
At the Saxons I did defiance fling,
And turn'd a deaf ear when I heard them sing,
Hey, come along, come along SMITHEY.
Hey, come along, come along SMITH.

Once old O'CONNELL was all de go,
Till he found him rival in BRIEN—SMITH O;
Now poor old SMITH dey have put him to bed,
With the top of a cellar over him head;
Oh, Jim along, Jim along SMITHEY,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along SMITH.

That I should be a martyr, I expected soon,
But I find dey only tink me a kind of pantaloon:
I thought they 'd call me a fine old feller,
But they 've shov'd me down in de nasty cellar.
Hey, Jim along, Jim along SMITHEY,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along SMITH.

Oh! I 'm de bold O'BRIEN, dat don't mind my troubles,
Because I know they 'll burst very soon, like bubbles;
But when one 's ambitious, 'tis hard you know,
To be compar'd to "the donkey what wouldn't go."
Hey, Jim along, Jim along SMITHEY,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along SMITH.

AS MR. DILLON BROWNE seems disposed to follow SMITH O'BRIEN'S example, the latter, in his capacity of a Political Serenader, might address to the former the following melody to the air of—

"LUCY LONG."

Again I come before you
To sing a little song,
Of one who in the cellar
Will join me p'rhaps ere long.
So take your time, my DILLON,
My DILLON, soon be down,
To join me in my cellar—
My DILLON, DILLON BROWNE.

My DILLON BROWNE is captious,
Although he is not strong;
He is so very saucy,
I 'm sure he can't be long.
So take your time, my DILLON, &c.

His head it is so empty,
His brains are soft as cotton;
His learning pass'd from ear to ear,
And now is all forgotten.
So take your time, my DILLON, &c.

For every information
He feels the utmost scorn,
As blessed in his ignorance
As is the babe unborn.
So take your time, my DILLON, &c.

And when he 's on Committee,
Each step he 's forced to mark;
At every step he 's sure to stick,
Because he 's in the dark.
So take your time, my DILLON, &c.

They 've asked him to a Railway,
They asked him t'other day;
He said he 'd come, but thought they 'd better
Get him to stop away.

So take your time, old fellow,
Stick to it, right or wrong,
And you 'll be in the cellar
With me, my boy, ere long.

We will conclude our selection of Political Serenades with one written to be sung by a sort of agricultural Ethiopian, formerly attached to, but now jilted by, the PREMIER. The situation at once suggests the delicious air of—

"LUCY NEAL."

Come all you members, old and young, and listen to my song,
I 'll tell you of a sad affair, I won't detain you long.
When I did vote 'gainst sugar bills, to make old RUSSELL wheel,
I did it for the sake of one, whose name is ROBERT PEEL.
Oh! clever ROBERT PEEL—so sharp was ROBERT PEEL;
Oh! when I had him at my side, how happy I did feel!

His conduct seem'd quite handsome, his conduct seem'd quite fair;
If you could see him as he was, I 'm sure you now would stare.
I had a rival in my love—the Anti-Corn-Law League:
I little thought to fight with him would cause me such fatigue.
Oh! clever ROBERT PEEL—faithless ROBERT PEEL;
As long as you were on my side, how happy did I feel!

I courted fickle ROBERT; he sought companions new;
And, oh! you won't believe that such a thing he 'd do.
But to the League he went, because it made a rout,
And quickly in its favour he turned quite round about.
Oh! naughty PEEL—too bad of ROBERT PEEL;
If I could have him on my side, how happy I should feel!

Soon ROBERT swore his innocence, and I believed all true;
And I forgave his fault once more, as I 'd forgiven two.
I hope you 'll not make fun of us for having had some strife,
Because I 've been accustomed to be his slave for life.
Oh! ROBERT PEEL—clever ROBERT PEEL;
'Tis only when I 'm on your side that happy I can feel.

## Schooling the Army.

OUR gallant troops, at the bidding of their country, are about to invade a new territory, that of Learning, although Learning and the British Army may, in one sense of the word, be said to be old foes. Having conquered nearly everybody and everything they have hitherto encountered, let us hope they will master the difficulties of grammar. They never yet yielded to numbers; may they vanquish arithmetic! We have a word or two to offer on some important changes which the education of the Army will involve. First, what with orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, also ciphering and geography, a new set of exercises will be added to the military drill. This will necessitate additional words of command; as, Carry satchels, Shoulder slates, and Present copy-books; and regiments will be ordered to extract as well as form squares, and not only to fall into lines, but to rule them.

Who knows but that this system, ultimately, may produce a scholastic mode of warfare, wherein positions will be stormed, and points carried, by demonstrations and syllogisms, instead of ball and bayonet, and that artillery will be superseded by the canons of logic? We hope, however, that the scholastic discipline will not include flogging, which we shall gladly behold abolished altogether in the New School of the Army.

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Morning Post* contains the following amongst its fashionable intelligence:—

"We are informed that MOHUN LAL entertained a distinguished party at dinner on Wednesday evening, on which occasion his table was covered with the various splendid dishes of a Cashmerian dinner—viz., shabdeg, doofaza, navangpoulow, montunjune, &c., &c.

The above paragraph contains one fault—it forgets to inform us what the above delicacies are. If they are only half as difficult to eat as they are to pronounce, we pity the poor guests who were invited. Fancy asking a lady if she would have a little "doofaza!" or saying to the host, "LAL! a glass of shabdeg!" By the bye, we hardly understand what is meant by a "Cashmerian dinner." The only notion we have of a Cashmerian dinner, is a picnic, when the dimity has been left behind, and the ladies are obliging enough to lay down their shawls to make an *impromptu* table-cloth for the dinner.

## FAMILIARITY.

**"Now then, Thomas, tell your Old Man to pull on a peg, and let me get up to my Pawnbroker's!"**

### STEAM STATUES.

If the works of art in the Metropolis are to keep pace with the times, it will be necessary to supply equestrian statues with locomotives instead of horses, which, in a few years, must become obsolete and

ridiculous. We have, therefore, to propose the above design for a statue to ourselves, in which we are represented riding to posterity on the back of a steam-engine.

### DREADFUL GALE.

There was a dreadful gale in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, when Reid blew a strong north-easterly wind. We regret to say that two or three of the small craft had their top rigging blown away; and a number of papers and several pair of gloves were lost on the occasion. The wig of one gallant commander, after being violently tossed about by the contending currents, was torn to pieces, and went down to the bottom. It was cast ashore the following morning, a fearful wreck. The cruising in the channel of the house was very difficult, and very few members ventured from their moorings. Pilots who had weathered the storm for years, quite shook before the violence of the wind. Not an order could be heard for the roaring of the storm, and Sir Robert Peel's voice was quite drowned in the hurricane. The damage, it is estimated, is very great. These gales, it seems, are very prevalent in the House. Whenever a storm is brewing, it is not unusual to hear a hardy weather-beaten old member say, "Hallo! messmates, it will blow great Reids to-night!"

### A New Dance.

The extraordinary capers recently cut by Mr. Smith O'Brien, terminating with a grand *pas* leading directly to the cellar of the House of Commons, have suggested a new dance, to be called—Smith O'Brien's Cellar-ius.

### EFFECT OF GRIEF.

We regret to state that Mr. Hawes's hat, which, it will be recollected, was compelled, about a month ago, to listen, all alone, to the arguments of the Protectionists, has been so depressed ever since, that its crown has turned completely grey.

Left-Handed Compliment.—A Repeal paper, speaking of O'Connell, says, "He 's the very man for Ireland's money."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 16, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAPTER XII.—ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS.

"DEAR MR. SNOB," an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself SNOBLING, "ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorized to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?"

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if MISS SMITH had come with a license to marry JONES, the parson in question, not seeing old SMITH present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of SMITH Senior. He very likely thinks it his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their Papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the DUKE OF CŒURDELION was MR. WHATDYECALLUM'S most intimate friend, and has often said to him, "WHATDYECALLUM, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off RATTAN in a hackcab to fetch me."

In either of which cases, you see, dear SNOBLING, that though the parson would not have been authorized, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But, consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would *not* do in SMITH'S; if he has no more acquaintance with the CŒURDELION family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of SAXE-COBURG GOTHA,—*then*, I confess, my dear SNOBLING, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what SIR GEORGE TUFTO would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty?

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too; and what is worldliness but Snobbishness? When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD CHARLES JAMES administered the rite of confirmation to *a party of the juvenile nobility* at the Chapel Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical ALMACK'S, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar;—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular*; and that Snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentlemen, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Heralds' College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of EVE and ADAM, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets, and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops, who read this publication, to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, "We *won't* confirm or christen LORD TOMNODDY, or SIR CARNABY JENKS, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;" the which declaration, if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, asked his Lordship in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there even in this most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to Heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the BEGUM SUMROO, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,—so that there should be no mistake,—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly Snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as QUEEN QUASHYBOO, who sews a pair of epaulettes on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my peerage, which I love and honour, (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals, that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration) if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, TOM SNIFFLE first went into the country as Curate for MR. FUDDLESTONE, (SIR HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE'S brother,) who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hard-working, and excellent creature, than TOM. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid sermons. When LORD BRANDYBALL'S family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, SNIFFLE was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say Grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in LADY FANNY TOFFY'S lap.

What was the consequence of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether, and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball; where he revelled in the maddest passion for LADY FANNY. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lackered boots, and perfumery; he bought a blood-horse from BOB TOFFY; was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts,—actually at cover; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera; and afterwards riding by LADY FANNY'S side in Rotten Row. He *double-barrelled* his name, (as many poor Snobs do) and instead of T. SNIFFLE, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as REV. T. D'ARCY SNIFFLE, Burlington Hotel.

The end of all this may be imagined: when the EARL OF BRANDYBALL was made acquainted with the Curate's love for LADY FANNY, he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, LORD ALICOMPAYNE), and uttered that remarkable speech to SNIFFLE, which disposed of the claims of the latter:—"If I didn't respect the Church, Sir," his Lordship said, "by JOVE, I'd kick you down stairs:" his Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid, and LADY FANNY, as we all know, married GENERAL PODAGER.

As for poor TOM, he was over head and ears in debt, as well as in love: his creditors came down upon him. MR. HEMP, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places; sometimes doing duty; sometimes "coaching" a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of a LORD BRANDYBALL, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin

with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter, (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from LORD B. for him) : he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better ? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read STANLEY'S "Life of DOCTOR ARNOLD."

"LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM."

## NICHOLAS'S WIFE IN ITALY.

TAKE heart, poor milliner girls ! and, though poorly paid, and sadly overworked, thank Heaven you are not the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. Though you are fagged, you are not dehumanized by adulation—you are not flattered into insanity—you are not made one fester of human pride by the abasement and adoration of millions. The hearts in your bosoms are not petrified by imperial blood ; they may yet bound with kindly impulses ; they may yet thrill with a sympathy that the wife of NICHOLAS—poor victim of state !—can never know. Late accounts from Italy present a sad picture of the unfortunate woman. It appears that she is very sick—but not nearly so sick as arrogant. Could pride have killed her, she would have died long ago—every one of her nine lives been rendered up.

It seems that the KING OF NAPLES has beggared himself for a year or two, to do the handsome thing for his Russian guest ; and she did little other than turn the poor man out of his own house.

"On the first day of her arrival, the Empress sent her chamberlain to invite the KING and QUEEN OF NAPLES to dine with her in his own dining-room, which meant—'to-morrow I shall dine alone.' The poor KING OF NAPLES understood it immediately, and was in great trouble to know where he should dine with his family, or receive his court."

And these are the folks who—according to the tribe of JENKINS—are the patent manner-mongers for the rest of mankind !

At Florence, she refused to take the arm of her host, the Grand Duke, and took that of the Russian Admiral. It is said that in one of her letters to the Emperor, she wrote—

"Since our marriage I have never asked you a favour, but now I have a request to make, which I hope you will not refuse, since it is of consequence to my health, and probably my life may depend upon it—*make me a present of Sicily* ;"—

—with Etna to boil the royal tea-kettle ! What a pity that the Emperor could not, by a ukase, give her the man in the moon as a little flunkey ! Still, we have some compassion for the Empress. She is the wife of NICHOLAS, and that may account for much. Nevertheless, milliners, *Punch* says, again and again—Thank Heaven you are not the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. Surely, it is better to feel want and oppression, than to be educated out of the feeling of all human sympathy.

## A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

(DEDICATED TO FATHER MATHEW.)

*To be adapted and sung to the tune of "Hunting the Hare," with accompaniments by the drum and Pandean pipes.*

Toss your tipple off, roystering jolly boys,
Fill the tumbler, and empty the go ;
Ne'er the consequence heed of your folly, boys—
Beggary, ruin, diseases and wo,
Delirium tremens, and Gout, and Dyspepsia,
Febris and Icterus, Phthisis, Decline,
Marasmus and Megrims, confirmed Epilepsia,—
But pass round the bottle and drink up your wine.

Erysipelas, Elephantiasis,
Don't regard, my good fellows, a fig ;
Impetigo, Lichen, Psoriasis,
Though they may lurk in each draught that you swig.
Eczema, Lepra, and all the variety
Of Acne that WILLAN'S *Nosology* shows,
Shall never make us, lads, avoid inebriety,—
Why, what if I do spoil the look of my nose ?

Hæmatemesis, Hydrops, and Tetanus,
Though we shall probably have them some day,
Ne'er let us mind, whilst as yet they but threaten us,—
Let us be merry, and drink whilst we may.
Come Apoplexia, Mania, Paralysis !
Of these and all other complaints we 'll make light ;
And, happy and jovial as kings in their palaces,
Though we suffer to-morrow, get tipsy to-night.

## LIBEL ON HER MAJESTY.

WE have to call the attention of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to a paragraph in the *Berkshire Chronicle*, telling us "that it is in contemplation to close the Royal apartments at the Castle to the *Public altogether*." We have, we hope, a fraternal feeling towards our fellow-labourers of the press ; but really these wicked and malicious attacks on the character of HER MAJESTY do call for signal punishment. We would therefore sentence the writer of the libel to at least a month's exposure on the Terrace, with his offence placarded on his breast, and a copy of the *Berkshire Chronicle*, shaped into a fool's cap, on his wickedly inventive head. On his back should be written—"THE TRAITOR WHO LIBELS HIS QUEEN."

## JENKINS COME AGAIN.

THERE can be no doubt of it. The ghost of JENKINS haunts the *Post* ; and is fast becoming all his former self. Let the reader judge. The ghost says, on the first night of *I Lombardi* :—

"Early as it was, the theatre was filled with the most august, illustrious, and noble votaries, giving the example of *the punctual love of art*. All the Knights of the Garter were present, wearing the blue ribbon, *in compliment* to that *matchless rendezvous of refinement and courtesy*."

Mistaken JENKINS ! The blue ribbon was not worn in compliment to the yellow curtains and lights of the building, but to the genius of VERDI ; yes, in honour of the composer ; in the same way that the nobility on the first night of a new English play always appear in the boxes, wearing stars and garters. In the following, we recognise the magniloquent touch of our old friend. He speaks of GRISI :—

"At one moment she was *literally buried* beneath a shower of bouquets, some of them of most awful dimensions."

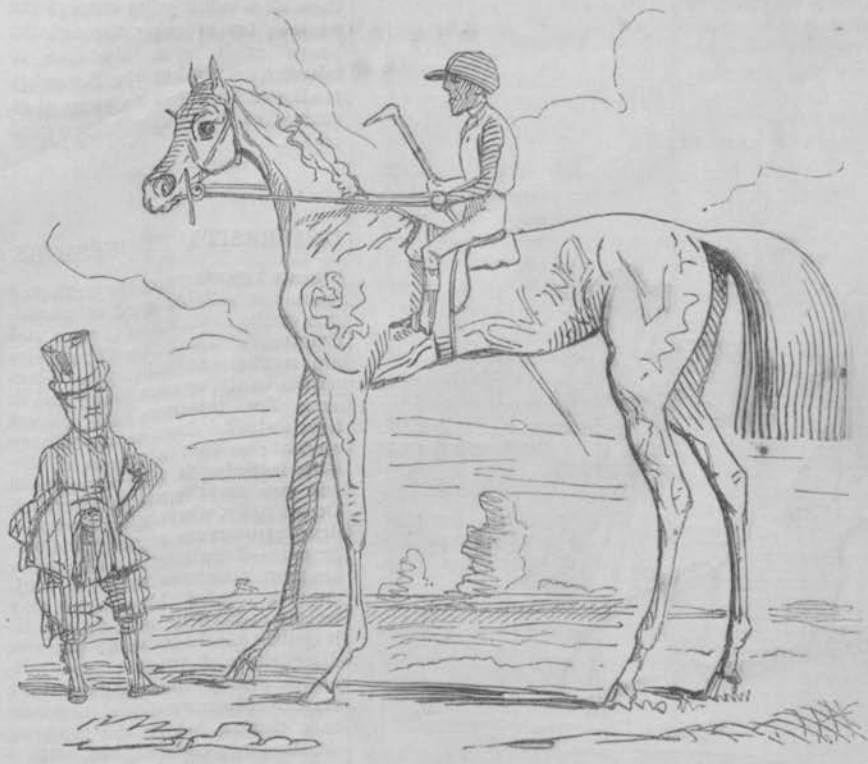
Be not alarmed, reader ; for she was subsequently dug out by two of the stage-keepers, and is, at the moment we write, as well as could be expected.

### "In Omnibus Charitas."

THIS is part of the motto of the London Missionary Society. We earnestly recommend its adoption to MR. SHILLIBEER and other proprietors. It should be written under the notice of "licensed to carry twelve inside," and would preach a touching forbearance to all parties when the cad insists upon packing eighteen in the room of a dozen. "In Omnibus Charitas !" It is very pretty ; pretty as rare ; for when folks go in omnibus, how often do they leave their courtesy—their charitas—towards one another at home !

A COOLER.—DR. REID knows nothing of the science of ventilation, for it is evident he is not even acquainted with the *elements*.

## PUNCH'S PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.



Last year we created a very considerable sensation in the sporting world, by prophesying the name of the Winner of the Derby. It so happened, that in consequence of a conspiracy on the turf, or a piece of orange-peel on the grass, our prediction of last year was not verified. Being determined, on the present occasion, to get upon what is technically called the "right horse," we had serious thoughts of postponing our prophecy until after the race, which would put our accuracy out of the power of the machinations of our enemies. This, however, would lay open our pen to the imputation of "showing the white feather," an accusation under which we could not possibly exist; and we have therefore determined to make a bold prediction, founded on a consultation of several hieroglyphics, and a chart of the stars.

Finding, however, some little difficulty in reading the Book of Nature, in consequence of the multiplicity of the leaves, we have thrown upon our artist the greater part of the responsibility of prophesying the Winner of the Derby, by asking him to draw upon his imagination—that is, a block of wood—the exact portrait of the Winner of the Derby. The above spirited illustration (which has been for some time in the hands of our engraver) is the result; and as we shall not be guilty of the indelicacy of mentioning names, we shall content ourselves with describing some of the main features of the animal whose success for the Derby is the subject of our pictorial prophecy. The victorious brute will display a firmness of fetlock and a height of hoof that are quite unusual, while the arch of the neck, the wink of the eye, the cocking up of the ear, and the wagging of the tail will be conspicuous in the winning animal.

Any person making up a book in accordance with these hints, will be sure of clearing a pretty little property. Any individual disposed to speculate, should take this number of *Punch* to Epsom on the Derby Day, and compare our portrait of the winner very carefully with each of the competing quadrupeds. The one which our picture most resembles is the right brute to bet upon. As it is likely that there will be several prophecies for the Derby between this and the coming off of the race, we have only to say that no prediction is genuine, unless it has the right stamp, and is signed

PUNCH.

## POLITICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

In an article on this subject, in a recent number of *Punch*, we did some injustice to the photographic process by accusing it of hardening the lines and needlessly blackening the character of the human countenance. It is only an act of justice to Mr. Beard to state, that by some understanding with the sun, he has succeeded in causing that luminary to render its fiercest rays as "mild as the moon-beams" in the process of photographic portraiture. Before the art was brought to perfection, the face was ploughed up into furrows and fearfully slashed by the Daguerreotype, while the cheeks presented as many lines as might have been seen traced on a map of projected railways during the recent mania. Mr. Beard has completely changed the complexion of photographic portraits; and whatever amount of lead his sitters may be internally troubled with, none is now visible in their visages.

The great Extinguisher.—We understand that 50,000 additional lamps have been engaged for Vauxhall. We think this expense is rather useless, as Widdicomb is sure to snuff them all out.

## POETICAL FISHMONGERS.

We have lately observed a disposition among Fishmongers to court the muses, and to grace the advertising columns of the papers with poetical effusions in praise of the various members of the finny tribe. We have remarked, however, that the intention is much better than the execution; for the poems are seldom more than four lines long, and are usually sadly deficient in sentiment. To remedy this defect in what may, without offence, be termed the poetry of Billingsgate, we have much pleasure in offering the following specimen of a—

### SONG OF THE FISHMONGER.

How beautiful at early dawn
To seek the river's marge,
And see the oyster, shrimp, and prawn,
Brought inwards by the barge.

But oh, 'tis sweeter far to see
The salmon, plump and round,
Which can be bought to-day of me
At sixteen-pence the pound;

How an inevitable fate
All destiny controls!
Look at that most delicious skate—
Look at those splendid soles;

But yesterday they ranged the deep,
Devoid of thought or care,
While now, the finest in the heap,
Are two-and-six the pair.

### Washhouses for Parliament.

It is, we understand, in contemplation to move for a vote of public money for the establishment of washhouses for the especial use of Members of Parliament; the dirt that some of them throw at each other, during debate, rendering them very filthy indeed. A large supply of yellow soap, with very rough towels, will be constantly on hand for Messrs. Roebuck and Disraeli.

### HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

The Repeal Fund is dropping every week. A new dodge is terribly wanted. Couldn't Mr. Smith O'Brien be shown at a shilling a head?

### Justice to Nero.

A Critic, speaking of Mr. Haydon's wonderful picture, *The Burning of Rome*, says: "If Rome was anything like what Mr. Haydon has painted it, Nero has been shamefully abused for burning it."

### NOBLE SACRIFICE.

John Day, Jun., immediately he heard that "a Minister should be a man of a *stable* mind," sent word to Her Majesty, to say that he was ready to undertake to-morrow, if his country required it, the duties of Prime Minister.

### THE PRISONER OF PARLIAMENT.

Our last advices from the "cellar" inform us that the Martyr is still "*in statu quod*."

### SENSIBLE ERRATUM.

An Irish paper, giving the amount of the Repeal Fund, headed the paragraph "Conciliation Hall."

"NOW THEN, SIR, JUMP UP ON THE ROOF, AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE, SIR; HERE'S T'OTHER BUS A-COMING."

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

INCLOSURE. A term generally applied to the inclosing of commons. The most recent case of an inclosure of any part of the Commons, is the shutting up of MASTER SMITH O'BRIEN in the cellar of the House for being refractory. It is conjectured that the commons of England amount to about eight million acres. These are distinct from the Commons belonging to Parliament, which comprise about five hundred wiseacres, and are called the Collective Wisdom of the country.

INFANTICIDE. One of the most ordinary fruits of the New Poor-law.

INNS OF COURT. Places where students for the bar are compelled to eat a certain number of dinners —a custom which renders the term Inns perfectly appropriate. A traveller in pursuit of the legal profession has only to put up at one of these Inns, and pay the somewhat heavy bill he must incur, and he will be forwarded to the end of his journey.

INSOLVENT. From *in*, not; and *solvere* to dissolve, which form together the word insolvent; namely, a debtor who cannot, or will not liquidate. The worst insolvent is he of whom the most has been recorded to his credit.

INTESTACY. Dying without a will. Some people never have a will of their own until after their death, and have therefore been intestate all their lives; though upon their demise it is otherwise. The song-writer who said,

"My heart's my own, my will is free,"

evidently knew nothing of law; for though his heart might be his own, his will could not be free, as wills are always subject to the probate duty.

JACOBINS. The name of a faction in France, which advocated freedom and committed murder with equal liberality. The happiness of the human race was the great object of these patriots, who attempted to facilitate the felicity of their fellow-creatures, by sending them to "another and a better world," with the utmost rapidity.

JOURNALS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS. The log-book of the vessel of the State, in which it is shown how frequently the Constitution has got upon a rock, and been happily shoved off again, by some political pilot, who has weathered the storm successfully.

JURY. An assembly of twelve honest men, appointed to decide on disputes among their fellow-subjects. As the honest men are liable to be locked up without food or candle, when they cannot agree, it is sometimes customary to toss up or play at odd man, in order to arrive at a verdict. When the jury quarrel among themselves, it is usual to deprive them of coals, which, if given, would only be adding fuel to fire. Juries are of very ancient origin; but, in the present day, they are divided into two kinds—Grand and Petty. In order to prevent the latter from being actuated by petty feelings, they are liable to be challenged by either party. This challenging consists of calling them out of the box, when there is no chance of their giving satisfaction. Juries are empannelled, and challenging them all is called going through the pannel; but as going through the pannel might open the door to injustice, no one but the Sovereign is allowed to object to more than thirty-five, without assigning a good reason.

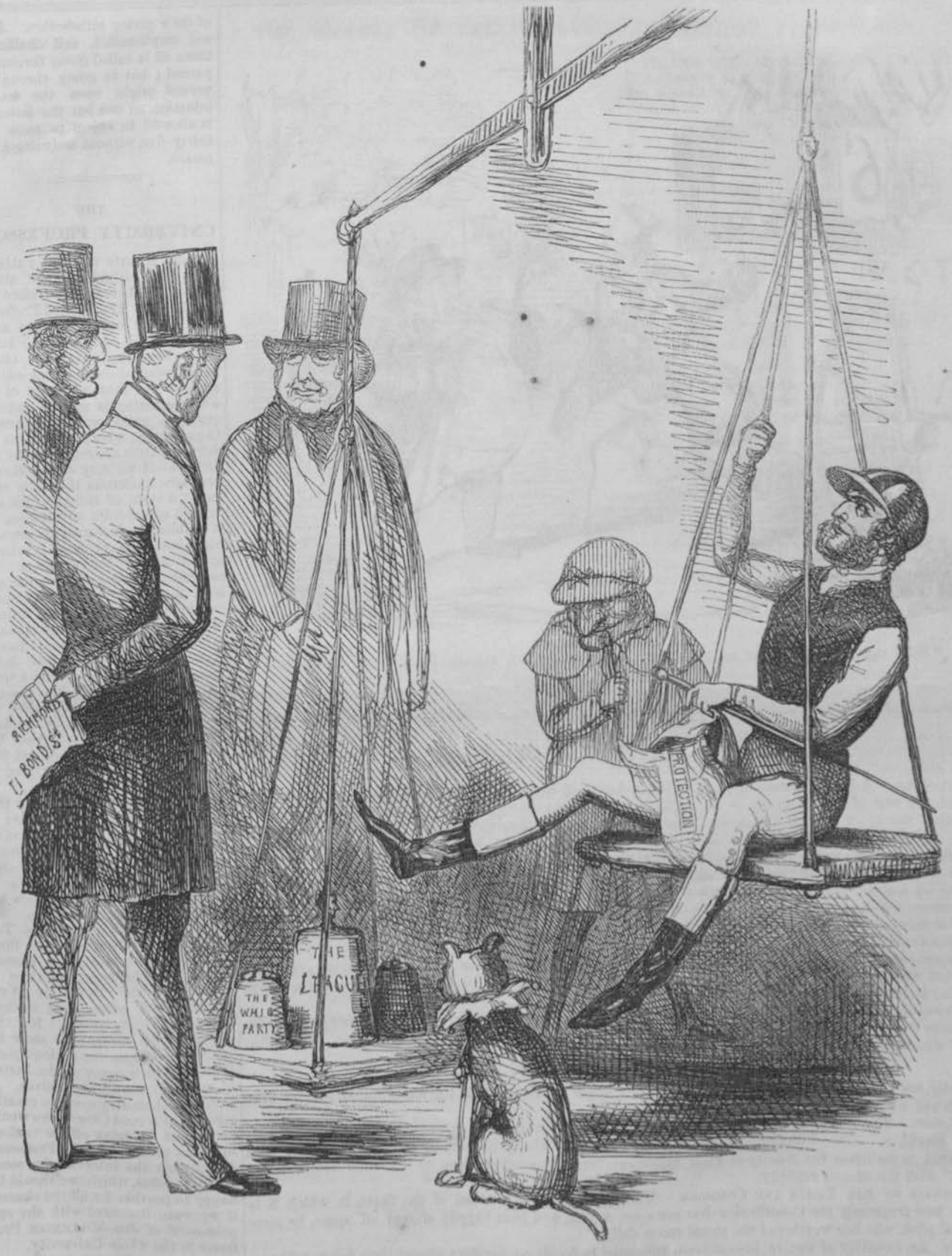
## THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

SOME reports recently published prove the pitiable want of attraction of the Lectures at Oxford and Cambridge. The learned Professors are serving out science to select parties of six, or even four; and in some few instances the classes have dwindled down to one solitary student: so that a species of *tête-à-tête* lecturing is now prevalent in our two great seats of Learning. Occasionally, where attendants and demonstrators are required, the performers—if we may so call them—are more numerous than the audience: a state of things which may be said to have its advantages, for it enables the lecturers to preserve discipline, and prevent insubordination among the students. We remember hearing of a similar case in a theatre, where the company on the stage exceeded the number of the company before the curtain; and some disapprobation having been expressed, the actors, determined not to be hissed by a weak minority, walked into the front of the house, and fairly thrashed the audience. It was held, and perhaps justly, that so small a number had no right to be dissatisfied, and that the lesser ought to be overruled by the greater number.

It is really a pitiable thing that so much learning should have to waste its dryness on the desert air of an unfrequented lecture-room. Some attraction ought immediately to be devised for the purpose of giving the various Professors the benefit of a large attendance. We would propose that GENERAL TOM THUMB should be engaged to illustrate the course of Modern History by his faithful representations of NAPOLEON, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and other great modern characters. PROFESSOR KELLER might also be secured, to show by his *poses plastiques* the various positions in which many of the heroes of antiquity placed themselves. A lecture on chemistry would be greatly relieved by a good Clown, who would not object to drink off the various mixtures prepared by the Professor, and enliven the intervals by some scientific jokes, which we should be happy to provide for all the classes, if we were honoured with the appointment of JOE-MILLERIAN Professor to the whole University.

### IMPROVEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

IMMENSE boards have been put up on each side of Westminster Bridge, to prevent the omnibuses falling into the river.




# WEIGHING FOR THE PREMIERSHIP.

"He (Lord G. Bentinck) thought with Burke, who had said, 'They thought that a man fit to be the Representative of a Great Constituency, should be a man of *Stable Mind*,'" &c. &c.—*Times, May 9th.*

## OPERATIC DEBATES.

UR contemporary, the *Times*, observing the recent tendency of several members of Parliament to introduce songs into their speeches, has suggested "the substitution of operatic for elocutionary performances," by way of enlivening the dull monotony of the debates in the House of Commons. We think the notion an exceedingly happy one, and in order that the public may judge of the effect of the carrying out of the project, we have taken, as a plot, a debate on the Corn Laws, and thrown it into a

### BALLAD OPERA.

*The stage represents the House of Commons, only partially occupied, with Members and Officers. The* SPEAKER *is in the chair, and the curtain rises to the symphony of the following*

CHORUS.

Alas! how sad is the Member's fate!
Another long night of dull debate.
But as long as some one will talking keep,
What matter? The Member can go to sleep.
Then, hurrah for the speeches, heavy as lead;
They're almost as good as a downy bed.
Usher, Usher! in you we confide;
Wake us up in time to divide.
BORTHWICK commences. all is right;
Slumber comes o'er us. Good night, good night!
All's well! Good night!

[*The various Members who have been joining in the chorus, fall off to sleep, and the symphony dies away in the distance. Through the last few bars of it the voice of* BORTHWICK *is heard murmuring the following sentences:—*

Alas! my unhappy country; thou hast lost thy confidence in public men; the principles they have been advocating for thirty years, are scattered to the winds, like the leaves of autumn. Oh! those leaves of autumn, how they rustle around me, like the scattered fragments of broken hopes, which we never can collect again.

BALLAD.

Oh! how the memory of the past
The human spirit grieves,
To see past pledges idly cast
Away like autumn leaves!

In vain the bosom glows with fires
Of patriotic flame;
To see their sons, our English sires
Would blush with honest shame.

The once illustrious British Oak
Is shaken by the gale;
The British Lion is a joke—
He wags in vain his tail.

No word by statesmen spoken now,
The hearer e'er believes;
Broken is every former vow,
Scatter'd like autumn leaves.

*Sir James Graham.* Well, well, 'tis idle now commenting o'er the past. Believe me, MASTER BORTHWICK, there is more courage in acknowledging an error than in sticking to it. I'm an old sailor, look you, MASTER BORTHWICK; a regular tar for all weathers; and it's only by sailing with the wind that we can succeed in weathering the storm.

SONG AND HORNPIPE.

My name's fickle JEM, do you see,
In my cap I don't care for fine feathers;
My pride it is always to be,
The regular tar for all weathers.
If a breeze rises up in the west,
Before it I'm ready to sail,
Because it is certainly best
To go with the strength of the gale.
Sing hey, sing ho,
Blow high, blow low,
I'm the regular tar for all weathers.

*Mr. Miles.* Oh! it's all very well; but the same breeze which blows you into harbour, MASTER JEM, gives a sad blow to the British Oak, under which our Glorious Constitution has been sheltered for many a long century.

*Sir James Graham.* Pooh! MASTER MILES, the British Oak is a mere oaks.

*Mr. Miles.* I hate such heartless ribaldry. It falls upon mine ear like the knell of the Constitution. You may sneer as you will at the British Oak, but I wish you would act like the woodman in the ballad, and spare that tree.

(*He recites, with much emotion, to a sort of recitative accompaniment*)

Woodman, spare that tree,
I honour every bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

[*Members wake up on all sides during the preceding recitative, and at its conclusion burst into the following finale.*

CHORUS.

Those drowsy murmurs, gently gliding
Through the House from right to left,
Now remind us of dividing—
Of patience we are quite bereft.
Then raise, from side to side,
The shout, "Divide, divide!"

CHORUS OF PROTECTIONISTS.

To have our way, 'tis now our turn;
We won't divide—adjourn, adjourn.

RECITATIVE.—THE SPEAKER.

These noisy shouts on wild confusion border:
Say, shall I put the question? Order, order!
The wishes of the House, pray, let me learn.

CHORUS OF FREE-TRADERS.

Let us divide.

CHORUS OF PROTECTIONISTS.

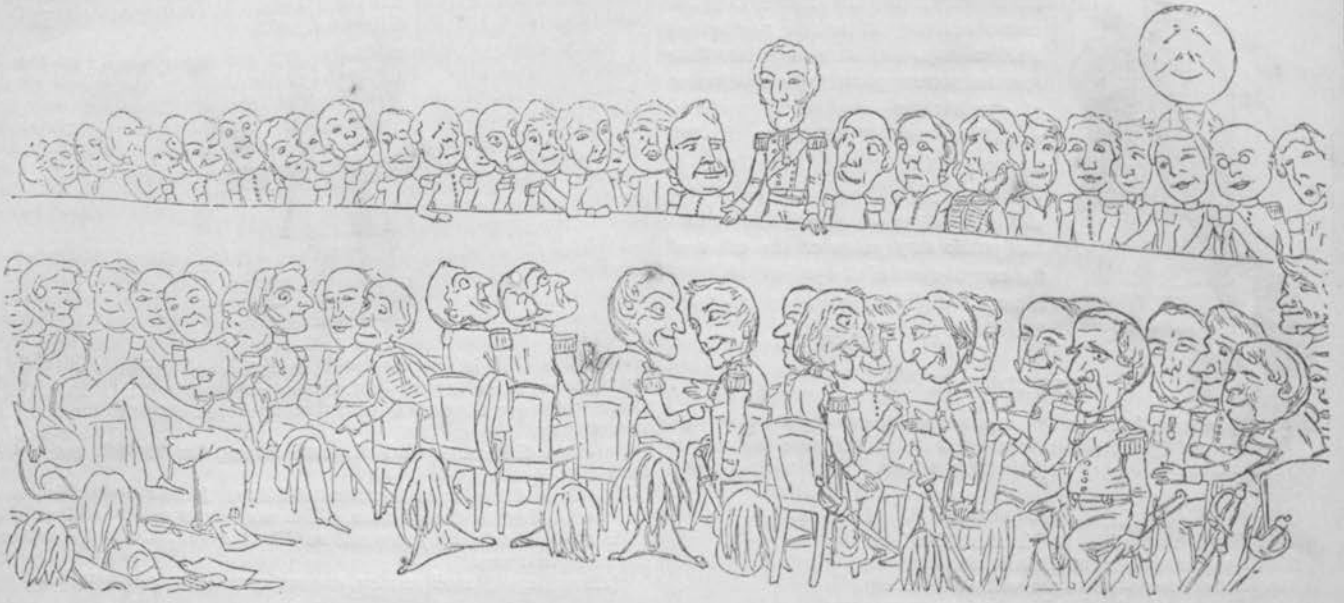
No! no! let us adjourn.

GENERAL CHORUS.

*Free Traders.* Confusion, delusion,
On every side;
'Tis bootless and fruitless—
Divide, divide!
*Protectionists.* While ruin is brewin'
With rage we burn;
Our will now, is still now,
Adjourn! adjourn!

[*In the general confusion the* SPEAKER *intimates, by his gestures, that the Ayes have it, and the House adjourns.*

## A KEY TO THE WATERLOO BANQUET.



As the period for the Waterloo Banquet is soon coming round, our attention is naturally drawn to the painting of that great annual feast, which has recently been exhibited by the light of the celebrated MOON of Threadneedle Street, to the public in general. With his usual felicity, MOON, the *soi-disant* patron of the Fine Arts, has contrived to mix himself up with the Battle of Waterloo, and he will go down to posterity with a napkin in his hand, as a waiter, in the celebrated engraving of the banquet. Whether MOON was really on the field of battle, may be doubtful; but it is not improbable that the scene was visited at night by his celestial prototype, and this is quite sufficient to give the Treadneedle Street luminary a pretext for introducing his own benignant countenance.

In looking at the picture itself we are struck by the ingenuity of the artist, in contriving to turn the faces of all the guests into such positions as will admit of their portraits being fairly exhibited. It is true that the Waterloo Banquet must be one of the most uncomfortable sets out that ever was given, if the guests are compelled to assume the attitudes shown in the picture; but the necessity for showing the likenesses accounts for the odd postures into which the various heroes have been twisted by the artist.

The grouping of the visages is so arranged that one officer is bending back his neck to an extent that would certainly break off his head, if the evolution were really attempted; while another military chieftain has screwed his throat so completely the wrong way, that nothing short of a most elastic condition of the jugular muscles would enable him to accomplish the contortion.

Instead of Waterloo heroes, the veterans, by their difficult achievements in the way of posturising appear to be worthy rivals of the Egyptian Brothers, the Bedouin Stepfathers, or the Macintosh Macedonians. PROFESSOR RISLEY and his Sons are positively stiff and inflexible when compared with the very supple state of the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA and his aide-de-camps, as they appear in the Waterloo Banquet. If this picture really bears a strong resemblance to the original, as we have been led to believe it does, we can only regret the rudeness which causes so many of the Waterloo heroes to turn their backs upon the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, while he is evidently in the act of proposing a toast to the company.

While the "hero of a hundred fights" is upon his legs, it is clear that several of his fellow-heroes are chatting together, without paying the smallest attention to their leader's eloquence. We hope they will have learnt better manners in time for the next celebration of the anniversary of Waterloo.

## THE POST-OFFICE REVOLUTION.

A VIEW OF THE POST-OFFICE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

WE have been on the brink of a fearful revolution. An extensive conspiracy has been discovered among the Post-Office clerks and servants, who had entered into an organised plan to upset the entire arrangement of the Post, and throw the letters into such confusion, as to have precluded all hope of delivery. The letter-carriers were to have deserted all the outposts at a given signal, while the sorters, who have long been out of sorts, were to have thrown the whole of the day's correspondence into such a state as would have enveloped it suddenly in one large envelope of inextricable mystery. There has long been a look of disaffection among some of the honest fellows who have delivered the letters; and the last time we caught a glimpse of our postman, there was a wink of intense meaning in his eye, which there could be no mistaking. An experienced General, who was promoted from the old twopenny in the year 1830, is said to be deeply implicated in this awful conspiracy.

## MERCY IN RUSSIA.

WE are told by an old dramatist, that

> "Mercy's wings,
> Bear round about the world the fame of kings;"

and we are happy to say, that Mercy has just arrived from St. Petersburgh, with the glorious intelligence that NICHOLAS has been attacked by a fit of clemency; for by the new penal code it is decreed,

> "That in all cases where, according to the old legislation, the punishment of the *knout* would be inflicted, the *whip* shall be substituted; and in cases where flogging by the *whip* would have been inflicted by the old code, the *rod* is to be substituted."

From the knout to the whip, and from the whip to the rod, is a great stride. The old spirit of ferocity relaxing, we should not wonder that, if in a century or two, Greenland were substituted for Siberia, and, ultimately, Sicily for Greenland!

### Abd-el-Kader's Best Friend.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD is about to leave Algiers for a-month. He intends taking up his residence at Paris, so that the French may have the earliest intelligence of his victories.

## A VISIT TO THE MARTYR BY THE '82 CLUB.

"Green to the green."

A DEPUTATION of the members of the '82 Club has visited Martyr SMITH O'BRIEN: never was cellar fuller of the very finest Irish spirits. We blush, however, for the levity of some of our contemporaries, who have treated the affecting incident—an incident to be some day frescoed on the walls of an Irish House of Parliament—with a ridicule approaching the heartless. They have sneered at the Martyr as a theatrical *Jupiter Tonans*: for all the world as if his terrible thunder-bolts were of no heavier metal than block-tin. They have (for purposes best known to themselves) published a garbled account of the eloquence that, like SHAKSPEARE'S and JONSON'S wit at the Devil Tavern, has left a spirit in the very walls of the cellar. Being desirous of setting the Martyr right with an impatient and sympathising world, we applied to the heroic sufferer himself, who, with an urbanity second only to his patriotism, has favoured us with the true account of the proceedings. With an inexpressible emotion of pride we subjoin it:—

"Yesterday a deputation of the glorious and invincible '82 Club waited upon the Irish Martyr in his Saxon dungeon. The Martyr was seated on a turned-up kilderkin, immersed in the wrongs of his country. In his right hand he held a toothpick, by means of which he had just inscribed on his dungeon wall—

'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not—
&c., &c., &c., &c.?'

"At his feet lay a pewter-pot, on which he had engraved the monster-meeting on the Hill of Tara. It may be remembered that BARON TRENCK occupied his captive hours in a somewhat similar manner; his cups at the present time bearing a high price in Prussia. Need we hint the belief that the Martyr's pewter-pots will be bought up at any sum by the men of Limerick? However, to the deputation. No sooner did the sample half-dozen find themselves in the cellar, than they all sought to rush into the arms of the Martyr. Alas! his heart, like an omnibus, would hold any number,—but he could only take to his arms one at a time. The deputation felt themselves as much moved as possible in so small a place. Some of them clenched their fists, and, with heaving breasts, and eyes smouldering with latent fire, indignantly surveyed the walls of the cell. They spoke no word; but it was evident that they all internally exclaimed—'What a cell!'

At length one of the six, wiping his eyes and using his handkerchief, proceeded to read the address.—

"'*To William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M.P.*

"'BELOVED MARTYR,—We, the most verdant specimens of the Green Isle, your brethren of the '82, have to address you in feelings of inexpressible delight and sympathy, on seeing you incarcerated in the prison of the Saxon. Oh! is it not a heart-cheering sight to behold you here, the defying victim of a tyrant Legislature? We have contemplated—deeply contemplated—the condition of a REGULUS inside a barrel of spikes. But how poor, how little, how very small-beerish the comparison of a REGULUS in a kilderkin, for the sake of barbarian Rome, to a WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ., M.P., *on* a kilderkin, for dispassionate, enlightened, and all too meek and gentle Ireland! Oh, in thinking of your great descent, and seeing you here in this ignominious cellar—(only that the lustre of your virtues gives a gas-light radiance to its gloom)—the imagination reverts to the picture of the poet, and the tongue is forced to exclaim, whether it will or no,—

'May we not trace the noble dust of WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ., M.P.,
Till we find it stopping a bung-hole?'

"'Your country, sir, feels for your martyrdom, and whilst she weeps over it, glories in it. She feels for your sufferings, your privations, and is resolved to mark her sympathy by abstinence and self-mortification. Until SMITH O'BRIEN is free from the manacle of the Saxon, the '82 Club have registered a vow to drink claret only of an inferior vintage, to eschew venison, confining themselves to penitential haunch of mutton; and, further, if they take soup at all, touchingly and significantly to illustrate their feelings, by entirely abstaining from real turtle, and enjoying only the mock!

"'And think not, illustrious Martyr, your countrywomen are indifferent to your claims. The brightest diamonds in the crown of the Saxon—(if, indeed, they *are* diamonds and not paste, the only real thing in it being the emerald stolen from Ireland)—its brightest diamonds, *or* paste, are dim and worthless as pewter to the tears that have gemmed the eyes of your countrywomen, thinking of your wrongs. But your name, magnanimous martyr, has hymned their infants to sleep,—your name is inscribed not only on the hearts, but on the hearth-stones of the daughters of Erin!

"'Illustrious sufferer—no, perish the word!—rejoicing Martyr, your countrywomen, by us, have a supplication to make. They pray for—a lock of your hair! Whether that lock, divided into threads, will be made to mark their pocket-handkerchiefs—whether, like the Danish raven, it will be worked in a national banner "to flout the sky" against the Saxon—or, a fireside memento, be worked into kettle-holders—it is not for us precipitately to anticipate. Kettle-holders, from their frequent connection with hot water, might possibly be thought the better vehicle.

"'Glorious Martyr!—we congratulate you that you are here. Surveying your dungeon, it is with swelling hearts we feel that you have won it well, and, for the glory of Ireland, may you keep it long!"

"'(Signed)

"'&c., &c.'

"The Martyr then proceeded to read an answer to the address. 'I am proud (he said) of these walls: prouder of them than of the tapestried chambers of kings. (*Great sensation.*) I am resolved to add another to the list of Martyrs for Old Ireland. It is not for me in this place, at this time, to speak of my sufferings. It is not for me to inform you that I am particularly fond of Burgundy; but, out of hatred to the dastardly Saxon, have confined myself to Port! My favourite bit of chicken is the merry-thought. But, I ask it—is this a place for the enjoyment of merry thoughts, when my country is bleeding? No. Here, all I wish to take is wings. I own it; I am madly fond of a fine Havannah. But, in the vault of the Saxon, I scorn to take aught beyond a penny Cuba! (*Another sensation.*) I glory in my privations; but I am too proud to speak of them. Otherwise, I might tell you—and through you tell shuddering Ireland—that I have renounced the common luxury of a boot-jack; and in lieu of that most domestic instrument, every night make use of the rail of a chair! (*Here some of the deputation wept.*)

"'My countrywomen ask a lock of my hair. Had they asked my head they should have had it; for I would gladly lay my head in the lap of my country. (*Here the Martyr, taking up a table-knife, cut off several locks, and delivered them to the deputation.*) O'CONNELL has been called the MOSES of Ireland: be it my humble fame to be called the SAMPSON of Erin. Here, until my country is righted, will I remain: and from this dungeon will I send hair enough to stuff the chairs and sofas of Green Ireland—so that the beauty of her daughters may repose upon the strength of her Martyr.

"'And, brethren, fear not. When the time shall come, the Irish SAMPSON will be more than a match for the Saxon; and, further, fear not, while I live and speak, that, like SAMPSON, I shall ever want a weapon for the annihilation of the Philistines.'

"Here the Martyr's hair was ceremoniously tied up with a bunch of green ribbons, and put in the breast-pocket—'nearest his heart'—of one of the deputation. Mutual embraces again took place, and the deputation withdrew. Whereupon, the Martyr again turned his face to the wall, and with his toothpick proceeded to inscribe—'First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.'"

### Entertainments for next Whitsuntide.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, as long as he is confined in the cellar, intends giving a series of "at homes." His funniest assumption will be that of a Martyr.

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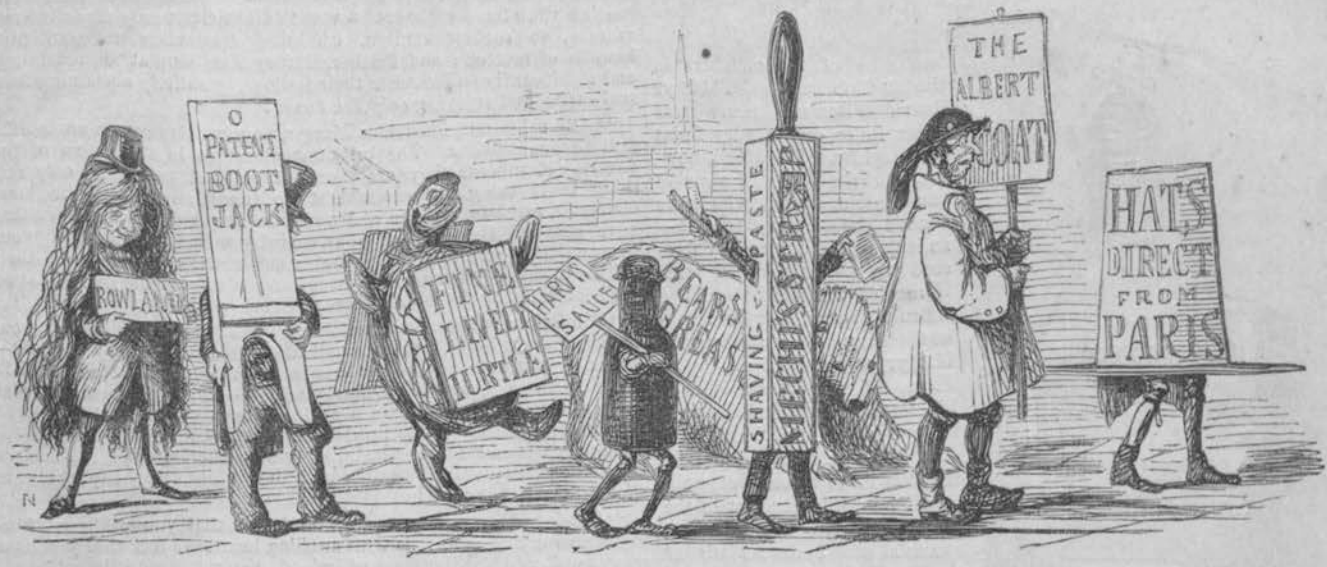
NEWS FOR BONS VIVANTS.—The next Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is fixed for the 10th of September.

## FASHIONS FOR ADVERTISERS.




A PRACTICE has lately sprung up among advertisers, of sending out persons "made up" in such a style as to represent the article it is intended to advertise. We have seen a series of men converted into gigantic hats, and we have observed other contrivances of equal ingenuity. We think, however, the principle might be still further carried out, in a manner that would combine wondrous effect with startling novelty. In advertising a pill, for instance, what could be more striking than a human being rolling along the street in the shape of a tremendous bolus? Or in advertising a boot-jack, could anything be better than to send an individual into the Strand, folded up, or made out into the form of that most useful implement? The "gentleman's real head of hair," might also be placed on castors, with a boy inside the wig, and it could thus perambulate the streets with a certainty of acquiring that notoriety which is the acknowledged object of all advertisements. We saw, a day or two ago, in the Strand, a number of individuals "got up" in the conventional clothing of British tars, with belts round their waists, to save them from drowning, and carrying huge placards, announcing some contrivance that was to be purchased somewhere of somebody. This was all very well, but it struck us that it would have been much more effective if the bearers of the placards had been floating about the Thames, with their bill-boards raised above them to act as sails, while the belts, by keeping their wearers above water, would give ocular demonstration of the value of the principle.

In making this suggestion, we hope to get rid of the monster-vans and other advertising nuisances, which are so very objectionable in the streets of the Metropolis.

## A DOG OF DOGS!

MR. JESSE is a book-maker of an industrious turn. He has made books about trees and natural history—very readable, chatty books, but by no means so deep that the reader may drown himself in them. JESSE, in fact, wields the scissors with a judicious hand—applies the wafer with a delicate finger. His last-made book is called *Anecdotes of Dogs;* a very pretty book, worthy of the proverbial magnificence and taste of his publisher. Now, *Punch* has a deep affection for Dogs; indeed, so large a love for them, that there are a few statues—yea, even royal ones—in London, that *Punch*, could he have his will, would take down; elevating to their pedestals the *vera effigies* of some Dog of great moral beauty,—some Dog of incorruptible fidelity,—some Dog of mingled benevolence and sagacity. We could get all these Dogs from the pages of JESSE: but the Dog of Dogs is JESSE'S Irish Wolf-dog. What a nose has he for the descendants of the Irish Kings! Let the following veracious story, chronicled by the guileless JESSE, attest the loyalty of the Irish bow-wow!—

"A gentleman of an ancient family, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, from his having been engaged in the troubles which agitated Ireland about forty years since, went into a coffee-room at Dublin, during that period, accompanied by a noble wolf-dog, supposed to be one of the last of the breed. There was only one other gentleman in the coffee-room, who, on seeing the dog, went up to him, and began to notice him. The owner, in considerable alarm, begged him to desist, as the dog was fierce, and would never allow a stranger to touch him. The gentleman resumed his seat, when the dog came to him, *showed the greatest pleasure at being noticed, and allowed himself to be fondled.* His owner could not disguise his astonishment. 'You are the only person,' he said, 'whom that dog would ever allow to touch him without showing resentment. May I beg the favour of you to tell me your name?'—mentioning his own at the same time. The stranger announced it (*he was the last of his race, one of the most ancient and noble in Ireland, and descended* FROM ONE OF ITS KINGS). 'I do not wonder,' said the owner of the dog, '*at the homage this animal has paid you. He recognises in you the descendant of one of our most ancient race of gentlemen* to whom this breed of dogs almost exclusively belonged, and the peculiar instinct he possesses has now been shown in a manner *which cannot be mistaken by me*, who am so well acquainted with the ferocity this dog has hitherto shown to all strangers.'"

There, reader, if you can swallow that, you can of course bolt the whole Book of JESSE without wincing. *Punch*, however, must ask one question:—Is the race of Irish wolf-dogs extinct?—and, if not, where can a specimen be obtained? By means of such a treasure, we could immediately settle the long-debated question, whether O'CONNELL is descended from KING BRIAN BOROHME—or SMITH O'BRIEN comes in a right line from KING SOLOMON (it having been proved by Milesian historians that SOLOMON did once visit Tipperary). Indeed, as all the Irish Members claim to come of Irish Kings, such an heraldic antiquarian as the noble wolf-dog above named, would at once settle their pretensions to the blood-royal. "To go to the dogs" would then be received as a phrase of most honourable interpretation. Certainly, if the Irish wolf-dog be the dog that JESSE avouches, we can only say that no Heralds' College "is complete without him."

### Musical Intelligence.

THE *Court Circular* of a few days ago gave a touching instance of the high estimation in which English music is held at the Palace; for it is a pleasing and undoubted fact, that amongst the many pieces executed, there was *one* by an English composer—

*Introduction and Trio,* . "Yes, time will show." (MOUNTAIN SYLPH).—BARNETT.

The good people of Cheltenham have, we understand, voted an address of congratulation to the composer on his extraordinary good luck.

### SOMETHING "NEW UNDER THE SUN."

WE know one recent instance in which MR. BEARD so admirably drew the photographic portrait of a beautiful lady, that—strange as it may appear—her husband absolutely preferred it to the original.

### A SAFE ADJOURNMENT.

MR. BROTHERTON has been rather quiet this session. The Protectionists speaking so much have generally saved him the trouble of adjourning the House.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1846.

## THE RETURN FROM THE DERBY.

*Smith.* "HOLLO! POSTER, AIN'T YOU PRECIOUS DRUNK, RATHER?"
*Post-Boy.* "DRUNK! NOT A BIT OF IT."

## BRIEFLESS ON "BIG WIGS."

WE have received the following very pathetic communication from MR. BRIEFLESS, on the recent judicial decision, by which a "big wig" on the first day of term has been pronounced indispensable to a Queen's Counsel:—

"SIR,—You will no doubt have perused with much interest the case of MARTIN, Q.C., and others, which came on for hearing before the Barons of the Exchequer on the first day of the present term. MARTIN, Q.C., having the fear of the dog-days before his eyes, and though getting a very large income by the sweat of his brow, not wishing to liquidate his substance by too violent perspiration, determined to try the question, whether a little wig would not, on the first day of term, answer the purpose of a big one.

"Having discarded the dreary pile of horsehair usually worn on high-days and holidays, he put on the coachman-like little peruke, which is the type of professional wisdom, and having got several of his friends, who "walk in silk attire" to follow his example, he rushed into the presence of his father (in law), the Chief Baron.

"MARTIN, Q.C., had, however, no sooner begged permission to mention the case of Somebody and Another *v.* Somebody else and some others, than the Chief Baron, catching a glimpse of the diminutive curls of the forensic Caxon, intimated his inability to hear one of HER MAJESTY'S Counsel on the first day of term in such an insignificant head-dress. In vain did MARTIN, Q.C., plead the cause of DOE on the demise of JONES with impassioned eloquence, for the Court was deaf to the sternest claims of justice, urged by one whose head was not encased in a very alp or apennine of wig, so as to give him the appearance of the forensic 'man of the' horse-hair, "mountain.' The scene reminded one of BRUTUS and TITUS at the Forum. The father (in law) was compelled to sacrifice his son (in law) to the dignity and honour of their common profession. The feelings of CHIEF BARON POLLOCK at being compelled to refuse his attention to MARTIN, Q.C., until the assumption of the big wig qualified him for his duty as an advocate, may be easier imagined than described.

"ALDERSON, B., with his customary good feeling, hurried to the rescue of the father (in law) from so painful a position, by taking upon himself to turn a deaf ear to a Q.C. not appearing in a proper amount of wig on the first day of the sittings.

"Now, sir, my reason for addressing you is to inquire what is to become of the hapless junior whose advancement is only to be obtained at the price of two wigs, when one is often more than his professional earnings will enable him to pay for. It is true that Science has put its shoulder to the wheel, or, rather, its head to the wig, for the purpose of reducing the cost of this important appendage to the advocate. You are aware, sir, perhaps, that 'Cheap Forensic Wigs for the Million' are to be had, in an inferior material, for about one pound eight; while the ordinary wig costs, at least, five guineas. Several of my learned brethren patronise the economic wire coiffure, warranted not to turn rusty, and adapted to folding up, with a clean collar, into a small pocket-book, for circuit purposes. I don't use this kind of wig myself, sir, for, after a little wear, the wire is apt to stretch and to snap asunder, thus giving a bristly appearance to the barrister, causing each particular wire to stand on end, like spikes upon the frightful hedgehog.

"But, sir, though I am disposed to do the thing liberally, as far as one wig is concerned, why am I obliged to purchase a second most expensive one, upon my assuming the rank of Queen's Counsel? The coif is costly enough, for five hundred pounds must be paid for that little black patch, which looks as if the wearer had got a knock on the head in a forensic squabble, and had been compelled to resort to a piece of sticking-plaster, to hide and heal the effects of the shindy. The second wig, however, for high-days and holidays, is a burden which we ought not to tolerate.

"The duality of the mind is a thing I have somewhere heard of, but the duality of the wig is a monstrous piece of superfluity. Believe me, sir, I will resist it to the last, and the judges shall find me ready to "come to the scratch," if they are not satisfied to see me in the usual forensic five guinea real head of horsehair. The cheap mohair, so called I presume from its being the hair of the 'moke,' or donkey, and corrupted from moke-hair to mo-hair, I heartily despise; but I had rather run my head into the lion's mouth than appear in Court with a terrific mane, like that of the illustrious animal alluded to. I would rather 'dash my wig' in the face of the Court than submit to such a penalty.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"J. BRIEFLESS."

## Scratches at Nature with a Free Gillott.*

### THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

(*Aquila Repudiatrix*, LINN. *Aigle Coquin*, BUFF.)

THIS unclean bird of the ancients, though classed among the Eagles, seems in its aspect and peculiarities rather to resemble the Vulture tribe. It must not, however, be confounded with the "King Vulture" of BEWICK, as it is a republican bird. It is distinguished from all others by being curiously marked with stripes and stars. Its flight resembles that of the Kite. Its voracity is something tremendous; it preys chiefly on the Oregon racoon, the Texas opossum, and the green snake of California; but it is also extremely fatal to the large species of goose called the Creditor, (*Anser Extraordinarius*, LINN.; *Joli Marin*, BUFF.,) which it decoys into accompanying it to its own haunts by an affectation of honest friendship, apparently finding means to persuade the foolish bird that more ample supplies and thorough security will be found there: the unfortunate goose, thus entrapped, is then at once despatched by its ruthless betrayer.

It is one peculiarity of this Eagle, that he invariably performs the operation of plucking his victim, which he does as neatly as the most accomplished cook. This process has been admirably described by that excellent Natural Historian, the late REV. SYDNEY SMITH, who was an eye-witness of the capture and plucking of several Creditor Geese by the American Eagle, in the manner explained, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Eagle is also partial to the flesh of negroes, which it will seize with evident *gusto*. A singular antipathy is evinced by this bird to that noble animal, the British Lion (*Leo Verus Cæruleus*, LINN.; *Lion Bonhomme*, BUFF.), whom, in spite of his strength and courage, it even contrives occasionally to dislodge from his own hunting-grounds, in Oregon, and elsewhere. This is performed by a number of the Eagles building their unpleasant nests in his neighbourhood, by which the Lion is gradually driven further and further off, till at length he finds himself deprived of the whole of his accustomed haunt, merely by this "masterly inactivity" on the part of his inferior opponent. American naturalists affirm that the Eagle is constantly seen to "*whip* the British Lion," though how this can be performed it seems impossible to explain, and the statement is commonly classed with the majority of American assertions.

A sort of alliance has been remarked to exist between the Eagle and the Gallic Cock (*Gallus tolerabilis bonus*, LINN.; *Coq assez-respectable*, BUFF.), owing, probably, to their sharing in the antipathy to the British animal; but this is a strange and unnatural alliance, for the gallant Cock, with all his faults, is a much more valuable bird.

Many eminent naturalists, who have watched the American species now under discussion, are of opinion that the race is becoming deteriorated, and losing some high distinctions which it undoubtedly possessed; the colours grow dimmer; and it is expected that (if the deterioration continues) the stars which adorn the wing of the bird will be all extinguished: the stripes on the back, however, are likely to be greatly multiplied.

* By the Author of "*Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil.*"

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. XIII.—ON CLERICAL SNOBS.

AMONG the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten; they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge; and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him, and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young JOHN THOMAS, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under DOCTOR BLOCK, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester, under DOCTOR BUZWIG, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connexion with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College DON trembles in his common room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When Railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the Old-World institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement, headed, "TO COLLEGE AND BACK FOR FIVE SHILLINGS." "The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;"—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; NAPOLEON STEPHENSON draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities; and the ecclesiastical big-wigs, who garrison them, must prepare to lay down key and crosier before the iron conqueror.

If you consider, dear reader, what profound Snobbishness the University system produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the "College Youths," you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher; a third lad with a master's gown and hat, walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

He may do it, because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord, the University gives him a degree at the end of two years, which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to College and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizers—*servitors* at Oxford,—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty, and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now, for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like HENRY VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like JAMES I. not only believed himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Govern-

ment regulated the length of a merchant's shoes as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do so sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

*Mr. Nebuchadnezzar.* What is there for Dinner, Waiter?

*Waiter.* Sir, a nice Leg of Pork is just come up.

[Nebuchadnezzar *sits down, and helps himself to pig, crackling, sage and onions and all.*]

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which Reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

### GOOD NEWS FOR THE NATION.

We understand that Dr. Reid has undertaken, by his new system of ventilation, to raise the wind to such an extent as will enable him to pay off the whole of the National Debt in a twelvemonth. The only difficulty is in providing him with the hundred thousand pounds that it will cost to try the experiment.

## PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOLS.

We have in these days Public schools, Private schools, Proprietary schools, Charity schools, Sunday schools, and Ragged schools; but as yet we are unprovided with Schools for Members of Parliament. Even the soldiers are provided with grammars, in which they may learn concord in time of peace; and the policemen are provided with circulating libraries, by means of which they may sympathise with the sorrows of *Susan Hopleys*, and other domestic heroines or victims of unmerited persecution; while the M.P. is left without any means of literary improvement. The avowed mental destitution of Mr. Dillon Browne has drawn general attention to the distressing ignorance of many Members of the House of Commons, for whom it is proposed to open schools where they may be qualified to perform their numerous legislative duties. The following Prospectus will, we believe, very soon be issued:—

### EDUCATION.

In order to extend the blessings of education to a class hitherto steeped in the profoundest ignorance, it has been determined to open a Preparatory school for Members of the House of Commons. Every branch of parliamentary knowledge will be taught at this establishment. The plan of instruction will comprehend the polite arts of saying "yes" or "no," according to the wish of the Minister, as well as some of the higher departments of legislative learning. Ciphering sufficient to enable the student to take part in questions of supply will be included in the usual routine, and the rule-of-three will be taught with a view to elucidating the theory of Government by the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons.

Young Gentlemen intended for Railway Committee-Men will be carefully instructed in the elements of Engineering and the first principles of law, and writing out the standing orders, until they are got by heart, will be a regular portion of the daily exercise.

Bishops, desirous of availing themselves of the school, will be well versed in translation, and members anxious to effect a graceful change of opinion, will be got perfect in the metamorphoses. Those who are anxious to compete for the Ministerial Prizes will have an opportunity of being thoroughly drilled by one who has kept marching with the times, and has acquired the art of wheeling to the right or left with the utmost facility.

N.B. So much a quarter will be charged for extras, including the usual twelve towels and silver spoon; but as many are born with the latter article in the mouth, it will, in their case, lead to no inconvenience.

## SIR PETER LAURIE AT CHALK FARM.

Sir Peter Laurie has added to his tremendous reputation for "putting down." Nearly five years ago he was determined to "put down suicide"—(see *Punch*, vol. i.) He has now put down the Sunday-fair at Chalk Farm—we believe a very great nuisance. At the Marylebone vestry the knight himself modestly trumpetted his triumph. "He rode up last Sunday, and the place was quite quiet, except that one old woman asked *his permission* to sell ginger-beer!" His permission! The knight, however, did not inform the meeting whether he vouchsafed it. We have little doubt, however, that he did so; and as little doubt that the old woman will henceforth exhibit a board, "Licensed by Sir Peter Laurie." Yes: the knight will suffer "ginger to be hot i' the mouth" of Sabbath wayfarers. The bounce and froth of the liquor render it peculiarly worthy of Sir Peter's patronage.

### Early Closing.

The *Sheffield Mercury* says:—

"The master boot and shoe makers of Sheffield have agreed to close their shops every evening at eight o'clock, for the future, all the year round."

And—in the opinion of *Punch*—very excellent boot-closing, too.

## THE LADIES OF POLAND AND LORD DUDLEY STUART.

NICHOLAS has had (and we trust will still have) to contend with the swords of Poland; in the meantime is he punished by her needles. The ladies of Poland have worked a magnificent piece of tapestry for LORD DUDLEY STUART; and, with it, just so many stitches in the sides of NICHOLAS. His Lordship eloquently acknowledged the tribute. No man by greater earnestness of purpose ever merited a like reward. His emotions at the time must have been worth the struggle of a life. He said:—

"I am most anxious to seize this, the only, opportunity afforded me of assuring them of my gratitude (*cheers*). I cannot, because *I dare not*, address my thanks to them directly. My thanks, so addressed, *would be full of danger, and might carry with them tears of sorrow, captivity, and exile.*"

Assuredly NICHOLAS would make war upon the treasonous needles of the ladies of Poland, and Siberia break a few more hearts. "But," said LORD STUART—

"That glorious and irresistible engine, by means of which information is diffused everywhere, penetrating through police and prohibitions, and censorships, as the light of the sun bursts through closed shutters and barred doors—the Press—will enable me, from the midst of this assembly, to tender to the ladies of Poland the assurance of my deep and heartfelt gratitude (*loud cheers*)."

And the engine will carry the news to the pillow of NICHOLAS,—will echo to him the cheers of the meeting,—and every cheer a note of inextinguishable hatred. If in a calculating mood, it may be a no very pleasing task for the EMPEROR to reckon the probable number of women—with hearts loathing him—who worked the piece of tapestry, "measuring in length twenty-nine feet, in breadth nineteen feet;"—tapestry containing the arms of *all* the ancient provinces of Poland—provinces to be won back again! It must, indeed, be a heart of Russian iron not to quail at the thought of the amount of detestation shown in such work; of hatred of the tyrant, and affection for the stranger-champion. Hands widowed by NICHOLAS were employed in that labour; hands of the childless; hands separated by tyranny from captive and exiled dear ones. But—who can doubt it?—the labour of such hands was sweetened by hopeful thoughts; of the coming day of justice; of the assured time, however tardy, that Poland would rise in her strength, and strike down the bear that ravens her. Working with these thoughts, the Polish women awaken our recollection of GRAY's ode of "The Fatal Sisters;" spinning the woof of the future battle:—

"Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,—
*Russia's* wo, and NICH'LAS' bane.

"See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head!"

We heartily congratulate LORD DUDLEY STUART on a testimonial that, worked by such hands, as animated by such motives, may go down to his house the noblest of its heirlooms. That Nature's nobleman, LORD MORPETH, very fitly presided at the ceremony of its presentation.

## OSSIAN ON THE OPERA.

A VOICE of mourning is heard in May Fair; a sound of lamentation in the Square of Belgrave. Grosvenor also is sad. Wherefore, oh May! is thy Fair melancholy? Belgrave, why sorroweth thy Square? Why art thou sad, Grosvenor of many mansions?

There are bills upon the gates of the Temple of Song; there are posters upon the walls of the Theatre of Majesty. What readest thou, passenger of the Haymarket? It is the apology of LUMLEY, Chief of the House of Opera. Lost are the voices of the Ausonian warblers. Green are the trees in Hyde Park, the hawthorn bloometh in the gardens of Kensington. But the blast of winter howleth amid the flowers; chill is the air and nipping cold; and catarrh hath seized upon the throat of melody. Where are thy tuneful strains, ah GRISI, and thine, FORNASARI of the tremulous tone? And thou, too, MARIO the well-attired, where, oh! where is thy *falsetto*? To hear thee in the *Sonnambula* rushed the children of the West; omitted were the airs thou shouldst have sung. Gloom o'erclouded the circles of Distinction; darkness frowned upon the *élite* of *Ton*. Moody in discontent sat the British public; for had not they paid their eight-and-sixpences in vain? And she, the expected, came not—CERITO of the twinkling steps.

Alas for wo, Neapolitan *danseuse!* thou too wast on the list of the sick. Then broke forth the pent-up billows, and there was heard a sound of hissing, even as the voice of many geese. To the air of *Bellini* succeeded the breeze of Rudeness, and thereby were the ears of Refinement shocked. Droop the head, sons of Style; heave the sigh, daughters of Elegance; cry aloud, JENKINS; weep, hero of the *Morning Post;* avert thy face for shame; let the tear bedew thy shoulder-knot. Pipe the eye, people of Fashion; raise the wail, lovers of Music. Desecrated is the dwelling of Courtesy; and the nightingales of Italy have got the pip.

"THE SOLDIER TIRED."

## SONG OF THE GEOLOGICAL LECTURER.

*Intended for the use of Cambridge Professors.*

GEOLOGY 's a noble thing
To teach in Alma Mater,
So straight I will proceed to sing
The earth and all its *strata*.
Of peat and chalk I 've much to say,
Of limestone, sand, and gypsum;
'Twill teach the student made of clay,
*Cognoscere se ipsum*.
Right-tooral-looral-looral-la,
Toodlery-roodlery-rilo!

Granite and rock are hard, I own,
To youths at school or college;
But then there 's nought so good as stone
To form the road to knowledge.
My pupils now I 'll bid adieu,
I 'm not disposed to weary 'em,
And in my next I 'll take a view
Of BUCKLAND's Megatherium.
Right-tooral-looral-looral-la,
Toodlery-roodlery-rilo!

## Literary Intelligence.

WE have heard a rumour that the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, in attendance on MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, is preparing an account of the Martyr's captivity. It is expected that the book will rival in popularity the "Imprisonments of SILVIO PELLICO." The volume will be chiefly occupied with conversations, of which the following is an interesting specimen:—

*Smith O'Brien.* What 's o'clock?

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* A quarter to twelve.

*Smith O'B.* Bless me! No more! What is there for dinner?

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* Anything you like to order.

*Smith O'B.* I say! I 'm getting rather sick of this.

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* So am I, by Jingo! It 's worse for me than for you: I don't get even the credit of Martyrdom.

*Smith O'B.* Pretty credit, indeed! Why, I never was so quizzed in all my life. Besides, I never bargained for being shot down into this blessed cellar, like so much Wall's-end. I thought we should occupy the Tower.

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* Or, perhaps, the quod-rangle.

*Smith O'B.* Come, I say, Sergeant, you've no right to cut your jokes at my expense. Its quite bad enough to be the butt of the newspapers.

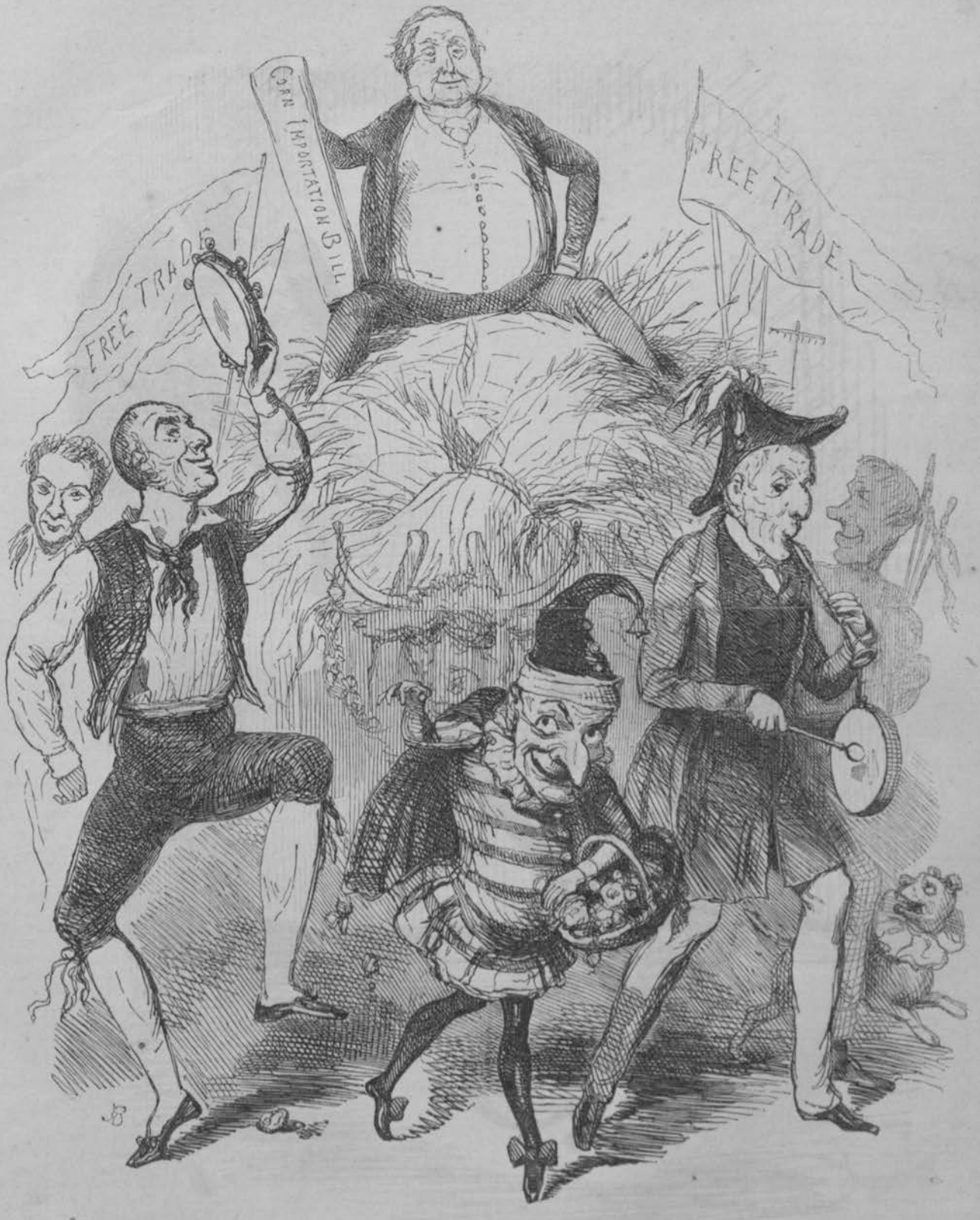
*Sergeant-at-Arms.* Well, if you are a butt, you can't object to my giving you a gentle tap occasionally.

*Smith O'B.* Well, well, lay out the tea-things; let 's bury our animosity in a cup of Twankay. Where 's the hot-water?

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* I' faith, MISTER SMITH O'BRIEN, you are never out of it.

Such is the discourse in which SMITH O'BRIEN and his jailer were frequently occupied. Sometimes an altercation ensued, but it generally ended in reconciliation over the cup which "cheers but not inebriates."

A POLITICAL APPLICATION OF AN OLD FABLE.




CARRYING THE CORN; OR, THE FREE-TRADE HARVEST-HOME.

## THE OPERA ROW.

TUESDAY, the twentieth of May, will ever be a disgraceful day in the calendar of Fashion, in consequence of its having been signalised by an *émeute* at the Opera. The indignation of the audience at that aristocratic establishment was roused by MARIO having incurred the vulgar inconvenience of a cold, which muffled the drum of his ear,—causing him to sing out of tune,—and placed an obstruction in his throat, through which the usually bell-like notes came forth with guttural hoarseness. The subscribers felt that MARIO had no right to catch cold, or that he should have made an arrangement with the malady, by which it might have made its appearance on alternate evenings. They accordingly got up an Opera Row; such as, happily for the character of the patrons of the Surrey and Victoria, can only be got up by an Opera audience. In their indiscriminate rage, they attacked not only those who did not appear, but hissed most vociferously those who were doing their best to prevent disappointment by exerting themselves to the utmost to carry on the performances. Poor PERROT, who was skipping about with all the energy of a roasted chesnut, and the impetuosity of a parched pea, was rewarded by the most ungrateful marks of disapprobation. He rushed forward frantically to the front of the stage, and attempted to tear his hair, when—recollecting he wore a property-wig—a sense of duty to the management stayed his hand, which had already clutched the worsted tresses. He however contented himself with an address, in which he declared emphatically that he had always done his "possible." But his "possible" was not enough, for it is quite clear that the "impossible" is what is looked for by the subscribers to the Opera at the hands of the management.

Such an *émeute* was never before witnessed in any theatre. At Drury Lane, the performers have been allowed to enjoy the privilege of ill health, without the slightest objection on [the part of the public; but at Her Majesty's Theatre, indisposition on the part of a performer is more than the audience can tolerate.

Perhaps there may have been an impression that caprice had something to do with the illness of MARIO. We know that poor MR. LUMLEY has had occasionally to complain of colds caught by one singer on account of an air in the mouth—of another being rather too strong; but as we happened to be present at a recent rehearsal, we can answer for there having been no affectation of illness on the present occasion. The accompanying sketch gives an idea of the scene we witnessed, when a rehearsal was proceeding under circumstances of severe catarrh on the part of all the principal vocalists.

It was fearful to hear the beautiful language of Italy drained as it were through a stocking, and the delicious *Ah! non guinge*, transmogrified into *Ah! lol guilge*, by the cold in the head of the prima-donna.

While we are on the subject of the Opera, we cannot omit to notice the bold and striking *finale* to *I Lombardi*, of which we subjoin a pictorial representation. It comprises a solo by one of the Knights Crusaders, executing what may be called a sweeping passage. The neatness and precision with which it is performed excites general admiration, every evening of the performance of the Opera.

## THE ADMIRALTY COUNTER-BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

THE sailor's two wishes, it is well known, were first—"All the 'bacco in the world;" and secondly, "More 'bacco." And now, were it possible for JACK to have both his wishes, what would they avail him? The Admiralty have set their faces against the weed, unless smoked before 8 P.M. by the galley-fire: very pleasant this, especially in summer time; since the place (as a letter-writer in the *Times* observes) is not capable "of holding one-twentieth part of a crew's smokers; no, not if they were jammed together as tight as the fingers of a fist!" We understand that the sailors are in a great excitement at this attempt to make them so very genteel. An Admiralty order may compel them next to curl their hair, and cultivate it with bear's-grease; to which end, a bear or two (for long voyages) may be added to the ship's company.

DOES LORD ELLENBOROUGH sanction this counter-blast against JACK'S tobacco? If so, he is certainly no less than the modern *Captain Whiffle*, who, according to *Roderick Random*, brought such sweet airs on board the *Thunder*, and who "sank down in a fit" at the scent of the weed. MR. SMOLLETT informs us that:—

"AS MORGAN proceeded in his speech, he continued advancing towards the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried, with great emotion, 'Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated! Fellow, fellow, away with thee! Curse thee, fellow, get thee gone!'"

Assuredly, unless the order be rescinded, *Punch's* artist must have *his* Admiralty *Captain Whiffle* according to the novelist, "fainting on a settee" with a valet-de-chambre plying smelling-bottles, and footmen sprinkling lavender-water.

### The Hermit Sold.

AMONGST the new attractions of Vauxhall, it is intended to give a view of the Martyr's cell. An offer has been made to MR. SMITH O'BRIEN to act the Martyr for ten nights. It is only feared that his engagement will give offence to BARRY, the clown.

## VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN,

*During his solitary Abode in the Cellar of the House of Commons.*

I AM monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the breakfast-time round to the tay,
I see neither Saxon nor brute.
O Solitude ! where 's the atthractions,
That sages have seen in your face ?
Better dwell in the midst of the Saxons,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish the Session alone,
Ne'er cry "hear !" to an illigant speech,—
Sure I start at the sound of my own.
Them beasts, the attindants and waithers,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unaccustomed to Marthyrs,
Their coolness is shocking to me.

Society—blarney—abuse—
Gifts dear to the boys of my name !
O if I had the *wings* of a goose,
It's soon I 'd be out of this same.
I then might enliven my gloom
In the ways of repalers and men,
Might learn from the wisdom of HUME,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of BEN.

Ye Mimbers, that make me your sport,
O convey to this desolate door
A *Times*, with a faithful report
Of the House I shall visit no more.
My frinds, sure they now and then sind
A joke or a laugh after me ?
O tell me I yet have a frind,
Though BENTINCK I'm never to see.

The attindant is gone to his rest,
The Saxon lies down in his lair,—
While I think of the Isle of the West,
And turn up my bed * in despair.
But whisky is still to be had ;
And the whisky—encouraging thought !
As it is not by any means bad,
Half reconciles me to my lot.

## PEEL AND HIS PARTY.

THE ultra-Tories, with the *Post* for their mouthpiece, are loud in their abuse of PEEL ; and yet one would have thought him just the man, both for them and our fashionable contemporary. Who can better figure in the mazes of the political quadrille ?—who execute with more address the graceful and difficult movements, *balancez* to the right and left, hands across, change partners, *chassez, croisez*, down the middle and up again ? With these accomplishments, he ought to be their downright idol ; such recommendations being precisely those of "a nice young man for a small party."

## CAUTION TO PERSONS VISITING EPSOM.

PERSONS wearing moustachios at Epsom on the Derby Day, are hereby cautioned that moustachios being the legitimate mark of a military man, every person appearing in a pair of those appendages will be required to produce his commission, showing the regiment to which he belongs, the rank he holds, and the date of his admission into the army. Shop-boys, lawyers' clerks, and milliners' young men wearing false moustachios for the day, will be expected to produce a certificate of character from their masters and employers. All other persons wearing moustachios will be regarded as suspicious characters, and taken into custody.

### Respectability.

AN account of the suicide of an unhappy woman, unknown, has appeared in the papers. The penny-a-liner profoundly observed: "She had been in a *respectable* condition of life, the appearance of her hands showing she had not been subjected to *hard work*." Thus, hear it, ye labouring base,—"hard work" is not "respectable."

* The Martyr is accommodated with a very neat "folding bed.

## PUNCH'S REVIEW.

*The Works of George Robins :*—(In *Times*, folio).

OUR friend ROBINS is scarcely equal to himself this season. The poetry of his advertisements has not the free, the sledge-hammer swing of former years. We have known more florid eloquence invite the purchase of a metal tea-pot than ROBINS now puts forth for the sale of the two or three Elysiums always on hand. For, as dear TOM HOOD said of ROBINS, he is like unto the Evil One, always "knocking down" somebody's paradise. Take a sample ! ROBINS would sell "the entire Hamlet of Willenhall, in Warwickshire." Now, if it were CHARLES KEAN'S *Hamlet*, he couldn't make a poorer thing of it. He says :—

"The Elizabethan villa is altogether adapted to a gentleman's occupation. It probably might be improved by a finishing stroke from the hand of an *artiste*. There is, besides, one of the farm-houses where the proprietor would be but too happy to take up his quarters occasionally during the sporting season."

This is flat, and small, compared with the sparkling thoughts of other seasons :—

"Longevity prevails on this healthy property, and some time since, this was proved by MR. BLUE (close by,) *retiring into a better world*, at the advanced age of 108."

This, it must be confessed, is a touch worthy of the master. The "*retiring* into a better world," is very nicely, delicately hinted. Had MR. BLUE "retired" to some country-box and not to his coffin, the fashionable movement could not have been more prettily chronicled.

MR. ROBINS begs to ask ("and with earnestness," mind) :—

"If the every-day observation, resounding now from all quarters, that the agricultural community have been more frightened than hurt, is not rendered most manifest by the above unassuming recital of facts ? "

ROBINS is evidently one of SIR ROBERT PEEL'S converts : he now sees the necessity of an alteration of the Corn Laws ; whilst last season he triumphantly quoted the Minister's avowal, that "no alteration was contemplated." But ROBINS, like meaner men, has been converted.

The next lot, gentle reader, is "Seven House Demesne," near Bristol. It is placed on an eminence, and—

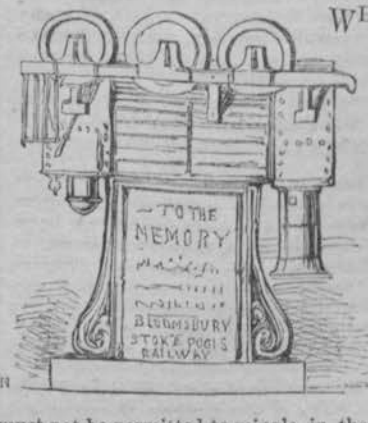
"The luxuriant shrubberies and plantations that encircle it, keep the cold winds at *a most respectable distance.*"

Indefiniteness is one of the elements of high poetry, and here we have it. The improvement of cattle is oddly enough prescribed by DOCTOR ROBINS as a remedy for ennui : black-faced sheep may be made to cure blue-devils ; for there is—

"A snug little farm-house and buildings, giving to the industrious views of the proprietor a very delightful resource to fill up *an occasional idle hour*, beside *leisure in improving the breed of his cattle ;* thus combining the art of driving away ennui (if it should *presume to make its unwelcome appearance*) from this seat of happy contentment."

Had we listened to the mob-eloquence of a cheap Jack—or to the Demosthenic appeals of a mock-auctioneer putting off plated goods on the unwary bumpkin—the effort would not have called for comment. But it is otherwise with the rhapsodies of a ROBINS ; for, though at the first blush they seem especially concocted for the meanest understanding, we must not forget that they are expressly put forth to catch the rich and aristocratic. A profound compliment to the intelligence of high-life !

## A RAILWAY CEMETERY.




WHAT is to be done with all the defunct Railway schemes ? is now the question in many quarters. Considering the number of mourners over the departed projects, is it right that they should be left without a decent burial ? We beg leave to propose a Cemetery on a large scale for the interment of the late much-lamented Railways. Is it consistent with the dignity of so many illustrious branches of the Railway family that they should be left to perish without a monument to their memory? The lines of York and Lancaster, of which so many have been cut off, must not be permitted to mingle in that dust—with which they were unable to come down—unmarked by a single slab of reminiscence. We

are quite sure that a Cemetery devoted to defunct Railway schemes would be visited by many sincere mourners, in the shape of attorneys, engineers, scrip-holders, and provisional committee-men. As to the lawyers, they might write eulogistic inscriptions in a truly parental style of affectionate regret; for the attorneys are, in many instances, the parents of the lines—which were looked upon in many cases, as the medium of consolation and support in old age for the lawyers who brought the schemes into existence. We give our readers a pair of very elegant designs for monuments to be erected in the Railway Cemetery which we have suggested.

## A Degraded Academy.

(*Being a letter from* PETER PERUGINO FLATTS, 110, *Berners Street, to his friend*, MICHAEL ANGELO MCGUILP, 24, *Strada Balbi, Rome.*)

"You remember, dear friend, our last dinner at the Lepra, when you paid the bill, amounting to four paoli and two baiocchi, to GIACOMO, the waiter, on condition that I sent you a critique on the exhibition of the Royal Academy in this wretchedly inartistic city. I proceed to fulfil my promise.

"In two words, *the whole affair is disgusting.* Art! my dear fellow, the artists here don't understand the meaning of the word; so what can be expected of the critics? You know my early Christian *Madonna col Bambino*, which, I remember, you thought equal to GIOTTO, and in which I flattered myself I had caught a smack of the Byzantine inspiration? Well, the miserable ignoramuses here, who are paid so much per line for criticising, (heaven save the mark!) call it flat, wooden, tea-boardy, dead-alive, pseudo-German, everything but what it really is—a grand, severe, and inspired work! This for a sample. To judge by their works, the daubers in England don't seem to be aware of the existence of a school before RAPHAEL. Instead of following the sublime example of Germany, and plunging into the renovating bath of ancient inspiration, they go to Nature! Nature! my dear MICHAEL ANGELO; as if ours was not emphatically an art, and so bound to reject Nature altogether.

"I give you my word, except my own *Madonna col Bambino*, which is packed into a choking little closet (called the Dust-hole), there is only one work with which a man educated to high art can sympathise; another *Madonna col Bambino*, by one DYCE, a fine, hard, and grandly-felt work, in the style of the Umbrian School of the fourteenth century, in which Nature, as they call it, is boldly and entirely departed from. One of two *soi-disant* critics to whom I was introduced had the impudence to take me to a wretched little daub, 'A Mother and Child,' by one LESLIE, and to tell me that was 'his' *Madonna col Bambino.* Don't be misled by the title. It wasn't a Madonna at all, but a commonplace English mother, kissing a nasty little half-naked brat of a bantling—a bit of the commonest life. They might be MRS. P. P. FLATTS and our first-born. If I painted her, it should be as a *St. Cecilia* at least.

"I thought better of English art some years since. It seemed to be following the true track, in the wake of the glorious Germans, and might now have reached the sublime symbolic idealism of the thirteenth century. But it has allowed itself to be turned aside, and is completely ruined by a vicious study of Nature.

"As for the landscapes, instead of the seven brown trees and sweetly regular hills we have so often admired in the beautiful backgrounds of PERUGINO, I find literal things by LEE and CRESWICK, real green woods and lanes and river-sides, such as one may see any day in Sussex and Devonshire. It is enough to drive a classically-minded man to despair.

"In fact, English art is sinking rapidly into the slough of common life in everything. Her painters seem to have no higher aim than to paint what lies before them.

"It seems clear that no prize-holder in the Art-Union will buy my *Madonna col*, &c. Would you advise me to paint out the glory, and turn it into a Countrywoman and Baby?

"Send me your advice, and believe me ever, your brother in art,

"P. P. FLATTS."

"N.B. I have painted out the glory. A friend of mine has got an £80 prize in the A. U."

## DRESS FOR DELINQUENTS.

THE newspapers have lately published the decision of a Court-Martial holden lately at Dublin, on gunner and driver JAMES GRAY, No. 370, of the Royal Artillery, who was arraigned on the following charges:—

"1. For having been drunk on patrolling picquet on or about the evening of the 15th of March, 1846, at Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

"2. For having, at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on or about the evening of the 15th of March, 1846, struck, and afterwards kicked, Company-Sergeant WILLIAM HAWKINS, of the Royal Artillery, his superior officer, when in the execution of his duty."

On both these charges the man was found guilty; whereon the Court Martial adjudged—

"That the prisoner, gunner and driver JAMES GRAY, No. 370, of the Royal Artillery, be transported as a felon for seven years."

Discipline, of course, must be maintained; still, could we procure for this poor fellow a somewhat milder doom than transportation, we should be glad. Had we been his counsel, we should have suggested an expedient to him which might, possibly, have answered that purpose. We would have advised him to appear before his judges in a suit of sable, instead of in his uniform, and in a white cravat in place of his stock, to which, we think, we would have added bands, and perhaps a cassock. An offender looks so differently in a black coat from what he does in a blue or a red one! The cloth makes such a difference to the culprit!

Lately, in several interesting instances, delinquents differing only from JAMES GRAY in respect of the above-mentioned externals, except that some of them were more guilty, and all had less excuse than the Artillery-man, have been merely suspended from their offices for some three months. GRAY might, perhaps, have escaped the punishment of a felon, could he only have claimed the benefit of Clergy.

## THE KNELL OF PROTECTION.

FULL fathom five Protection lies;
On her bones are carols made;
Those are cut that were her ties:
Nothing of her that doth fade
But doth suffer a PEEL-change,
Into Commerce free to range.
Landlords hourly ring her knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.
(*Burden—on the land.*)—Ding-dong, bell.

## "Nosce Teipsum."

IN the course of the debate on the Roman Catholic Pains and Penalties, (which, to the disgrace of Parliament, the dismay of PLUMPTRE, the disgust of the British Lion, and the speedy destruction of the Empire, are about to be abolished,) the BISHOP OF EXETER described the Law as "the *most* unaccountable and contradictory thing with which he had any acquaintance." Has the Bishop, then, no acquaintance with himself? If so, we congratulate him sincerely, despite the musty proverb above quoted.

### RATHER STIFF-NECKED.

THERE is an individual in the Strand who advertises "Cravats for the Prince and the People." Surely this association of Prince and People in the same Cravat is enough to raise His Royal Highness's choler. We can scarcely see how this unity of Cravat is to be attained. It reminds us of the sworn friends who had one heart, one purse, and one hat. The latter circumstance induces the supposition that the friends were CASTOR and POLLUX.

A PESSIMIST JOKE.—MADAME TUSSAUD has sent a card to SMITH O'BRIEN, inscribed:—"Martyrs *wax-inated* on the shortest notice."

## Chapter Extraordinary at Westminster Abbey.

SPECIAL MEETING of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster was convened yesterday morning for the purpose of taking into consideration the alarming decrease in the number of visitors to the Abbey, which has lately occurred, and of devising some means of renewing the popularity of the Exhibition.

A Reverend Dignitary stated it as his opinion, that the falling off was attributable mainly to the superior attraction of a rival establishment in Baker Street: he meant MADAME TUSSAUD'S. Why did not his reverend brethren advertise?

Another prebend concurred with the last speaker. The public taste was most deplorable; they preferred a parcel of trumpery wax-works to the finest productions of the chisel, and by consequence the chisel in Westminster Abbey was much less productive than it used to be. But perhaps it was not generally known that the Abbey price was only sixpence instead of a shilling, and no extra for any "chamber of horrors." Were this fact promulgated, the chisel might cut out the wax-work yet. Advertise, by all means. Suppose they sent a revolving-cart about the streets? They had the authority of MOSES for so doing.

A third member of the Chapter inquired whether they might not add a few costumes to their collection? TUSSAUD had adopted this expedient with success.

To this proposition, however, it was demurred that the speculation involved a risk; for, although the nation found the monuments, it would probably object to provide dresses for them.

A fourth prebend observed, that, at all events, it would not cost much to placard the town with a few posters; "Do, Papa, take me to see Westminster Abbey," would be a capital one; especially as children were not admitted half-price.

A fifth suggested, that at the gratuitous exhibition on Sundays, handbills, setting forth the particulars of the week-day entertainment, should be distributed amongst the crowd.

Some discussion ensued with respect to this suggestion, which, it was agreed, was a capital one, if the public, with its prejudices as to decorum, would stand the adoption of such a plan. The only question was, whether it was safe; and the meeting separated with the resolution that it should stand over for consideration.

## POLICE REVIEW.

THE gentleman who would get a lily out of his garden, and, taking a five-pound brush, commence the operation of painting it, would scarcely be guilty of greater absurdity than we should be if we were to attempt to add to the richness of the following paragraph. It is a little piece of humorous writing with which we will not attempt competition.

"INSPECTION OF THE MANCHESTER BOROUGH POLICE.—The police force of the borough having recently been supplied with new clothing—(no alteration being made in the uniform)—it was arranged that the watch committee should inspect the men when clothed in their *new uniforms*, and Monday last was fixed upon for that purpose. All the force in the four preventive divisions, *A, B, C, and D*, with their superintendents, inspectors, and sub-inspectors, in all about 400 men, were inspected by the watch committee of the council; amongst the members of whom present were MR. ALDERMAN NEILD, the chairman of the committee, MR. ALDERMAN WILLERT, MR. ALDERMAN POTTER, MR. GEORGE NELSON, MR. BROWN, &c. The men looked exceedingly well in their new uniforms, *the make of which was approved*. They were put through a few of the *ordinary manœuvres* of what is termed '*company drill*,' with which the committee expressed themselves much pleased. * * *"

What a rich idea it is, on the part of the Manchester authorities, to review the Police whenever they get a new suit of clothes, and criticise the cut of their habiliments! We thought our London raw-lobstery comprised a considerable amount of dandyism; but it is evident that the Metropolitan police cannot be compared with the Manchester exquisites. We should like to know what are a few of the "ordinary manœuvres that the men were put through on the occasion of their recent drilling? "Present staff!" "Crack skull!" and "Fire bull's-eye!" are doubtless among the words of command in vogue among the police of Manchester.

The Manchester police are, it appears, on the same authority, famous for their "moral influence;" that is precisely their strong point in London. The "moral influence" they exercise over cooks and servants-of-all-work is really marvellous.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

JUSTINIAN. A kind of Roman BLACKSTONE. He was the author of a code, and devoured the law with considerable eagerness; but he digested it all, and his digestion, or digest, is admitted to be excellent. He subsequently brought out a quantity of new laws, which he called Novels—perhaps in the hope of getting people to read them.

KING. The head of a State, and in France a target for regicides. In constitutional monarchies the King is nominally supreme, but really powerless. He has the choice of his ministers; but this is always HOBSON'S choice; for he is obliged to select those who are supported by the Parliament. The King is the fountain of honour, and supplies several pumps, who get their honour laid on direct from the fountain. He can declare war; but he is not worth powder and shot to carry it on, unless he has the consent of Parliament. Though he is obliged to put his name to every bill, in order to give it value, and accepts every one that is laid before him, he is not responsible. It is a maxim that the King can do no wrong, and that he never dies—two important facts, of which CHARLES THE FIRST failed to take the benefit. The King of a free country, like a King in the game of chess, may always be subjected to a check, when he lays himself open to it. Though his course may be eccentric, and he may move in any and every direction, he can only take one step at a time; so that he cannot go far astray, and may be checked immediately.

KNIGHT—KNIGHTHOOD. In the dark ages, the people were liable to find themselves be-knighted against their will; for the King used to summon them to the field as Knights, for the purpose of getting their services. CHARLES THE FIRST used to raise money by making Knights, and exacting a large fee; but an attempt to turn day into night, by making a Knight of one JOHN DAY, caused the greatest dissatisfaction. Knighthood is now conferred at a very cheap rate; but the fall in the price has caused a diminution in its value. When the Sovereigns dined in the City, it was usual to grant the honour to the LORD MAYOR; and the Merry Monarch is reported to have said, that he always on such an occasion liked to make a (k)night of it.

## LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND THE NAVY.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH has been making a speech at the Royal Naval School Festival, in which he declared his predilection for Naval society. He sneered at people serving their country in the study, and came to the conclusion that a man was much better employed when "blazing away" in the field of battle. We understand that his Lordship carries his love of naval habits to such an extent that his dining-room is fitted up like the cabin of a ship; he is waited on by men dressed as tars, and he gives his orders in nautical phraseology. "Shove the marling spike athwart the ribs of that stove," is the form of expression he adopts when he wishes his servant to poke the fire; and "Come, rig my main top," is the style in which he requests the assistance of his valet in the arrangement of his hair for dinner; "clear the decks" means "take away the breakfast things," and when he cuts down some wood on his estate, his Lordship gives instructions that a certain portion of his timbers shall be immediately shivered.

The little experiment of the Bellerophon is repeated every now and then in his own mansion; all the furniture of which is carried out of all the rooms, thrown into the backyard, and replaced with the utmost rapidity. All the bells in his establishment are sometimes set ringing at once, for no purpose but to test the rapidity with which they may be answered. In fact, LORD ELLENBOROUGH is a much better seaman at home than out of doors, where he is sometimes rather at fault for want of experience.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER QUITE ABROAD.

LORD BROUGHAM could not lay the first stone of a new Wing to University College Hospital without having a fling at Oxford and Cambridge. If his Lordship gets a stone into his hand, he must, it seems, have a shy at somebody.

His Lordship has been giving an outrageous puff to the London University, and deprecating the "City vulgarity" of sending youth "to be corrupted at Oxford and Cambridge." Considering that the London University contributes a very large proportion of the police cases that come before the metropolitan Magistrates during the medical session, (as a return of all the knockers wrenched off in the neighbourhood of the New Road between the beginning of October and the end of July would show,) we do not see that the Institution lays peculiar claim to support on the strength of its conventional proprieties. We think, as far as vulgarity goes, the concern in Gower Street may vie with the older establishments on the Cam and Isis.

## FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

R. PUNCH,—IT is with unmitigated disgust that I am compelled every week to read your unhallowed attacks on all that is good and gracious in this free and happy country. I say,—and say it advisedly,—compelled, for I would not read you if I could help it. But, I confess it, there is a horrible fascination about your pages that makes me fly to them. Willy-nilly, they attract me as the loadstone rock attracted tenpenny nails. It is that attraction that now seizes upon my iron pen, and urges me to lift up my feeble voice against your atrocious attempts to destroy the Englishman's idol, the palladium of Britain, the shrine that embodies the 'glory and the grace and the power' of this free and enlightened land; I mean, Sir—Snobbery!

"When, week after week, I witness your ruthless assaults upon the lilies of my native soil, and when neither MR. WILSON CROKER, nor MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM, nor any other champion of the graceful courtesies of life, comes forward to oppose you, I feel that the time has arrived for meek and modest men to cast away their reserve, and fearlessly to bare the manly bosom to the envenomed shaft of ridicule!

"The unfortunate individual who writes your 'Snobs of England,'—I say unfortunate, for though I feel it to be my stern duty to lash him as a criminal, I cannot therefore cease to feel for him as a fellow-creature,—that unfortunate being has laughed his loud and satyr-like laugh, at the 'fashionable movements' gladdening and illumining the daily papers. Poor creature! he little knows that these 'movements' are the very pulses of the social body—the arterial blood of John Bull. When I read that

'GENERAL —— has let his house in —— Square,'—

why then, Sir, 'my heart leaps up' much more briskly than did ever MR. WORDSWORTH'S at any rainbow soever. For, consider it, Sir. As an Englishman, and therefore a worshipper of property, what a delightful feeling it is to think that GENERAL —— has a house in a square; how the knowledge of that delicious fact makes my heart's blood simmer gratefully. And then how my sympathies are touched, my interest excited! My imagination follows the General's lawyer,—goes with him to the lawyer of the incoming tenant,—broods over the parchment lease,—and finally rejoices as the signatures of the contracting parties are affixed, and the legal fact is made manifest that—

'GENERAL —— HAS let his house in —— Square!'

But the benighted person who perpetrates the 'Snobs' knows nothing of these sublimating emotions. I would as soon ask a Greenlander's opinion of Tokay!

"I have long meditated on the subject: and I am convinced that we owe the revolutionary spirit at present abroad to the imperfect manner in which the 'fashionable movements' are chronicled. If they were more detailed; if they entered more fully into the doings and feelings of the illustrious folks, for whose peculiar glorification they are put forth, the people would be led away from the contemplation of the potato-blight, the income-tax, and vulgar subjects discussed in Parliament. Much, I know, is done,—but nevertheless very imperfectly,—to attract popular attention from stupid politics to the walkings and ridings in high-life. Permit me, *Mr. Punch*, to avail myself of your reputation for liberality—a reputation that, as the phrase goes, is become European—to explain myself. I take a few notices from the papers at random:—

'HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE visited her ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT yesterday at Clarence House, St. James's.'

Now this intelligence is delightful—as far as it goes. But why not give the colour of the Duchess's carriage, with the height of the coachman and footman, and the circumference of their calves? It is true, we are possessed with the important fact that the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE visited the DUCHESS OF KENT,—but we are left in the dark as to the particular room in which the Duchess was received; neither are we informed which lady first said, 'Good morning.' Now, these matters, it strikes me, are sad omissions. As it is allowed to be essential to the happiness and quietude of this great country to know of the visit, why should not the full felicity of the nation be insured by more minute information?

"Again:—

'The MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY and LADY ALEXANDRINA VANE have returned to Holderuesse House from Paris.'

"It must be rapturous intelligence to every lover of his country, to know that the Marquis is within a short cab-fare of the House of Lords. But curiosity pants for further food. Did the Marquis, the Marchioness, and the fair ALEXANDRINA, arrive *viâ* Dover or Folkestone? And did the Marquis journey in a hat or a *bonnet de voyage*?

"This is better.—

'The EARL AND COUNTESS OF ARRAN and family, the COUNT AND COUNTESS DE ST. GEORGE, and M. A. ELMORE, *have arrived* at the Ship Hotel, Dover, from Ostend, by the Belgian mail-packet, in 4h. 30m., *against a strong S. W. wind*.'

"Here the public is not half-starved upon the short intelligence of the mere arrival of the Earl and Countess; but its laudable curiosity is in a measure gratified by the knowledge of the identical point of wind that blew against them.

"The following, however, from the same daily source, is small and meagre:—

'COUNT WACHMUSTER embarked at Blackwall yesterday morning, on board the General Steam Navigation Company's steam-ship *Columbine*, for Rotterdam.'

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, as one of an intelligent public, I must protest against this garbled news. Why am I to be tantalized with the mere knowledge that COUNT WACHMUSTER was carried off by a *Columbine*? I want to know his particular berth on board the ship,—with the hour he retired to rest,—which leg he first put into bed, whether right or left,—when he rose in the morning,—at what time he shaved, and with what water, cold or hot?

Nor can any reasonable Briton be satisfied with the mere fact that—

'The DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY is sojourning at Leamington.'

No, Sir: for if it be essential for his country to know the tremendous fact that the Dowager is absolutely, unequivocally, and without any mistake whatever, at Leamington,—it is also vital to the peace of the nation, to be informed of the Dowager's domestic arrangements. The country demands it.

"And now, *Mr. Punch*, although I feel this letter to be very imperfect, and by no means equal to the theme, I trust I have sufficiently indicated in it, what I would have done by the purveyors of fashionable intelligence. Feeling that the true happiness of the people consists in the knowledge of the movements of their betters,—in knowing where they visit, where they tarry, and what opera they witness,—I do think that the perfect bliss of the country can only be realised by telling *everything* connected with such truly national doings.

"I am a father of six children, and it is my boast as a father and a Briton, that I regularly bind the *Morning Post*, and have had all my little ones taught their alphabet out of MR. BURKE'S *Peerage*.

"I remain, Your obedient Servant,

"SLAVERLY FITZTOADY."

"Unless you would have your otherwise agreeable miscellany banished from the houses of the truly patriotic and respectable, you will immediately discharge the person who defiles *Punch* with the 'Snobs of England.'"

## THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

IT is proverbially advantageous to have a friend at Court; and the truth of this adage was exemplified the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which a gentleman found a friend who performed in his behalf one of the most delicate and perhaps dangerous offices of friendship,—that of defending his cause against his own wife. The fact in question is recorded in the report of the case of DALY v. DALY. For the defendant, it was argued that an action of ejectment was an action of trespass, and that no wife could, according to the law of England, be a trespasser against her husband. It is to be wished that the law of England in this respect were in accordance with matter of fact: but this by the way. LORD DENMAN, however, overruled the objection, and, in delivering judgment for the plaintiff, spoke as follows:—

"The objection of identity between the interest of a wife and her husband was technical and artificial, and was, in the present case, effectually met by another consideration of a technical nature; namely, that in the present action, not the husband, but JOHN DOE was the plaintiff."

We never thought to speak a word of praise for JOHN DOE; but we now pronounce him a capital fellow. Let him henceforth be called "the Husband's Friend." Would that MR. JOHN DOE'S sphere of usefulness in that capacity could be extended!

## WAR AND WOMEN.

They have been dining in the East in honour of the late victories. many speeches were of course fired off in glorification of the slaughter. One Major Watt, however, made a somewhat ungallant discovery. He gave "the ladies," and said :—

"The laurel on the soldier's brow, and the ribbon on his breast, were pleasing to the bright and brilliant eyes of beauty, by whom they were first designed as emblems of victory, and for that reason alone, independent of others, these emblems would ever be coveted, and regarded as true and lasting honours."

This is very right and very wrong. There is no doubt that women (foolish darlings that they are!) *do* love glory. That is, they love the epaulets, and the fine clothes, and the beautiful feathers, (they like birds of paradise on the same principle), and the braying trumpets and the beating drums. They do love glory in the full dress of full parade; but we hope they do not love glory *en deshabille*; with a gash or two in his skull—his jaw-bone smashed—his leg or his arm, or both, carried away,—screaming with agony upon the bloody earth. We are sure they do not like glory thus plucked, any more than they would like a plucked peacock.

And now, Major Watt, about the "laurel" and the "ribbon?" Did woman really design them as emblems? Did Venus really cultivate a pot of laurels (as though they were fancy heartsease) for Mars? Did she really design the "ribbon" on his breast, in the same way that a later Salisbury Venus originated the garter? You are a military man, Major Watt; nevertheless, you are wrong—we do not believe you. Woman (poor soul!) may have much to answer for; she may have been the *teterrima causa belli*, but she did not invent the emblems of successful carnage any more than she invented gunpowder and Paixhan shells. Her "bright and brilliant eyes" try rocket practice of a different sort.

And yet, says Major Watt :—

"This was sufficient to show that war and women—beauty and victory—were so closely combined as to preclude the possibility of doing honour to the one without the other."

War and women closely combined! For ourselves, we do not believe it. However, should it be true, it is certainly a truth to be well considered by "those about to marry."

## THE LAW-HARMONICON.

We hope the scheme lately proposed, of instructing young barristers in music, has not been abandoned; for harmony cannot prevail to too great an extent in any profession; and, moreover, if the views of counsel could be further harmonised, we should have less, perhaps, to complain of the law's uncertainty. We have, accordingly, much pleasure in contributing to the promotion of this object, by the suggestion of a new style of instrument, which will be much more suitable than the present piano for accompaniments to forensic airs. Its construction is very simple, consisting merely of an arrangement of keys, by which, on being struck, certain shillings and sixpences are made to impinge on as many sovereigns, appended to vibrating wires, thereby producing a species of music which *will* be most agreeable to the legal ear. The production of cash-notes, in fact, is the great object of all pleadings, to which, when vocalised, the gold-and-silvery sounds of this instrument will be very appropriate.

It will also have the peculiar advantage of enabling the student to practise in the key of Fee, of all others the most delightful to a pleader, and the best accompaniment to the brief; also furnishing the most eligible quavers for legal crotchets, or opinions. The attorney as well as the barrister may perform upon this instrument, since it may readily be made to play the tune of Six-and-Eightpence.

Lastly, it possesses a depth of tone which will accord with the lowest Old Bailey practice, giving it a vast superiority over the common piano, which is by no means base enough for all lawyers.

### Sibthorpe in Despair.

The gallant militia Colonel is at his wits' end, and where that may be, who shall say? However, it is quite clear that no words the indomitable militia-man can utter, have the slightest effect upon the pachydermatous Peel. A night or two since, the laurel-loaded Colonel called the Prime Minister "an instance of apostacy, hypocrisy, and perfidy;" and—we sigh for human nature!—the callous Sir Robert smiled in the Colonel's face. Since the hardest and unseemliest words have failed, we see no other missiles left for the gallant soldier save, perhaps, a stale egg or two, and a few decayed apples. And when the syllables of Billingsgate fail, why not resort to the weapons of the pillory?

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAPTER XIV.—ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

All the men of Saint Boniface will recognise Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnuffenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of St. Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks St. Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President, the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawley would have no objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven, that the President of St. Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at St. Boniface; on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college-tutors; but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language, in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Lama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge. but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, "Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;" or, "Gentlemen, the President prefers that under-graduates should not sit down;" or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation:—"I was a Charity-boy," says he; "see what I am now; the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a

letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented LORD GLENLIVAT, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing HUGBY's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the REV. MR. HUGBY, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to LORD GLENLIVAT's friend, BOB TIZZY, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the College pump-handle; filed ST. BONIFACE's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, &c., &c.; and BOB (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when GLENLIVAT nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

HUGBY cried when GLENLIVAT apologised; if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. "My lord," said he, "in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation." And when his lordship took leave of the University, HUGBY presented him a copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" (HUGBY was once private tutor to the sons of the EARL OF MUFFBOROUGH) which GLENLIVAT presented in return to MR. WILLIAM RAMM, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of MRS. RAMM, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, "The Game Cock and Spurs," near Woodstock, Oxon.

At the beginning of the long vacation, HUGBY comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near Saint James's Square; rides in the Park in the afternoon; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the MARQUIS OF FARINTOSH's evening parties. He is a member of SYDNEY SCRAPER's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

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Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern-doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when

charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'taturs; when SHEENY and MOSES are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven-Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks, that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street,—sometimes, I say, you may see HUGBY coming out of the Church of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the Curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house, over which is inscribed, "HUGBY, HABERDASHER." It is the mother of the REV. F. HUGBY, as proud of her son in his white choker as CORNELIA of her jewels at Rome. That is old HUGBY bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and BETSY HUGBY, the old maid, his daughter,—old HUGBY, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room up stairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the EARL OF MUFFBOROUGH, K.X., Lord Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving from an Almanac of St. Boniface College, Oxon.; and a sticking-plaister portrait of HUGBY when young in a cap and gown. A copy of his Sermons to a Nobleman's Family is on the book-shelf by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the Oxford University Calendar. Old HUGBY knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

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## A MEEK REMONSTRANCE.

*To the Editor of the "Liverpool Journal," in the matter of his "London Correspondent."*

MR. EDITOR,

Some falsehoods may be made as like to truths as toadstools are like to mushrooms. And folks who really believe they have an excellent eye to choose the healthful from the poisonous fungus, have, nevertheless, gathered and cooked the sham mushroom—and all with the best intentions—to the passing inconvenience of the partakers thereof.

Your London Correspondent, MR. EDITOR, has placed me in a like dilemma. He has—I am sure, unwittingly—in his basket of metropolitan gatherings, sent you certain toadstools with his mushrooms. Here is one; a very large toadstool indeed.

"DOUGLAS JERROLD is OFF Punch!"

Now, MR. EDITOR, I can contradict this, on I believe the very best authority—my own. And inasmuch as the erroneous statement has been very generally copied throughout the provincial press, I herewith—though solely in compliance with the wishes of others—formally and flatly deny it:

DOUGLAS JERROLD is *not* off *Punch*.
Has not been off *Punch*.
And will not be off *Punch*.

In truth whereof, I subscribe myself,
MR. EDITOR,
Your obedient, humble Servant,
DOUGLAS JERROLD

*West Lodge, Putney Lower Common.*
*June 1st.*

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### Distance Done Away with.

THE Submarine Telegraph, it is said, will bring England and France much nearer together. We expect shortly that a Railway Director will be able to attend a meeting of his creditors in Basinghall Street, whilst he is enjoying himself at Boulogne, and that a husband will be enabled to correspond with his wife in London without stirring from his hotel at Paris.

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### PRINCE ALBERT IN PERIL.

OUR readers will be greatly pained to learn that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, Field-Marshal, Warden of the Stannaries, &c., &c., &c., may from this time be considered in great danger. LORD BROUGHAM has begun to praise him.

## THE PUFF PICTORIAL.

At the recent exhibitions of pictures, a new style of puffing has come into fashion, in the shape of portraits, so drawn as to embody, not only the individual sitter, but the trade, occupation, or profession he or she is in the habit of following. Thus, we have a portrait of the Rev. Dr. So-and-So, the schoolmaster, with the implements of learning surrounding him, and the name of his establishment, with, perhaps, the terms of tuition in the corner of the canvass, or as a paragraph in the catalogue.

Another style of pictorial puffing is to get an artist, perhaps an R.A., to do a kind of semi-historical picture, in the style exhibited in No. 2 of the above illustrations. It exhibits old Parr in the grand national act of mixing his pills for posterity. The effect of a painting on such a subject is, of course, to draw attention to the pills themselves, and it fixes their paternity at once on old Parr, for it is impossible to doubt the authenticity of a statement supported by a *tableau* in one of the Exhibitions.

"A Portrait of a Lady" becomes a very admirable medium for advertising a balm for the hair, if a great luxuriance of locks is given to the subject, and a bill of the balm is introduced in the painting. Perhaps the lowest style of advertising art is that exhibited in the fourth of these subjects, where we find a hat and pair of boots, introduced for the purpose of puffing Somebody's best Paris velvet, at 12*s.* 6*d.*; or So-and-so's superior blacking.

We have seen so much of this style of advertising in the recent exhibitions, that we intend to put it down; and these remarks will, we hope, serve as a caution to pictorial puffers.

## THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE CORN LAWS.

By accident or design, our contemporaries have shown considerable unfairness in the report of the speech of the Duke of Cambridge. It is no joke when a person, in the distinguished position of His Royal Highness, thinks proper to "pronounce" on a subject of such grave importance as the corn-laws, and we have therefore been at some pains to prevent one syllable being lost of the harangue with which this great Prince condescended to favour the peers on Tuesday. The following may be relied upon by those who are trustingly disposed, as a verbatim copy of the Duke's manifesto.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I mean, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—that is, My Lords,—I think I owe it to my country—no, I don't mean that, for I can say I never owe a shilling to anybody, but it is due to the country—to state the line I shall take—though thank goodness I never had a share in any line in my life—on this important question. (*Hear*). I believe—no, I don't believe, for I never believe anything till I see it before my eyes, and then I can't say what is passing behind my back—that I am the oldest member of this House. No, not the oldest—yes, yes, the oldest member, that is, the father of the House—I don't mean that, but the father of the Peerage. When I started in life—that is, before I started at all—to go to Hanover, I made up my mind—no, not my mind, exactly; but I determined not to vote. Yes. No, no, I didn't determine not to vote—yes I did—not to vote against the Government. (*Hear, hear, from the Government benches*). Nine or ten years ago, when I came to settle—no, not to settle, for I never owed a penny, as I said before—but when I came I went to the noble Duke—no, not you—no, that—yes, you—that one—the Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime—Prime, What d'ye-call-it—no, no, not Prime What-d'ye-call-it—Prime Minister—yes, that's it—Prime Minister. Well, I asked him if I should be right to vote for the Government. The noble Duke, being at the head of the Government, said, yes. Well, a little while before, I had asked the same question—no—not the same question—but the same thing in other words—yes, that is the same—well, well—I asked Earl Grey, who was then the Prime thingamagig—Prime Minister—I asked him whether I did right to vote for the Government? Earl Grey said, yes—no—I have the satisfaction—yes I have—no I havn't—well I had—that is to say, I have the satisfaction of securing the approbation of these two—yes, two—no, three—no, I'm right, these two great characters. Well, gentlemen, I don't come to this dinner—I beg your pardon—this house—I don't come to change my conduct at my time of life. When the honourable baronet proposed this toast—no, no—I beg your pardon, not this toast—this measure, I went to hear his speech. I hoped to be convinced, but I wasn't—yes I was—that is, I was confirmed—no, no, no—I was confirmed when I was fifteen years old—I was convinced the measure was bad—no, no, not the measure—I don't care for the measure—that might pass—it's not that I object to, it's the consequence of the measure I don't like—though the measure's of no consequence. Not that I mean that exactly—but you know what I mean. (*Cheers from the cross benches.*)

His Royal Highness, after having whispered something to the Bishops, concluded by stating that he could not approve of the measure, and as he could not vote in its favour he should not vote at all.

A feeling that his speech not being followed by a vote was much-ado about nothing, became immediately very general, and his Royal Highness sat down, but did not conclude his speech; of which he continued to reiterate detached sentences throughout the remainder of the evening.

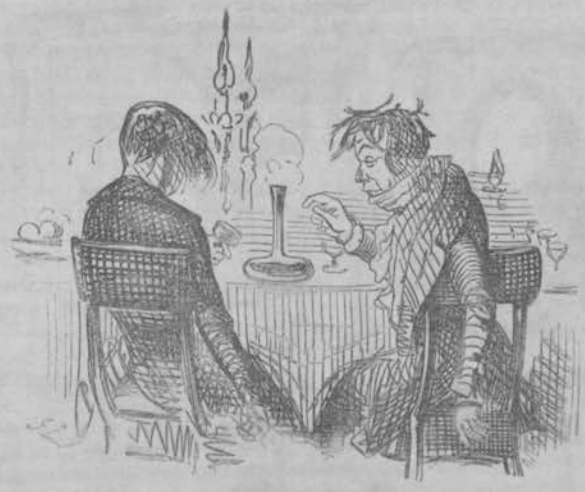
## MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of a number of individuals who were recently taking an active part in the patriotic project of extending railway communication over the empire. Until very recently, members of the various professions were united together for the grand object of carrying trunks through the heart of the kingdom, and bringing branches from North to East; but now the only trunks about which they trouble themselves are their own portmanteaus, with which they are rapidly packing off to the Continent. As to the branches, the Provisional Directors have abandoned them, and are hopping the twig with wondrous celerity.

### Quite another pair of Shoes.

A shopkeeper in Drury Lane informs the public, through the medium of an enormous placard over his door, that he has "20000 pair of shoes for the million." It is evident that nine hundred and eighty thousand of his customers must go without shoes to their feet, for if he supplies the million out of his stock of 20000, Cocker will tell him there must be the deficiency to which we have alluded.

Book-Keeping.—A friend, who has suffered largely by lending books, begs us to state that the reason people never return borrowed books is, that it is so much easier to retain the volumes than what is in them.



"THE BEST OF CLARET IS, THAT YOU MAY DRINK ANY (*hic*) QUANTITY YOU LIKE, WITHOUT FEELING ILL."

## The Library of the British Museum.

WE remember being told by the *Penny Magazine*, when we were in a very green youth, which is a much greener condition than a green old age, that we ought to take particular pride in the British Museum; because, being public property, it belonged to us as much as to anybody. What is everyone's business is no one's business, and what is everyone's property is no one's property; and the result is, that no one looks after it. The fearful mismanagement of the British Museum is thus accounted for.

We must admit that we never contemplated the idea of entering the British Museum and pocketing a few of the prepared beetles, or sending a man for some of the Elgin Marbles, as, if the concern were our own, we should have a proper right to do; but we, in sober reality, think it hard that if we are the rightful owners of a share in the British Museum, so little is done to accommodate us in that establishment.

The Library, to which the public has a perfect right to resort, is so beset with difficulties, that there is scarcely any possibility of enjoying its advantages; the only persons one can get any communication with whatever, are the beadle who stands at the gate, and the underlings who fetch and carry the volumes from the book-shelves. There is a MR. PANIZZI who keeps the printed books, and who seems to be of a facetious turn of mind, which causes him to enjoy as a joke the dilemma in which the frequenters of the Library are placed by the bad arrangement of the establishment.

A printed catalogue has been suggested by the Trustees, and a manuscript copy has accordingly been commenced, but as it promised to be almost as long in hand as the houses of Parliament, MR. PANIZZI has been asked when it is likely to be completed. He coolly, and with an air of bland satisfaction, replies that in 1854 there may be a written list of all the printed books received up to the year 1838, but he begs to say, in addition, that there are no means by which the business can be forwarded.

Gaining no attention to our complaints from the book-carriers, we go to MISTER PANIZZI, who derides us with civil intimations of the hopelessness of our complaints; and we, therefore, naturally turn for consolation to the Trustees of the British Museum. Of these there are forty-eight, and at the head of the list stand the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the LORD CHANCELLOR. Fancy our rushing down to Lambeth Palace to insist on reparation from the primate, for having experienced difficulty in getting a book in the reading-room of the British Museum. Imagine our presenting ourselves in the Court of Chancery, and demanding justice for some wrong we had experienced at the hands of PANIZZI.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, too, as if he, poor man, had not his head full enough of the debates, is a trustee, *ex officio*, of the great national establishment, that can't get a catalogue. It is true SIR JOHN HERSCHEL is a trustee; but he is too much absorbed in the contemplation of the great book of nature to attend to the classification of the millions of volumes that fill our national book-shelves. PANIZZI is, after all, the only accessible person, and PANIZZI sits, simply laughing in his sleeve at the embarrassment he sees the public suffering.

If the regular Museum authorities cannot make a catalogue, we are quite sure that GEORGE ROBINS would lend a hand upon so great an emergency. It may be objected, that the individual alluded to has devoted himself rather to the poetry than to the plain matter-of-fact of his profession. But what of that? HOMER was not above drawing up a catalogue of the ships; and we are convinced that GEORGE ROBINS will not refuse to try his hand upon a catalogue of the printed books in the British Museum.

## SONG.—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

(FOR LORD STANLEY.)

AIR—"*The Literary Dustman.*"

WHEN woman would assistance claim,
'Gainst some one that would hurt her,
The man 's unworthy of the name
Of Briton who 'd desert her.
Now Agriculture, bathed in tears,
And drooping with dejection,
Implores of you, my brother Peers,
Your Lordships' kind protection.

CHORUS.

My Lords, I 'm sure you 'll all confess,
That every British free male
Is bound to succour, in distress,
An unprotected female.

Consider well, I do entreat,
Her critical position,
In fear and dread of being beat
By foreign competition.
Who wouldn't from invasion shield
His native country's beauty?
Then don't, my Lords, the Corn Laws yield,
But stickle for your duty.
My Lords, &c.

Reflect that, noble Lords, with you
This female is connected,
What can you, will you, hope to do
If she is unprotected?
For her, your rates of rental high,
You know full well you owe to;
My Lords, my Lords, if she should die,
Where *do* you think you' ll go to?
My Lords, &c.

Then nail, with a determined stroke,
The mast your colours high on,
And rally round the British oak,
Stir up the British Lion.
Protect the female thus distrest,
On you entirely resting.
What, than your own self-interest,
Can be more interesting?
Then sure, my Lords, you 'll all confess
That every British free male,
Is bound to succour, in distress,
This unprotected female.

## OPERA HOUSE BULLETIN.

SIGNOR CARRARA coughed three times in the course of Saturday, but was well enough to play one of the Discontented Barons in the evening.

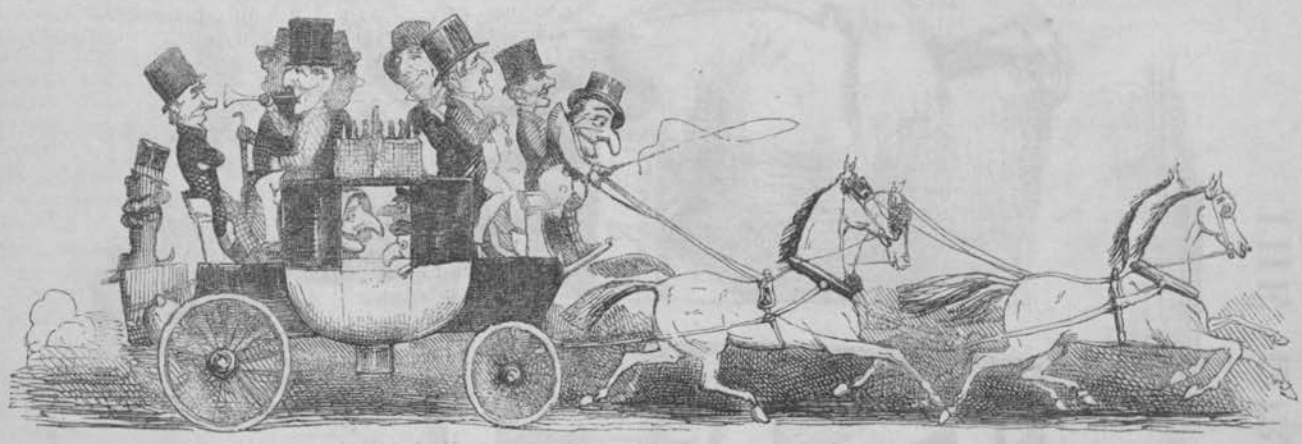
SIGNORA FRANGIPANI had a sneezing fit, which lasted two minutes and six seconds, on Tuesday morning. Fears were entertained whether she would be well enough to sing that evening; but after dinner, the Signora suddenly rallied, and the bills—which LA FRANGIPANI stipulates shall always be kept ready printed—stating that this talented *cantatrici* was dangerously ill were preserved for another occasion.

SIGNOR VERMICELLI, owing to an accident in an omnibus, in which his foot was twice trodden upon, could not dance as the Third Brigand in *Catarina*, on Saturday evening, and SIGNORA CORAZZA was obliged to omit her *pas seul* across the flies, as one of the *Willis* in *La Giselle*, owing to her right shoe pinching her, upon which subject this *danseuse*, who is a pupil of MR. EISENBERG'S, is particularly sensitive.

Intelligence of these facts had been previously sent off to Buckingham Palace, in order to avoid any disappointment on the part of PRINCE ALBERT.

A SLIGHT DISAPPOINTMENT.—Going to the House in the hope SIR ROBERT PEEL will speak, and hearing only LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

## PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE DERBY DAY.



Oh, let me try and recollect, if anyhow I may,
The hurry, scurry, worry, flurry, of the Derby Day.
There 's first the being woke at six, in temper rather surly,
In order to be up and down for all the early burly.
There 's breakfast waiting ; but of course you've got no time to eat it ;
A message says, the carriage waits, and you must run to meet it.
You 're off, and just arrive in time to find your friends debating
What right have you especially, to keep the rest all waiting ?
There 's then a precious piece of work to get you to your places ;
P'rhaps on an iron rail you 're perch'd, to travel to the races.
You 're off at last, when o'er a stone perchance the carriage passes,
To a running accompaniment of wine and broken glasses.
But very soon you all agree 'tis useless to complain ;
So on you go, and lay the dust with sherry and champagne.
To shun the crowd, a quiet road perchance you've made selection of,
Which the two post-boys can't at all find out the right direction of ;
And so they gallop you about, over the self-same ground,
Until you go a circuit where you're never gaining ground.
At length, when for an hour or so you've wander'd quite astray,
You see a line of vehicles which points you out your way.
You join the throng, and get behind some snob who will insist on
Playing all sorts of tunes upon a *Cornet*-call'd a *Piston*.
Your basket of provisions wins you many a vulgar laugh ;
Your horses too are treated with an extra feed of chaff.
You stop awhile to bait them, in the groom's peculiar way,
Rubbing their tender noses with a whisp of moistened hay.
There 's something in a whisp of hay—when wet—that I suppose is
A glorious specific for all equestrian noses.
It may be for a horse's snout a tonic very fine,
I only know I shouldn't like that sort of thing for mine.
Away you go, until you near the horrid turnpike gate,
When you 're compelled to slacken much your ordinary rate.
And every one is bent upon the mad, ambitious prank,
Of getting very far before those of his proper rank.
But now, arrived upon the Downs, I 'll not exhaust my force]
In a description of a sight that 's quite a thing of course.
How one, upon the Derby Day, from Epsom does return,
Is often 'midst the mysteries one can't contrive to learn.
On looking at my coat and boots next day, I felt, I trust,
That *pleasure is but vanity, and man* IS ONLY DUST !

### THE "VEILED" OF EPSOM.

As the summer is setting in, it will by no means surprise us—after what we saw on the Derby day—if Mr. Tyler, to protect the complexion of his rhinoceros, should hang before its countenance a fine Mechlin web of lace ; for some hundred or two individuals in the masculine habit were seen upon the way to and from the course, with veils of blue and green tastefully bound about their hats. Some folks, however, declared that they were not men, but nuns from Bermondsey, out on a frolic ; whilst others averred that the veiled were unfortunate individuals who, fearing to meet their creditors, wore coloured rags to hide their debtor faces.

### Accident on the Derby Day.

The *Umbrella*, which is now performing at the Adelphi, met with an accident on Wednesday last, which might have been attended with serious consequences. It seems that it went to the Derby, but returning home, it was thrown out of its carriage, and had two of its ribs broken, besides being dreadfully bruised about the nozzle, and injured in the head. It was carried immediately to an adjoining Hospital for Umbrellas, in Maiden Lane, to have its ribs reset, and was recovered just in time to make its appearance before an apology had been made for its indisposition.

### TO MILITARY IMPOSTORS.

Found, on the Epsom Race-Course, a pair of moustaches. They are of a dark colour, and turned up at each end. The proprietor can have them by sending his name and address to the *Punch* Office."

### Our Derby Prophecy.

Our Derby Prophecy has been literally fulfilled, and our portrait of the winner has been amply realised. We said that the first horse would be successful, and Pyrrhus the First was clearly indicated in our remarkable prediction.

THE LORDS "GETTING UP" THE CORN BILL.

## THE DERBY EPIDEMIC.

Gentlemen,

Owing to sudden, and very severe indisposition, I regret to say that I shall not be able to attend the Office to-day. I hope, however, that I shall be enabled to resume my duties to-morrow.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours very obediently,
Philip Cox.

## THE BERKSHIRE LIBELLER.

THE *Berkshire Chronicle* complains that we have handed him over to the Attorney-General for a libel on the Queen—

"in stating that the Royal apartments at Windsor were to be closed to the public. Now *Punch* is rather hard upon us in the matter, inasmuch as we never connected HER MAJESTY'S name with the order."

Now this is sneaking and shabby. What was the inference? If the Royal apartments were closed, could it be by any other than HER MAJESTY'S order? Could such a mandate issue from the Windsor housekeeper? Yet now would the Berkshire Arcadian shuffle from the consequences of the libel. This smacks of poltroonery. It would have been handsomer to confess the blunder, and promise better behaviour. The truthful *Chronicle* also observes—

"HER MAJESTY has long since excluded *Punch* from every one of her palaces, but then *Punch* ought not to retaliate, but consider he has really earned expulsion by his merciless quizzing."

If this really be true, we are very sorry for the inmates of the palaces. Poor souls! They must find such dwelling-places dull indeed, and groan for *Punch*—as young ladies sigh for love—in a cottage.

## BROUGHAM WOOL-GATHERING.

LORD CAMPBELL has twitted BROUGHAM for "sitting upon *the corner* of the woolsack." Now, LORD B. and V. does this upon the old homely principle, that half a loaf is better than none. It is something, to be even on the edge of the Chancellorship.

## MARK ANTONY RICHMOND ON THE BODY OF PROTECTION.

"DUKES, Barons, Noblemen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury, not to praise, Protection.
The evil that laws do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with repeal.
So be it with Protection. Good SIR ROBERT
Hath said Protection was iniquitous:
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,
And grievously she now hath answer'd it.
Here, under leave of ROBERT and the rest,
For ROBERT is an honourable man,
(So are they all, all honourable men;)
—Oh, very!—speak I in her funeral.
She was my friend, liberal and kind to me;
But ROBERT says she was iniquitous,
And ROBERT is an honourable man.
She hath kept many tenants on your lands,
Whose rents did your good Lordships' incomes swell:
Did this in her appear iniquitous?
She, whilst the poor have starved, hath made you fat—
Iniquity is of more levelling stuff.
Yet ROBERT says she was iniquitous,
And he 's—oh, yes!—an honourable man.
You all did love her once, not without cause;
What cause withheld you, then, to vote for her?
Oh sharpness, thou art fled to vulgar Snobs,
And Lords have lost their gumption!—Bear with me;
My heart is in my coffers with Protection,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

* * * * * * *

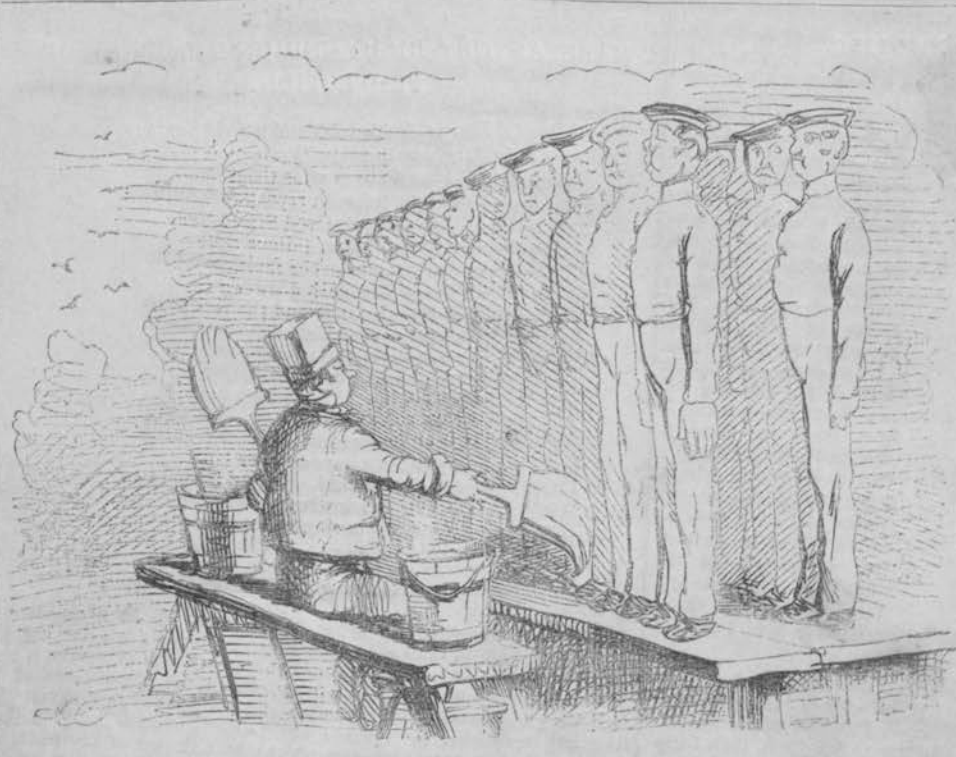
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,—
You all do know this statute: I remember
The first time ever RIPON brought it in,
That time that he was MR. ROBINSON.
Look, in this place ran CORDEN'S weapon through:
See, what a cut the envious VILLIERS made:
Through this the well-beloved ROBERT stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his sliding-scale away,
Mark how Protection's life-blood followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If ROBERT so unkindly knock'd or no,
(For, you know, ROBERT was Protection's angel)
Judge, oh you Lords, how tenderly she lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the fair Protection saw him stab,
Inconstancy, more strong than Leaguer's wiles,
Quite vanquish'd her: then burst her mighty heart;
And in her polka muffling up her face,
Ev'n at the base of CANNING'S statue,
Which all the while ran blood, Protection fell!
Oh! what a do was there, my noblemen!
Then you, and I, and all of us, were done,
Whilst Free-Trade treason flourish'd over us.
Oh! now you weep, and I perceive you see
How the cat jumpeth: these are feeling drops.
Kind Lords, what! weep you when you but behold
Protection's statute riddled? Look you here,
Here is herself, burk'd, as you see, by traitors!

* * * * * * *

Good Lords, sweet Lords, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable,
(Over the left);—their private ends I know not;
I am no actor, as ROBERT is:
But, as you know me all, a dull blunt duke—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. But were I ROBERT PEEL,
And PEEL were RICHMOND, then there were a RICHMOND
Would rub your spirit up, and put a tongue
In each wound of Protection, that should move
The House of Lords to rise and mutiny."

## ANOTHER BAD ONE.

AN old gentleman, who is just beginning to pun, says, "PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, by escaping from Ham, has saved his bacon." The reader is requested to observe that the joke is upon "ham" and "bacon."



AN ECONOMICAL MODE OF PUTTING TROOPS INTO WHITE TROWSERS.

## A WORD ON THE MAY-MEETINGS.

"PUNCH is not popular in Exeter Hall. If he were to present himself upon the platform, as a practical philanthropist, pious ladies would faint, evangelical chairmen break out into unholy passions, and *Punch* would be hustled by indignant piety down the steps among the pickpockets, who are practising their vocation in the crowd outside.

He knows this, and deeply, sincerely regrets it. He has more sympathy with what goes on in May-meetings than Exeter Hall would be likely to give him credit for.

*Punch* is anxious for the good of his fellows. He has not been a street-wanderer for nothing. He knows a good deal, he flatters himself, about the endurances, enjoyments, frailties, follies, vices, virtues, self-denials, and selfishnesses of the poor. He is anxious to correct the bad, and to set forth and aid the good round about him. He ventures, on this score, to claim a brotherhood with Exeter Hall.

But still there are differences between him and it, viewed by him calmly and not uncharitably. Does Exeter Hall think it possible that *Punch* and the May-meetingers could be made to understand each other?

*Punch*, it is true, teaches by laughter and wears motley. Exeter Hall dresses its charity in grave looks and black coats. But *Punch's* grin may cover thoughts as solemn as a drawn-down lip and a dead eye. His parti-coloured doublet has a heart under it as penetrable, as sympathetic, and as large as that which beats under the REV. JABEZ BLANK'S raven broadcloth, or DR. ANONYMOUS'S sable cassock.

*Punch* has his peculiar theories of social improvements, like Exeter Hall, but his own strike him as the wider. He believes in the proverb, that "Charity begins at home," though it by no means ends there. Exeter Hall, on the contrary, seems to think that Charity begins abroad, and that it should keep its pockets buttoned till it crosses the line. *Punch* has no doubt that the heathen are in a horrible state of darkness and depravity. Exemplary missionaries assure him of the fact; and, moreover, that they have the greatest difficulty in convincing benighted but jolly Fejeeans that they are miserable sinners. But his eyes have taught him the existence of a deeper heathenism and a more benighted savageness lying round about us—the heathenism of untrained vice and the savageness of degraded civilisation.

Suppose, besides its Pastoral Aid Societies and its Scripture Readers, Exeter Hall were to turn the stream of its benevolence—its millions of money, and its thousands of agents, for a year or two, through our own towns and hamlets; suppose the Bible Society were to sink its Foreign labours for a while, and to constitute itself a Society for the Education of the Poor—to multiply our Ragged Schools by ten thousand, and increase their efficiency and scope in the same ratio? What if the propagators of the Gospel were to look at home, and begin propagating the Gospel lessons of peace on earth and good-will towards men—to carry on, in short, the lessons of which their great Founder sowed the seeds and left the record?

What if some dozen of Societies, now ready to tear each other in pieces from sheer excess of Christian zeal, were to lump their activity and intentions into a great Metropolitan Social Improvement Union, to go on step by step with the Metropolitan Buildings' Improvement Commissioners? The latter pull down the hovels of the poor to build up houses for the respectable; why should not the proposed Society set to work to build up comfortable dwellings for the wretched who are thus displaced? What if, abandoning for a while their exclusive faith in tracts, they were to throw their energies into baths and wash-houses, and prepare the human vessel for receiving the purified contents they wish to pour into it?

The zealous for Christian education might combine to supersede those present unsatisfactory schoolmasters, the prison and the gallows. Saffron Hill and the Rookery lie nearer home than Caffraria and the Marquesas Islands. The missionaries to the savage and heathen districts of London would not have far to travel, and, short of cannibalism, would meet with every variety of evil habit to amend, and every degree of ignorance to enlighten. They would have abundance of discouragement, and enough of disappointment to satisfy the zeal of a ST. VINCENT, ST. PAUL, or a HENRY MARTYN. If not roasted at the stake, they would be roasted in slang, and the progress of their labours would be calculable by something more trustworthy than missionary letters, and marked by more cheering results than MASHEBOO'S giving up his taste for gold, or RAUPARAHU'S solemnly putting away eleven of his twelve wives. We throw out these hints to the May-meetings in the best spirit of co-operation, and remain, their brother in all good works, though they won't own him so,

PUNCH.

## LEGAL FASHIONS.

THE recent *fracas* on the subject of forensic head-dresses, in the Court of Exchequer, has drawn attention generally to the subject of legal fashions; and a barrister's *Belle Assemblée*, or *Petit Courier d'Halle de Vestminster*, is very generally talked about.

One of the newest things we have lately seen in forensic evening dress, is the bar gown, and a cigar in the mouth, for after-dinner promenade in the Temple Gardens. The dispute in the Church, as to "Who is to wear the gown, and when?" has been virtually answered by a legal exquisite, who, rushing out of his chambers, exclaimed, "Who is to wear the gown, and when, forsooth? Why, I'll wear it now." And his example has since been followed by several of the legal fraternity. The Temple Gardens every evening exhibit various patterns of this style of costume. In the way of collars, the rusty black is found to predominate.

## FRENCH GLORY.

THE *Journal des Débats*, dilating upon the reception given to IBRAHIM PASHA by the Parisians, says:—

"Among the shouts which welcomed him, he might have heard more than once the name NEZIB; *in the matter of glory* the French DO NOT STAY TO EXAMINE, but applaud whenever it is brought under their eyes."

Awfully true this. For the French judge of glory as men judge of a black-pudding—by the quantity of the material that goes to its manufacture. Hence, the greater the slaughter, the greater the glory; the more the blood, the bigger the pudding.

## CORN LAW INTELLECT.

THE *Herald* says, "There is *no scale* wide enough to mark the vast intellectual superiority of the country party." Does Grandmother forget the "sliding-scale?"

## FAMILY MATHEMATICS.

BELOVED PUNCH,—I am a Mathematician, and have the misfortune to be married. The great problem which I have continually to work out, is to describe from my pocket, as a centre, a circle of expenditure that shall be contained within the limits of my means. My wife yesterday wanted a new shawl, or rather desired it, for she did not want it, having a very good one already. We had just arranged a trip to Brighton, which, with the contingent expenses, I had calculated would cost us two pounds ten, which was all the money I could afford. The price of the shawl was one guinea. Now, Sir, I wished to demonstrate to MRS. PUMPKIN the following proposition :—

"If the price of a shawl be one guinea, and the expense of a trip to Brighton be two pounds ten ; and if two pounds ten be all the money I can afford, then, if I buy my wife the shawl, I cannot afford to take her a trip to Brighton ; or, if I take the trip to Brighton, then I cannot afford to buy her the shawl.

"'Let A,' I began, 'be a given shawl.'

"'Exactly so,' interrupted my wife. 'Give it to me ; that's just what I want.'

"'Pooh !' said I. 'Pray attend, and hear me out. Let B be one guinea, and let the shawl A be equal to the guinea, B.'

"'It's equal to more than a guinea ; worth one pound five at least,' cried MRS. PUMPKIN.

"'Nonsense !' I said. 'Let a trip to Brighton be CD, and two pounds ten shillings be EF. Let CD be equal to EF, and let EF be as much as I can afford. Now, because A is equal to B, and CD to EF ; therefore ACD are equal to BEF. Wherefore, if I purchase A, I cannot also afford CD ; because ACD are equal to BEF, and I can only afford EF. Much less, if I am to go to the expense of CD, am I able likewise to incur that of A ; for CD is equal to EF, which is the utmost that I can afford ; wherefore, if I spend the whole EF, equal to CD, I shall have nothing at all left wherewith to purchase A. Wherefore I shall be able to afford nothing for A ; wherefore I shall not be able to afford B ; unless it be said that B is nothing, which is absurd.'

"'B is nothing,' said my wife. 'Didn't you say that a guinea was B ? Surely a guinea is nothing.'

"It was of no use. I bought the shawl, and we are to go to Brighton. Where the money is to come from, I don't know. I suppose I must borrow the needful £1 9*s*. But I wish, *Mr. Punch*, you would exert your influence to cause ladies to be instructed in Mathematics.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"EUCLID PUMPKIN."

### A Blow at the Legislature.

WE really cannot see what reason there can possibly exist for going to any expense at all about the Ventilation of the Houses of Parliament. The Members might be their own ventilators, for most of them are fearfully long-winded.

### DREADFUL REVENGE.

FROM the way in which the Protectionists keep talking about the Corn Laws, one would imagine they had received such an injury that they had made a vow we never should hear the last of it.

### NO SURRENDER.

GIBBS, being asked lately to give up the accounts of the parish of Walbrook, replied in the memorable words of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo : "The Churchwarden dies ; but never surrenders."

## Inscription

FOR THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

*Where William Smith O'Brien, the Martyr, was immured four months.*

(BY SOUTHEY'S GHOST.)

FOR many days, secluded from the House,
Here SMITH O'BRIEN lingered. Oft these walls
Echoed his groans, as with his heavy chain
He clanked about the Cellar. Not to him
Did BENTINCK'S eloquence, or SIBTHORPE'S wit,
Or Dublin's Bay, or Allen's Bog exist ;
Save when yon door, ajar, for some half minute,
Reveal'd it passing. Dost thou ask his crime ?
HE KICK'D AT THE COMMITTEE, AND REFUSED
TO SIT UPON THE RAILWAYS. For his mind
Shap'd a bright scheme, of happiness to Celts
And death to all the Saxons. Fairy dream !
Yet such as Head Pacificators love :
Such as, with pure, disinterested zeal,
DANIEL pretends to worship. Blessed hope !
Awhile denied us ; but, ere long, shall come
Repeal, the Saxon Heptarchy, and all !

## THE HERNE BAY SEASON.

ENORMOUS exertions are being made to get up an excitement at Herne Bay; and, in the hope of bringing visitors by a whirl of fascination which shall allure them as it were into a vortex of gaiety, a committee has actually been formed to attempt an engagement of the German green-baize band, with which all the little boys who run after itinerant musicians in London are perfectly familiar. We have positively seen a printed notice, signed by a doctor of medicine, and entreating the inhabitants of the Bay to aid "a Committee of resident gentlemen," who have "proposed the engagement of the German Band" as "an agreeable recreation for the visitors."

We must admire the native spirit of the Bay, which has ventured even to contemplate so bold a speculation as the engagement of a street band ; a measure only second in energy to the gigantic outlay incurred in securing the two celebrated artists on stilts, for a summer day's *fête* at Rosherville.

The notice issued to the inhabitants of the Bay is so rich, that we can scarcely resist the temptation to print it entire. We, at all events, must indulge our readers with a few extracts.

"The Committee have determined to use the utmost exertion to provide such attraction as they hope will induce the visitors to prolong the season to the latest period. Should the fund collected in the first instance be in proportion to the responsibility, the Band will commence their engagement about the 10th of June."

We literally start at the magnificence of the idea, that the season is likely to be "prolonged to the latest period," by visitors remaining to hear, to the very last moment, the German green-baize band, with which they have probably been bored nearly to death before quitting the metropolis. We wonder what fund can be necessary to secure the services of those good folks, who are generally satisfied with a saucerful of coppers, or a thin layer of the same precious metal in the interior of a hat, for each of their performances. The idea of the "responsibility" incurred by the whole Bay is absurd ; for one might as well talk of the responsibility attaching to the mob of idlers and juveniles who gather round the German green-baize band on the ordinary occasions of their performance. If the inhabitants do not cash up liberally, let us mark the sad reverse of the picture of prosperity which the projectors of this scheme have drawn so glowingly.

"But if the sum collected fall short of the prospect of success, the subscriptions will be at once returned ; as it appears to the Committee wholly useless to enter into such an engagement in the hope that the visitors alone should support them."

The Committee dare do all that does become a Committee ; but evidently dare not incur the risk of an engagement with a party of street musicians. "That the visitors alone should support them," is at once rejected as a hopeless matter, for we believe that an Italian hurdy-gurdy boy can scarcely make his fortune out of the Bay in the height of the so-called season.

We understand, however, that if the experiment succeeds, the Committee will next year offer an engagement to SIGNOR GERONIMO SARTORE and his highly-trained monkey, for a series of performances, accompanied on the organ by the Signor himself, who is a great favourite in the suburbs of the Metropolis. We cannot conclude better than by quoting the following paragraph, which repudiates the idea of "exclusiveness" in their musical "arrangements :"—

"The Committee purpose that the Band shall perform at each end of the Bay daily, so that the Subscribers shall have no reason to complain of any exclusiveness in the arrangements."

Those, however, who don't happen to like a street band dinning in their ears, will positively have no escape if this method is adopted.

## NEW LOCOMOTIVES.

We intend competing at the next Exhibition of the result of British Industry, and propose to forward models of two locomotives, each of which is singularly adapted to the present fashionable modes of railway travelling.

The one called the Tortoise will be adapted to the luggage and parliamentary trains, set apart for the accommodation of the poorer class of travellers, whom it is desirable to keep upon the road as many hours as possible.

The second model, the Clown, may be used on any railway; the eccentric movements of the locomotive being happily adapted to that practice of skipping and leaping which is found to exist, without the slightest cause, on various railways.

## EATING-MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.

A grand eating-match has been for some time going on between the Courts of Chancery and Aldermen; the contest being which of the two Courts shall devour the largest number of charities. Some may object to this harmless pastime; but one great object of charity is the feeding of the hungry; and who can be more hungry than Aldermen, except lawyers?

Betting, at the outset, was two to one upon the Aldermen, whose long-established reputation for prowess at the table had created a *prestige* in their favour; and one bold speculator was heard to declare that he would back them to eat up every charity in England in a twelvemonth.

Their Worships have certainly been doing pretty well. 'Tis not in Aldermen, or any other mortals, to command success; but they have done more, as the poet says, they have deserved it; having assuredly spared no exertion to justify the reliance which has been placed upon them by their backers. At one bout, which not long ago came off at Greenwich, a small but determined band of civic champions disposed of whitebait, stewed, collared, and spitchcocked eels, Thames flounders, salmon in some half-a-dozen shapes, mackarel in about as many, carp, tench, turbot, and lobster-sauce, in all about thirty dishes of fish; the whole forming a most formidable array of the finny race.

They next got over, or through, a phalanx of strong *pièces de résistance*, consisting of shoulders, breasts, and cutlets of lamb, roast and boiled fowls, ducks, goslings, hams, tongues, sweetbreads, fricandeaux, curries, and other substantials, to the amount of some forty dishes, not to mention a numerous force of patties and such light auxiliaries; after which they set-to with a relay of tarts, cheese-cakes, Charlotte-Russes, creams, jellies, and custards; all of which, with their accompanying condiments and vegetables, they utterly cut up and despatched. Unwearied with these efforts, they manfully returned to the charge, and did signal execution upon grapes, pine-apples, almonds and raisins, figs, prunes, oranges, confections, and sweets; converting, in an incredibly short time, a dessert into a desert. In the mean time, they completely absorbed a whole cellar, in iced punch, Champagne, Hock, Sauterne, Madeira, Port, Sherry, Claret, Seltzer and Soda Water, French brandy, and liqueurs. This astonishing feat, unparalleled in any other annals of deglutition than the civic, was crowned by the demolition of an immense pile of muffins and crumpets, and a proportionate number of vessels of tea and coffee; with all of which under their waistcoats they returned triumphantly to town. Our bold citizens thus, at one sitting, ate up about 90*l.*, or the interest of a charity of 3000*l.* sterling, funded property.

Wonderful, however, as was this achievement, it has been eclipsed by the exploits of the Court of Chancery; which possesses a width of throat and a capacity of stomach which defy all competition. By reason of these natural advantages, Chancery is enabled to do that at one gulp which it would take the Aldermen many dinners to accomplish. In a single suit it has swallowed up from 300*l.* to 500*l.* charitable trust property, as a mere morsel; and its barristers and clerks have bolted, in fees, the bagatelle or kickshaw of 20*l.* or 30*l.* at a time, and thought nothing of it. So that the odds in this eating-match are now in favour of the Court of Chancery; for though the Aldermen have eaten large holes in charities, Chancery has swallowed them entire.

## MRS. HARRIS IN LOVE.

"You meaner beauties of the night," &c.—Sir Henry Wotton.

You meaner Statesmen of each House,
Who poorly satisfy our ears,
More by your number, than your *nous*:
What are you,—common sort, and peers,—
When once Lord George his throttle clears?

Ye simple Dukes, that first appear,
By your pure Attie language known,
Who let your farms from year to year,
Who do your pleasure with your own;
Who'll list to you, till Stanley's blown?

Ye various heads of thickest wood,
That warble forth Protection's lays,
Thinking the subject understood
By your weak minds; where's all your praise,
When Lincoln's Colonel merely brays?

So, when my Brougham and Vaux is seen,
His looks at once all hearts enthral—
(He'd have the sack, if I were Queen)—
Before this glory of them all,
George,—Stanley,—Sibthorpe, e'en must fall!

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Knight of the Shire. A representative of an English county. He was formerly entitled to four shillings a-day for his attendance in Parliament; but as in these days the infliction of the dull debates cannot be compensated at any price, the wages have been abolished.

Knights' Fee, was formerly land of sufficient extent to support the dignity of a knight. In these days, there are many knights who do not think it beneath their dignity to take a guinea as a fee, when they practise in a medical character.

Labour. Commonly called the capital of the working man. It is one peculiarity of this capital, that the more there is got, the less interest it yields; for those who have the least amount of labour are paid the most. But a regular labourer, in the literal meaning of the word, gets a very poor return for his capital.

Laity. The whole population except the Clergy. Madame Tussaud, in her collection of wax-work, has, however, confounded this distinction, for she has got several distinguished prelates in the form of lay figures.

Law. We shall not attempt to describe what Law is, for we are afraid it would beggar description, as it beggars many of those who get involved in it. A law, in the strict sense, is said to be the command of one intelligent being to another intelligent being; but this can hardly be said of a thing that is often utterly unintelligible, not only to those who are to obey the law, but even to those who have had a share in making it. Law is sometimes called Positive Law, a great part of which is often most superlative nonsense. The proper end of positive law is said to be the promotion of happiness. Every one is, no doubt, happy to see the end of law; but when once he goes into law, it is quite impossible to see the end of it.

Lawyer. An individual who lives upon law, as certain animals feed upon corrupt substances. There are many highly honourable individuals of this class; but there are some who envelope the whole under a cloud or petty fog, which is a sort of miasma, or miasmata,—a word signifying pollution. The producers of this petty fog are called pettifoggers.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. XV.—ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs; their amusements, habits, jealousies; their innocent artifices to entrap young men; their pic-nics, concerts, and evening parties. I wonder what has become of EMILY BLADES, daughter of BLADES the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sate in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catharine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair EMILY of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them!—what a waist!—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown!—what a cameo, the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with EMILY BLADES: and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness, in other words—with which the MISS TRUMPS (daughter of TRUMPS, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she *didn't* squint, and because she *wasn't* marked with the small-pox.

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollections of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as PELHAM'S time.

We *then* used to consider Snobs, raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel; who wore high-lows and no straps; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives; who carried off the College scholarships, and who overrated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness. The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old Governor, the Curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Lady's School. He wrote a Dictionary, or a Treatise on Conic Sections, as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship: and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the Oxford and Cambridge Club; and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, *he* is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or high-lows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples and ices at each others' rooms, and fuddle themselves with Champagne and Claret.

One looks back to what was called "a wine-party" with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, and prided themselves in giving *récherchés* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs:—JIMMY, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid gloves twice a day;—JESSAMY, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirtstuds;—JACKY, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out, and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race, or a boxing-match; and rode flat races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches, who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because GLENLIVAT and CINQBARS hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in Universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the Spouting Clubs, and who believed as a fact, that Government always had an eye on the University where to select orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young Free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps ROBESPIERRE and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs, are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. SMITH becomes acquainted with great people at College, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. JONES has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay, free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of SIR JOHN. And though it may be very good fun for ROBINSON to fuddle himself at home as he does at College, and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul, his mother!

—the half-pay Captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University Education.

### Base Ingratitude.

AT the grand review given at the Champ de Mars in honour of IBRAHIM PACHA, there were repeated cries of "*A bas les Anglais.*" The French certainly imagine that the English still rule in France; and yet we wonder at their forgetfulness, for our rule was very different to LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S. He is continually building fortifications—whilst we invariably destroyed them.

## THE BRITISH UNICORN.

MR. PUNCH,

"You have made my companion, the British Lion, very popular; can you do nothing for me? Understand, I shall be well content with half the notoriety you have bestowed upon my leonine friend; for, certainly, since you have signalised him by your notice—since you have drawn him from the obscurity of the National Arms, and discussed the length of his mane and tail, the sharpness of his teeth and claws, and the various modulations of his roar—the poor beast has been worked and belaboured more than any costermonger's donkey. 'Twill not surprise me, soon, to see the British Lion advertised as peculiarly fitted for 'the most timid lady.' Certainly, timid gentlemen, who might pass for ladies, have of late ridden him hard enough. I much question whether the CULLING SMITHS, the SIBTHORPES, and the PLUMPTRES, are not—for their sharp taskwork inflicted on the British Lion—obnoxious to an information for cruelty to animals. However, to my own case.

"I am a modest brute; so modest, that I have suffered all sorts of scholars and philosophers—men who take the universe to bits and put it together again, like a child's puzzle—to question even my existence. By some I have been called the Indian ass; by others the rhinoceros; and all these presumptuous men have flatly denied my right to the graceful form made familiar by the Royal Arms to every true-born Briton. But, sir, patience has its limits. Trodden worms will turn; and—it will be found—outraged unicorns will gore.

"Nevertheless, for myself, I could still endure the contempt and slander of the world with perfect indifference. Yes, sir: I could hear my companion, the British Lion, praised for his courage, his magnanimity, and every other after-dinner virtue—(though, between ourselves, I *have* known him guilty of certain rogueries and fooleries more worthy of the British fox and the British goose; only lions, by virtue of their claws, are privileged as occasional knaves and simpletons)—I say, I could, unmoved, listen to his praises—unmoved as one opera-singer hears the applauding fame of another (my frequent position over the proscenium has familiarised me with all play-house virtues), were I alone concerned. But, sir, consider; if I am called a fabulous beast, a fictitious nonentity, a thing that never had a place in the ark, what a rebellious insult is thereby cast upon the Royal Escutcheon! The Lion is a terrible verity, says the world, and with his truthful strength, his awful looks, supports and watches the Royal Shield; but the Unicorn is a nondescript nincompoop: a fib upon four legs: at the very best, a horned flam! Now, I ask it, is not this opinion treasonous? Does it not make the Royal Arms lopsided? On the right they are supported by leonine power; on the left by a worse than nothing—by a fiction! Now, sir, will you urge LORD GEORGE BENTINCK to move for a committee to inquire into the truth of the existence of the British Unicorn? I suggest LORD GEORGE, because, as I am more than half equine, the inquiry could be best carried out by his stable mind. Did I really feel myself the ass that some naturalists have written me down, I could name other honourable members of the Honourable House as being peculiarly fitted for the investigation.

"And in the meantime, *Mr. Punch*, do think of me. Let me not suffer for my long endurance. Folks must be tired of the roar of the British Lion; therefore, do now and then say something about the honour of the British Unicorn. For I put it to you, whether it is not too bad that I should bear half the weight of the Royal Shield, and the Lion monopolise all the glory? Besides, the British Lion, for a time at least, has had his day; therefore, do justice to his long-silent and long-suffering companion,

"THE BRITISH UNICORN."

### ABD-EL-KADER AND PELISSIER.

THE Parisians denounce ABD-EL-KADER for his recent murder of French prisoners. The barbarian killed them by sword and ball. Now, at the Cave of Dahra, COLONEL PELISSIER, blessed by the light of civilisation, magnanimously used it as a torch.

## THE GARB OF DISHONESTY.

THE publicity which has been given to the operations of "MR. WYNDHAM" at and in the neighbourhood of Windsor may perhaps prove injurious to those sons of Industry who are dignified with the title of her *chevaliers*. It will tend to bring discredit, not only on the name of WYNDHAM, but also on that of MOWBRAY, MORTIMER, MASKELYNE, MALTRAVERS, MONTAGUE, or any other aristocratic surname, assumed for the purpose of cheating under it. The patrician style of man, too, will now become rather suspicious; and hence the short and squat swindler will have an advantage over the rogue who is tall and shapely. For the same reason, the military cut, and the extremely correct, will be an ineligible costume for the seeker of a fraudulent livelihood.

The costume of the swindler may consist of a suit of black, made large and loose, with the hinder coat buttons very wide apart, and the tail broad; large, easy boots, and no straps to the trousers. To this may be added a white neckcloth; but then it must be tied very negligently, lest the wearer should be mistaken for a rector. Or the blue or brown broadcloth coat, with brass buttons, and cord or drab shorts, with gaiters, or top-boots, may be adopted; and a good addition will be a buff waistcoat, diagonally traversed by a black ribbon, to the end of which is to be attached an eye-glass. The hat should be broad-brimmed; if white, with a green lining, all the better; the whiskers grizzled, and shaved off where the base abuts on the shirt-collar. A good stout cane, with a leather thong through the top of it, should be carried in the hand; and the watch ought to be a hunting one, of large size, and worn in the fob. To complete the illusion, a smack of the Hampshire dialect, and a hearty laugh, will be desirable. For the name, in lieu of MANNERS or CLINTON, the substitute should be MASTERMAN or COLLINS. These are the colours that an adventurer should now sail under, if his craft is to obtain money under false pretences.

## The Age of Monsters.

THE present taste for monstrosities, in the two extremes of the gigantic and the dwarf, is, we are happy to say, rapidly diminishing. The GENERAL TOM THUMB is obliged to resort to the cheap order system, to fill his rooms, and an effort to get up a gigantic ox at the Egyptian Hall has not proved very successful. We had the pleasure of a private audience of the ox, in Piccadilly one night, after exhibition hours, as the brute was leisurely strolling home to its lodgings, after the day's excitement. We fancied that we read in the poor creature's sunken eye and melancholy brow the following impressive paragraph:—

"Alas! what is fame? A bubble. And what am I, but beef?—a victim hurrying towards the steak as rapidly as possible?"

We could not help sympathising with the melancholy beast as the driver of one of the Kensington 'Busses exclaimed, in the hearing of the animal, and in a tone of irony that could scarcely be mistaken by the most insensible of brutes,—"I say, BILL, there's a precious shilling's worth!" The dwarf cow, at the creature's side, who has been engaged by way of contrast, looked miserably cowed at the glare of the gas-lamps, and the row of the passing vehicles. It is a remarkable fact that the translation of these animals into Latin would cause a fearful case of misnomer, for it is the ox, and not the cow, that is the *Whacker* (*Vacca*)!!!

## "THE HOUSE OF PEEL."

SUCH is the heading given by some of our contemporaries to the subjoined paragraph:—

"The following passage occurs in the REV. JOHN WESLEY'S Journal, bearing date July 27, 1787:—'I was invited to breakfast, at Bury, by Mr. Peel, a calico printer, who, a few years ago, *began* with 500*l.*, and is now supposed to have 50,000*l.*'"

We take it, there is many a "house"—for the sneer implied in the word is not to be mistaken—that could not give so truly noble a beginning. How many "houses," for instance, began with plunder—how many with debauchery? There are a few escutcheons we could name, that, with all their dragons glorified, and bend-sinisters, would look very small before MR. PEEL'S spinning-jenny.

### Wonders will never Cease.

AMONG the advertisements in the *Times* of Friday is one through the medium of which a Professed Lady's Maid offers her services. We have heard of professed cooks, but professed ladies are a novelty to us—almost as great as the large, blue, Spanish gentleman, whose lost cloak was, a week or two back, the subject of an advertisement.

## BROUGHAM AND REID.

"I don't want Explanation. I want Air."—*Brougham on Ventilation. Vide Times.*

Lord Brougham has expressed a very natural repugnance to be treated like an animal, shut up for the purpose of having ventilating experiments tried upon him. Such, however, is the fate of all the Members of Parliament who are subjected to the horrors of Dr. Reid's process. We can fancy the agonies of the Ex-Chancellor, imprisoned in an exhausted receiver, like one of those little figures we have seen ascending and descending in a glass tube, according as the air was let in upon or withdrawn from them. Brougham's *rencontre* with Reid would be well worthy of a poetical celebration, in a strain somewhat similar to the following :—

We met, 'twas in the House,
And I hoped he would shun me ;
He came, I could not breathe,
For his tube was upon me.
He puff'd, the air was cold,
The thermometer alter'd :
I knew 'twas freezing point,
For my voice with shivering falter'd.

I wore my Russia ducks,
In their beautiful whiteness ;
Cold gusts ran through the House—
How I hated their lightness !
I call'd for warmer air,
But the pipes never cock'd are—
Oh, thou hast been the cause
Of this humbug, my Doctor !

And once again we met,
And a workman was near him ;
He smiled and whisper'd low,
And I waited to hear him.
He gave a gentle breeze ;
I confess'd it was pleasing :
But then there came a rush
Of air that was freezing.

Is no one at my side
Poor Brougham to deliver ;
Or must he die shut in
An exhausted receiver ?
The world may think him wise,
But the House he will smother ;
Or blow it all away
On some day or other.

## ADVERTISING VANS.

A very salutary suggestion has been made by a correspondent of the *Times*, that the puffers who avail themselves of advertising vans should be charged the regular duty on their advertisements. Perhaps the better way would be to have the vans themselves stamped ; when they might be free to circulate, like a newspaper, with all their announcements throughout the metropolis. The hint might, however, be improved upon by mixing amusing or instructive matter with the advertisements posted on the van ; which might carry an Editor inside to write leaders on the passing events of the hour, which could be set up in large type by a printer, also carried in the van, and posted instantly by the bill-sticker, who is, we believe, the capitalist or proprietor of these vehicles. A facile pen would easily adapt itself to the localities through which its wielder might happen to pass ; for if the van should come to a stoppage in Parliament Street, an *habile* Editor would run off a strong political leader to suit the taste of the locality. Or if the concern should come to a blockade in St. Martin's-le-Grand, a powerful article on Post Office mismanagement might very appropriately be issued for the amusement of the bystanders. The advertisements would thus stand their regular chance among the more interesting and readable matter of the vehicle. We shall have no objection to undertake the editing of one of these vans for a week, for the mere sake of change of air. But we shall stipulate to be carried at least four miles into the suburbs.

## AFFECTING INSTANCE OF HEROISM.

In the romantic account of Prince Louis Napoleon's escape from Ham, written by himself, occurs the following passage :—

"And after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders."

What must have been the feelings of Louis Napoleon, as a Prince and a young foreigner, at being forced to shave off his moustaches ? History records many astounding efforts made by heroes in escaping from captivity ; but nothing to match this. How could he have brought himself to do it ? We will adventure to say there is not a shop in all London that can parallel this tremendous sacrifice.

## "THE DUKE" ON PETITIONS.

A petition having been sent to the Duke of Wellington, from the inhabitants of Eel Pie Island, for the abolition of the Corn Laws, the Duke thereupon despatched the following answer :—

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington has received the petition from the inhabitants of Eel Pie Island.

"The Duke may have heard of Eel Pie Island ; but as the Duke has no relation whatever with it—as he never, to the best of his recollection, partook of any of the pies, which appear to form the staple of that island ; as, moreover, he knows nothing of the landlord and landlady, their children or servants, of the Eel Pie Tavern, apparently located on the island, he cannot present to the House of Lords the petition referred to."

### The Statue of Queen Anne to Sir Peter Laurie.

"Sir Peter,—

"You being the great reformer of all city nuisances, will you permit me to call your attention to the flies which, at this hot season, particularly annoy me ? I am astonished that so keen an observer as yourself has not remarked that within these few days my nose—stone as it is—is blistered, and my upper lip swelled from the nasty blue-bottles ? Will you "put them down ?" Or will you convene a special Court of Aldermen to move that I shall be immediately supplied with a fan for that purpose ?

"Anne (late Regina)."

*Boy (loq.).* "O DON'T I PITY THEM POOR NOBS IN *CARRIDGES* THIS HOT WEATHER!"

## PUNCH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE Foreign Ambassadors in London have, it appears, had a meeting to consider what course they will take with reference to LOUIS NAPOLEON. They have come to the magnanimous conclusion of cutting him dead, till they receive instructions from their respective sovereigns. We, who are wholly independent of the influence of courts, shall have much pleasure in receiving the Prince to a quiet chop on any day that may be convenient. We are quite sure that *Punch* may extend his hospitality to the stranger, without any fear of compromising the British Lion.

N.B.—Cigars and brandy-and-water.

### Puff! Puff! Puff!

NOT content with the ordinary vans, the Advertisers have commenced plastering the omnibuses with their placards. It is too bad that the windows of these vehicles should be obstructed during the hot weather with announcements that put a stop to wholesome ventilation. Is there no other way of raising the wind than by preventing the free passage of air, and must a cheap tradesman's outrageous puff keep off anything in the shape of a pleasant blow from the riders in an omnibus?

## GAME ALLIGATORS.

OUR Alligators are looking up. They have been considered dull, stupid wretches; but are now discovered to have a world of light in them, when properly extracted and kindled: in a word, they are to be killed for their oil. We have almost used up whales, and shall now begin to burn the midnight alligator. An expedition has started from Montreal, for Black Creek, for the fishery. The writer says—

"You know how many of these enormous animals are shot out of wantonness, from the decks of the steamboats that plough our waters. I expect hereafter to hear of laws *passed for their protection.*"

We would do more than protect—we would suggest that they be fed by a regular supply of men, women, and children. We—in merry England here—compare peasants, their wives and families, to *our* game, our birds and partridges: why should not the folks on the border of Black Creek make alligators game, and so fatten them upon live Indians? But this will come. A sense of the value of alligators is evidently gaining ground.

"We must allow them to be killed only at a proper season, when they are fattest, and not permit their destruction at the season when they lay their eggs."

Thus, doubtless, there will be alligator preserves; and to poach alligators' eggs in the south, will be made as criminal as to poach the eggs of pheasants in the west. Foreign states besought BENTHAM for constitutions,—why do not the folks of Montreal apply to MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY for a short, concise, stringent law,—or a set of laws, like a set of razors—one for every week-day, and a particularly sharp one for Sundays, for the protection of alligators? Surely he might work into a code his grand panacea—his never-failing "punch on the head"—with the most beneficent effect.

"The alligator is a formidable-looking creature, it is true, but he is generally harmless. His office is to prowl in the sluggish waters of this southern region, *pick up what he can*, and digest it into excellent oil for the illumination of our houses."

Is not this the perfect type of a penny-a-liner? Are not his looks—his office—his brilliant result, as burning in the columns of the press—all shadowed forth in this? The Egyptians were a wise people. We call them barbarous idolaters for worshipping the crocodile. They put jewelled rings in his ears, and built a city—Crocodilopolis—in his honour. A hideous, ravenous, filthy wretch he seems to us; but the Egyptians, doubtless, knew of his oil, and treating him like an unacknowledged genus, worshipped him for his hidden light.

## THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

STATUES, in former times, were erected to make illustrious men the subjects of admiration, but statues in the present day seem to be set up, in London, for the purpose of making great—and occasionally little people ridiculous. His late lamented Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, who certainly did a good deal in his lifetime to ornament the metropolis—for he may be said to have found it of brick and left it of stucco—has been doomed after his death to look on at the spoiling of one of the first sites in Europe. There he sits, on his mammoth charger, contemplating the constant squirting of two melancholy syringes. We should not be surprised to see the spirit of the fastidious GUELPH descend from his horse, and, walking quietly towards the basins, wash his hands altogether of such a paltry exhibition.

NELSON is better provided for, inasmuch as he at least has his back turned to the dismal *duettino* of "Water parted from the Pump;" but he is tied by the leg, with an immense coil of rope twisted round his calf, to prevent his cutting away from a position in which he is only a laughing-stock.

GEORGE THE THIRD is another illustration of the ill-treatment of our sovereigns and heroes, when they have passed into a state of statueship. The good old King sits opposite to the Bank of RANSOM, counting the people who go in and out, and really looking as if he would not object to pay RANSOM a good round sum to come out and ransom him from his absurd position.

The DUKE OF YORK is perhaps placed where he would like to have been in his own lifetime, quite above the reach of all annoyances.

We cannot, however, tamely submit to the proposed erection of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S Statue on the top of the arch opposite his Grace's residence. We cannot bear to see the Duke riding to posterity along the spikes of the park railings. We may be told that his being placed on the top of an "imperial" will be illustrative of his having crushed the imperial power in France; and there is certainly something in the fact of the imperial looking as if it must inevitably give way under him.

SIR F. W. TRENCH, in a letter to the *Times*, justifies there being no precedent by asking, where was the precedent for the valour which the statue is intended to celebrate? This would be just as good an excuse for anything so unprecedented as fixing the statue with the horse's legs in the air, with the Duke standing on his head; and indeed it might be urged, that as the Duke always relied upon his own judgment, and was very headstrong, he may be said to have really stood upon his head; and this mode of placing the statue would therefore be really appropriate. We can only protest, in the name of common sense and good taste, against the contemplated mode of disposing of the Hero of Waterloo.

THE PROPOSED STATUE OF THE IRON DUKE.

## MR. JEAMES AGAIN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit ressddence, The Wheel of Fortune Otel, and at your Hoffis, regarding the fate of that dear babby, JAMES HANGELO, whose primmiture dissappearnts caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear Sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your valuble collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

"Wictims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and MRS. PLUSH was left in the train to Cheltenham, soughring from that most disagreeble of complaints, a halmost *broken Art*. The skreems of MRS. JEAMES might be said almost to out-Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore MARY HANN found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

"When the old Dowidger, LADY BAREACRES, who was waiting heagerly at the train, that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage, the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for LADY HANGELINA's baby, the lace, crockary and chany, was rejuiced to one immortial smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear MARY HANN, as if it was huss, and not the infunnle Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called MARY HANN a good for nothink creecher, and wep and abewsd and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deal mor than she did about a dear little Christian child. 'Don't talk to me abowt your bratt of a babby,' (seshe); 'where 's my bowl?—where 's my medsan?—where 's my bewtiffle Pint lace?—All in rewins through your stupiddaty, you brute, you!'

"'Bring your haction aginst the Great Western, Maam, says I,' quite riled by this crewel and unfealing hold wixen. 'Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fusttime they 've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered aginst the nex time you send for *medsan*—and meanwild buy some at the Plow—they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for us, *we're* a going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such of our blessid child.'

"'You don't mean to say, young woman,' seshee, 'that you're not going to LADY HANGELINA: what 's her dear boy to do? who 's to nuss it?'

"'*You* nuss it, Maam,' says I. 'Me and MARY HANN return this momint by the Fly.' And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) MRS. JEAMES and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

"I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the fatle Bench.

"'My child, my child,' shreeck she, in a hoss, hot voice. 'Where 's my infant? a little bewtiffle child, with blue eyes,—dear MR. POLICEMAN, give it me—a thousand guineas for it.'

"'Faix, Mam,' says the man, a Hirishman, 'and the divvle a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you 're welcome to any one of *them*, and kindly.'

"As if *his* babby was equal to ours, as my darling MARY HANN said, afterwards. All the station was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clarx and refreshmint people and all. 'What 's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. 'Have you got him?' says she.

"'Was it a child in a blue cloak?' says he.

"'And blue eyes!' says my wife.

"'I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he 's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him in a letter-box,' says he: 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course,' says he. 'And it 'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

"If my piguniary means had been such as *once* they was, you may emadgine I 'd have ad a speshle train and been hoff like smoak. As it was, we was obliged to wait 4 mortial hours for the next train (4 ears they seemed to us), and then away we went.

"'My boy! my little boy!' says poor, choking MARY HANN, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak,' says the man? 'No body claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he 's at Paddington by this time. Yes,' says he, looking at the clock, 'he 's been there these ten minutes.'

"But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarricle state, this good-naturd man says, 'I think, my dear, there 's a way to ease your mind. We 'll know in five minutes how he is.'

"'Sir,' says she, 'don't make sport of me.'

"'No, my dear, we 'll *telegraph* him.'

"And he began hopparating on that singlar and ingenus clecktricle inwention, which anniliates time, and carries intellagence in the twinkling of a peg-post.

"'I 'll ask,' says he, 'for child marked G. W. 273.'

"Back comes the telegraph with the sign 'All right.'

"'Ask what he 's doing, sir,' says my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

"'C. R. Y. I. N. G.'

"This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore MARY HANN, who pull'd a very sad face.

"The good-naterd feller presently said, 'he 'd have another trile;' and what d'ye think was the answer? I'm blest if it wasn't—

"'P. A. P.'

"He was eating pap! There 's for you—there 's a rogue for you—there 's a March of Intaleck! MARY HANN smiled now for the fust time. 'He 'll sleep now,' says she. And she sat down with a full hart. * * * * * * *

"If hever that good-natered Shooperintendent comes to London, *he* need never ask for his skore at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, I promise you—where me and my wife and JAMES HANGELO now is; and where only yesterday, a gent came in and drew this pictur of us in our bar.

"And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the most precious luggidge of the Henglishman, is to be bundled about in this year way, why it won't be for want of warning, both from PROFESSOR HARRIS, the Commission, and from

"My dear *Mr. Punch's* obeajent servant,

"JEAMES PLUSH."

## JENKINS AND CARLOTTA GRISI.

THAT horrible fellow, JENKINS, has flown back—like a bird to its nest—to the *Morning Post*, where he threatens to be the death of us. In his remarks on the first appearance of CARLOTTA GRISI, he compared one of the steps of a fair *danseuse* to the graceful efforts of a bird to avoid the gun of the fowler. JENKINS's sporting experience has led him, we presume, principally into farm-yards, where he has had the mortification of being dodged by the ducks, geese, and other game that he has been in the habit of cruelly popping at. The beautiful *balancez* of CARLOTTA GRISI, and her fascinating oscillation from side to side, may have reminded JENKINS of a very large bird trying to avoid a very awkward fowler; but the simile, however appropriate, is not particularly elegant in itself, or flattering to its fair subject.

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DESIGN FOR AN ALLEGORY.—FACT personified, and LORD STANLEY flying in her face.

## BOMBASTES FURIOSO'S GAZETTE.

THERE is a journal published in New York, called the *Military and Naval Chronicle*—a rag solely devoted to the triumphant musterings and doings of the Yankee MARS. It gives "correct likenesses" of MAJOR-GENERAL STRIKER and other heroes, in congenial wood. Its intelligence reeks with gunpowder. Here is a sample :—

"The over-coats of the City Guard not having all been finished, the parade has been postponed until the 20th of April."

That the tailor was not brought to a Court-martial, speaks, with a tongue of thunder, in accusation of great laxity of discipline. However, when they are done, they will be tarnation smart, for—

"The over-coats of the Guard are very neat, and when in use the corps will present a very soldier-like display."

In the following, VENUS takes a graceful turn with MARS :—

"*Glorious Times among the Continentals.*—The gallant CAPT. COX, our much respected friend, lately of the 4th Co. 3rd Regiment, has taken to himself a wife—his choice was excellent—the Captain knew where to find beauty, accomplishment, and intellect combined."

Come we, however, to the ceremony chronicled in No. 34, vol. viii., dated April 4, 1846—the presentation of "a most elegant service of plate, and"—and, reader!—"and a pair of military boots and gold spurs TO GENERAL STRIKER!" The boots were presented by ENSIGN NICKINSON. A few extracts from his speech will strike upon the heart like a drum :—

"GENERAL—These boots are not *ordinary* calf-skin, they are *all* inspiring reminiscences of times of an *extra*ordinary period.

"Times that *tried men's souls, dressed* Bull's *hide*, and *pricked* him on to *toe* the mark.

"They are *polished* remembrances of men who *sowed* seeds of liberty, which have *waxed* strong and healthy in the *corn patches* of American freedom.

"I am aware that a much more *finished* allusion to the *imperishable* days of our infancy as a nation is expected from me on this occasion, but I am altogether too poor a *cobbler* to *vamp* upon a subject that inspires more eloquence yearly than the *souls* of 100,000 *pair* of Demosthenian orators, with well *tanned* lungs of *oxhide*, could give utterance to from the days of *King Crispin* till the hour in which the *last* man shall tipple his *finishing heel tap*."

And so on. But we cannot give a line more, even to so great a wit as ENSIGN NICKINSON. We must proceed to GENERAL STRIKER :—

"The General felt highly gratified with the Ensign's remarks, and replying thereto with his usual wit and humour, accepted them, and tried them on—they fitted beautifully."

That is, the boots, not the remarks. We are glad that the boots were a capital fit. Had they been a little tight, they would have been found extremely inconvenient on a march, and much more so *on a retreat*.

However, the boots of STRIKER are now a matter of the world's history; equally so, with the leather of that equal hero, who, defying the universe, wrote under his calf-skin :—

"Whoever dares these boots displace,
Must meet *Bombastes* face to face!"

*Punch* has now done *his* best to give immortality to GENERAL STRIKER. Whoever seeks to know more of the General must consult the *Military and Naval Chronicle*, April 4, of New York.

## OUR OVERLAND CAB.

(SECOND EDITION.)

*Punch Office, June 10th*, 1846.

*Four o'Clock*, P.M. A special Hansom brings us the intelligence that the COMING MAN, who has been so long due, has just been seen coming out of TATTERSALL'S. He was wearing top-boots and spurs.

*Half-past Four.* The COMING MAN has this moment been seen going into the QUEEN'S stables, at Pimlico.

*Eight o'Clock*, P.M. A shadow has been observed on one of the blinds of Buckingham Palace. It looks very much like the shadow of a Prime Minister. If this can be proved, there is no doubt that the COMING MAN is no other than LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

### AN APOLOGY.

AT an agricultural dinner there was recently given the toast—"The DUKE OF RICHMOND and the Protectionists." It was followed by the song—"A man's a man for a' that."

## THE BACHELOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS SNUFF-BOX,

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

ERE yet hath sounded Celibacy's knell,
Ere yet the marriage peal hath rung for me,
Long-cherish'd object, loved, alas! too well;
My Snuff-Box, let me sigh farewell to thee!

Sigh do I say? perhaps it should be sneeze;
But Time, that dries the fountain of our tears,
Blunts too our nasal sensibilities:
Ah! I have not sneez'd now these many years.

'Tis hard from old companions but to part,
What must it be to cut them, then, for aye?
As I must thee, thou Snuff-Box of my heart,
Because to-morrow is my wedding-day.

I've vow'd no more to use thee. Ask not why:
I'm told I must not do so; that's enough;
For MARY ANNE declares that she shall die,
If e'er she sees me take a pinch of snuff.

Then go, my box; but, first, my thanks accept
For many a notion—now and then, a hit—
Which in this noddle would perchance have slept,
Hadst thou not put me up to snuff a bit.

And oh! yet more for many a service when
Vex'd, disappointed, savage, thou for me
Philosophy hast strengthen'd with Etrenne,
And furnish'd consolation in Rappee.

Friend at a pinch—excuse the ancient pun—
Farewell! my single life will soon be o'er:
With thee, for ever, must I now have done;
Ah! may I never want thee any more!

## A SKETCH TAKEN AT GREENWICH FAIR.

"AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN."

## MR. WYNDHAM TO "PUNCH."

MR. PUNCH,

"I write to you as one public character may write to another. I have—all the world knows it by this time—done a little business in the swindling way at Windsor, at Bath, and indeed at various places, too numerous to mention. The newspapers have, of course, been virtuously indignant at my successes. Penny-a-liners have boiled over with all sorts of abuse. Poor fellows! From the height of my philosophy I can look down upon their malice, and pity them.

"I am a swindler. Granted. But is this altogether my fault? Be MERCURY my witness, that at one time I was virtuously inclined. I really had occasional thoughts of trying to get honest bread. Now, merely honest bread is, I'm sure of it, dry as a chip: nevertheless, I had virtuously resolved to swallow it, when a newspaper—the best public instructor I think I have heard my grandmother call it—fell into my hands. From that moment, virtue appeared to me not to be thought of by a stirring man. In that newspaper I read 'A Flagrant Case of Swindling;' a very pleasant and animated story, showing how twenty tradesmen had been induced to send home their goods to a patron in a military cloak, with military moustachios. They had no other vouchers for their customer's forthcoming money than 'his gentlemanly exterior' and—pardon the vulgarism—they were 'done.'

"'Gentlemanly exterior!' It immediately appeared to me that when FORTUNE endowed a man with this, and with nothing more, she intended that he should make the most of it. Sir, I have attended various lectures at the Polytechnic and other Institutions, and have learned that NATURE—in her inscrutable doings—has formed one class of animals to fatten upon another. Your beggar with 'a gentlemanly exterior' is expressly produced to live upon tradesmen. This was my theory; and a successful practice of—no, I will not tell even you, how many years—has confirmed me in the truth, that to have 'a gentlemanly exterior' is to have everything of shopkeepers. Very often, with a feeling of human weakness that—I own it—I ought to have subdued, I have had to repress the zeal of tradesmen in their anxiety to be plucked. Not that they are men deficient of a certain sort of intelligence: assuredly not. Most of them have a wonderfully quick eye for a bad half-crown, who, nevertheless, cannot see the brassy pocket-piece under the thin wash of 'a gentlemanly exterior.'

"Tradesmen may say what they like; they may, just for the sake of appearances, make a great outcry when they are robbed; but, in their hearts, I'm certain of it, they like it. Like maids under Christmas mistletoe, they squeal and make a noise,—but they love to be rifled; otherwise they would not submit to it so easily—they would take more precaution—make some inquiries. But no, sir—no. In nine cases out of ten, they cannot—they will not—resist 'the gentlemanly exterior.'

"For a short time it may perhaps be necessary for me to live retired. But, depend upon it, you will again hear of the triumphant effects of my 'gentlemanly exterior,' though not associated with the name of

"Your obedient, humble Servant,

"J. W. WYNDHAM."

## Advertisements.


### TO THE FAIR AND THE FACULTY.

MADAME PINCHIN, (from Paris,) Maker to the *Beau Monde*, respectfully invites the attention of Ladies and the Medical Faculty to her newly-invented Stays and Corsets, which will be found to act with peculiar efficiency in the alteration and compression of the figure. When it is considered how incompatible with Elegance and Beauty is a naturally-sized waist, and at the same time how necessary it is to the freedom of respiration and the digestive powers, it will be obvious that the Stays and Corsets of MADAME PINCHIN will equally suit the views of fashionable ladies and physicians. They secure for the wearer a Sylph-like form; and they guarantee to the Medical Man a constant patient.

### BLENHEIM PALACE.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, feeling it necessary to march with the times, and to add to the attractions of Blenheim Palace, (a shilling a head being considered too much for the show in its present state,) is willing to treat with any Fire-eater, Slack-rope Dancer, or Spotted Boy—that he may be shown with the establishment, no additional charge being made to a patronising and discerning public. Keepers of menageries, wishing to dispose of second-hand monkeys, may hear of a purchaser. The best price given for ostriches with the pip. None but Principals dealt with. Apply at Woodstock.


## DISTINGUISHED PUFFERS.

PEOPLE are very naturally surprised at the zeal and amiability manifested by several nobles of the land in coming forward to testify to the merits of quacks, chemists, and corn-cutters. Old WARREN, of blacking celebrity, used to avow that he kept a poet. GEORGE ROBINS is believed to have for some time retained the services of a novelist who, by his magic descriptions, turned patches of grass into paddocks. But in the present day it would seem that puffing has become more ambitious; and no advertising establishment can be considered complete without a nobleman. As to the corn-cutters, they have on their side so many members of the peerage, that they could carry the corn question of themselves, while the proprietor of some pill or ointment has got so completely into the good graces of the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, that his lordship seems to pass his time in taking pills, and writing puffs about them for the newspapers.

As the aristocracy have latterly devoted themselves a good deal to this branch of utility, we think an advertisement something like the following would be productive of much good to the proprietors of quack medicines:—

WANTED, by the Proprietor of a new Pill, an Earl who is willing to be cured of every disease, and to notify the fact of his restoration to health in the public newspapers. A Gouty Marquis will be liberally treated with; and Dukes with corns or bunions, may enter into an arrangement, either by the week, month, or season. There is a vacancy for a consumptive Countess; or any lady of title having three or four daughters who are willing to take pulmonic wafers, and sign testimonials, may hear of a desirable offer. Persons signing the testimonials without taking the wafers, will be allowed the price of the latter in soap, or any other fancy article of perfumery.

N.B. No Irish Earl need apply, as no person of this description will on any account be treated with. A few Barristers wanted for the new Voice Lozenges, and an engagement is open to any magistrate who is willing to recommend the portable luncheon in his official capacity.

## PUNCH'S REVIEW.

*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.* (*New Edition.*)

WE have long wished to speak of this extraordinary book. Again and again have we taken the pen in our hand, but nothing worthy of the theme would come. Well, we were about to consent to an ignominious silence, when a correspondent—and, of course, a friend—directed our attention to a charming work called *Emilia Wyndham*, in which, to our delight, we found the review done—inimitably done—for us. (See p. 76, vol. i.) Here it is:—

"'What!' said EMILIA, her peach-down cheek glowing with emotion; 'You do not like *Mrs. Caudle?* Well, I never! Woman as I am, I adore it. All the springs—the springes I should rather say—of woman's nature are so deliciously, so delicately developed in that love of a book. 'Twould have beguiled EVE herself in her banishment. She would have looked into its limpid page, and, as erst at the fountain, when but a day old—alas! how soon we women take to mirrors!—she would have seen the reflection of her very soul. Well, if ever I marry'—and here EMILIA looked with ecstatic wickedness in the eyes of her lover—'if ever I marry, I should wish no better bridal present than *Mrs. Caudle*, bound in Hymeneal satin!'

"HENRY—what could he do?—instantaneously whipped his arm round EMILIA'S waist, and looking in her blue orbs, exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with passion, 'EMILIA, thou shalt have it.'"

There is much more after this fashion in the book, to which we refer the curious reader. We can only add, that the publishers are desirous of informing "those about to marry" that EMILIA'S suggestion has been acted upon, and that *Caudles*, bound for bridal presents, may be had at the shortest notice.

### The Worse for Webster.

THE accusations of fraud and peculation brought against the great American statesman, MR. WEBSTER, have turned out to be utterly groundless. We fear MR. WEBSTER will lose his popularity amongst his countrymen in Pennsylvania.

### LONDON'S SAFETY.

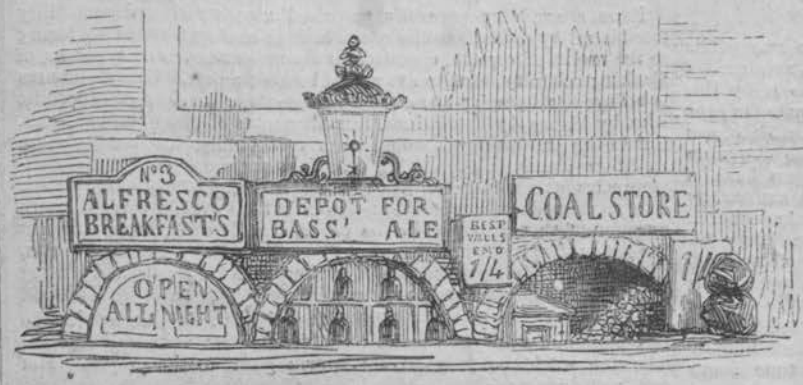
NAPOLEON, when he conquered Italy, carried away all the statues. London, in the event of an invasion, is at all events protected from a similar spoliation, for all its statues are so bad that not the greatest barbarian would do us the friendly turn to carry away one of them.

### THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

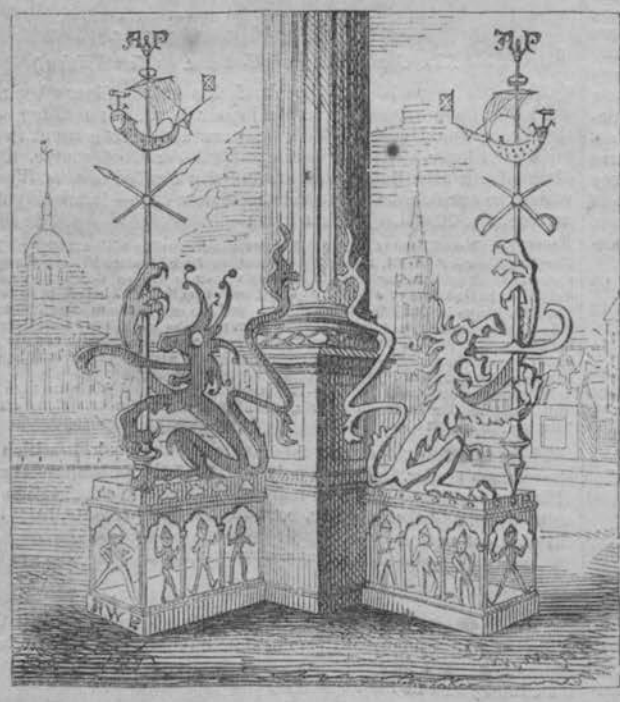
THESE Hills are, we learn, to be cultivated. There are several Members of Parliament who could not do better than apply to SIR ROBERT PEEL for leases. Why does not LORD GEORGE BENTINCK try "oats" there?

TO ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.—To be Sold, a beautiful Portrait of the Winner of the Derby. It can be had cheap, as it has served for the portrait of five winners already. Apply at the *Punch Office*.

## THE NELSON COLUMN.




The Public will no doubt have been very greatly edified at beholding the cellars now in the course of exposure beneath the Nelson Column, at Trafalgar Square. We understand these cellars will be opened as an ale and sandwich establishment, in the course of a few weeks; and the proceeds will be devoted to the completion of the monument. The best view of these interesting cellars may be obtained by mounting to the top of an omnibus. A celebrated archæologist has already visited them, on hearing that there was a barrow to be met with inside; but on close examination, it was found to be a barrow wheeled in by the boy, at the commencement of the works, and never wheeled out again. The barrow, of course, having remained within the cellar for so long a period, is looked upon as a wondrous piece of antiquity. The cellar is to be furnished with a public-house license, and the figure of Nelson at the top will make an excellent sign for the premises. By the bye, we are happy to have it in our power to give a design, by Mr. Pugin, for the completion of the base of the column, in accordance



with the prevailing taste for mediæval ornament. We do not pretend to understand the meaning of the figures shown in this sketch; but this only proves the fidelity with which the beautiful barbarism of the middle ages has been adopted. Some over-fastidious critics may object to the introduction of *monstra horrenda* into a modern design, but that which is familiar can never be frightful, and to familiarise us with the sight of these objects is the surest way to divest them of their repulsive character.

### Great Triumph of Literature.

A distinguished Member of Parliament—but whose name we are not permitted to give—has been so convinced by Mr. Jesse that the Dog is superior to Man, that he has resolutely taken to all-fours, and says nothing but—"bow-wow!" He is daily taken an airing in the garden by the footman, tethered to a sky-blue ribbon. So strong is the infatuation upon him, that he has twice bitten the butcher!

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

League—Anti-Corn-Law. An Association formed to do a certain thing, and wonderful to relate, actually doing it. The Anti-Corn-Law League originated at a public dinner given to Dr. Bowring, in 1838, at Manchester, and is a remarkable instance of after-dinner enthusiasm having led to anything like sincerity and earnestness. As the League progressed it took to publishing tracts against the Corn Laws, and issued about one hundred tons; but it is a well-known truth that tracts never make a subject attractive. The arguments are believed to have been weighty, and put the question on a broad scale, for they succeeded in putting it on those very broad scales that are generally used by the cheesemongers. The other measures of the Anti-Corn-Law League were, however, taken with so much judgment, and pursued with so much energy, that the Government, placed in power for the purpose of protecting the Corn Laws, became so completely converted as to propose and carry their abolition.

Lease. From the French word *laisser*, to let; or, as others think, from the English word *least*, because of the three estates, freehold, copyhold, and leasehold, the leased is the least to all intents and purposes. The poet who tells us that—

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever,"

must have had in his eye a lease, which certainly "may be for years," and a fee-simple, which not only "may be," but must be, "for ever." Bishops are restrained from leasing the land of the bishopric, but may sell the produce; and thus a Bishop may dispose of his entire rick, but cannot let the ground the hay was grown upon.

Legacy. A bequest of goods and chattels by will. Some parents leave a good name as a legacy to their children; and some children, directly they get the good name, put it on the back of a bill as the best means of turning it into a profit. Many a good name has been eventually dishonoured by this process. A legacy is either general or specific. The man who left behind him a receipt for a pill that was a specific for every disease, left undoubtedly a specific legacy. As it is just possible that a man may not have been taxed heavily enough in his lifetime, a tax is laid on his property at his death, called a legacy duty; so that the tax-gatherer may be said to pursue his victim even beyond the grave.

Legate. According to some, from the Latin word *legatus*, one sent on a commission; but according to others, a person who comes by the aid of his legs from a distant place in the character of an ambassador.

### Solar Intelligence.

Our old friend, the Sun, had, last week, a glorious time of it. He amused himself by melting a large quantity of butter, making a lot of hay, and performing other feats, some of them exceedingly useful, but others merely fantastical. Towards the middle of the day he seemed dreadfully disposed for a broil, but he generally got quietly off to bed at his usual hour without doing any serious mischief.

### A RARE PLEASURE.

The last person Joseph Ady wrote to was Lord Stanley, for he made sure that His Lordship would send him twenty shillings if only for the novelty of "hearing something to his advantage."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 18, 1842.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAPTER XVI.—ON LITERARY SNOBS.

WHAT will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster, who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *égorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the Schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't BRUTUS chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of Literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the state any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend *Mr. Punch's* person, and say *Mr. P.* has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the APOLLO or ANTINOUS, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty; does this argue malice on my part towards *Mr. Punch?* Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does this duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, MR. N. P. WILLIS, is eminently valuable and impartial. In his "History of Ernest Clay," a crack Magazine writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society.

He takes the *pas* of Dukes and Earls; all the nobility crowd to see him: I forget how many Baronesses and Duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken Countesses and dear Marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in this periodical.

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of MRS. BARNABY! What delightful good company do you meet with in MRS. ARMYTAGE! She seldom introduces you to anybody under a Marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in *Ten Thousand a Year*, except perhaps the *Young Duke*, and *Coningsby*. There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear Sir—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are! LADY BULWER, LADY LONDONDERRY, SIR EDWARD himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease, which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except PAUL DE KOCK), knows a word of English.

And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of JAMES, so admirable for terseness; and the playful humour and dazzling off-hand lightness of AINSWORTH? Among other humorists, one might glance at a JERROLD, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; an à BECKETT, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a JEAMES, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us have not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as KEATS and TENNYSON; but on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that Review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well known; and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If JONES dines with a lord, SMITH never says JONES is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does JONES, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a Duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor BROWN, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst Authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign: and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?

### A "Forlorn Hope."

MARSHAL BUGEAUD has hit upon a new expedient for capturing ABD-EL-KADER. He has taken his dog. The cunning Marshal evidently thinks that his only chance of finding out ABD-EL-KADER'S hiding-place is by following in the track of his dog. It would make a fine picture for Versailles—"The French army marching to Victory," and a poodle at the head of it.

### SIGHTS FOR IBRAHIM PACHA.

"THANK Heaven!" said a Frenchman to *Punch*, "you can't, like Paris, with all your sights, show IBRAHIM PACHA a Louvre!" "And thank Heaven," said *Punch* to the Frenchman, "we can't, like Paris, show him 30,000 soldiers!"

"WHERE SHALL I SAY YOU 'RE GONE TO, JIM, IF ANYONE CALLS?"

"OH, THE OLD SHOP—KENSINGTON GARDENS, TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY!"

## A WORD TO LAURIE.

HALLO! SIR PETER—what, LAURIE! Just one minute. You have not heard the news? Of course not. We knew it. Otherwise your reforming heart would be now beating through your waistcoat. You have "put down" the roundabouts at Chalk Farm—you have destroyed the last hopes of Sabbatical gingerbread! You are a great man, LAURIE!—a tremendous person! Should we ever erect a statue to MIDAS, you must be the model for some part of him. Well,—have you heard? At the last Court of Aldermen—(but you were there, and, wishing for an *omelette* at the Tuilleries, didn't you laud LOUIS-PHILIPPE?)—ALDERMAN WILSON gave in the report of the Inspector of the weights and measures of the City of London. Here it is:—

"The poor are defrauded frequently by those tradespeople who have their goods weighed in packets for their customers, viz., flour, by the bakers; tea, sugar, cocoa, &c., by the grocers; snuff and tobacco, &c., by the tobacconists; candles, starch, blue, &c., by the oilmen. The practice of some coal-dealers is to use small weights in their machines in order to confuse their customers, who may require, say half a hundred weight of coal. They will use 2slb., 14lb., and 7lb., and thus manage to give 7lb. short weight, as was proved before the Police Committee a few days ago."

Now, LAURIE,—you who have put down suicide, and the swings at Chalk Farm—you who wrinkle a penthouse brow on the judgment-seat at a thief of fourpence,—try the bakers, try the grocers, try the tobacco-men, try the coal-merchants; try the thieves and swindlers of the City, and—for a moment forgetting the draught of an Act of Parliament for putting down advertising-vans—bend all your mighty energies to obtain an Act for the punishment of your fellow-citizens—the robbers behind the counter.

TO BE SOLD,

A GREAT BARGAIN (in consequence of the Corn-Law Bill passing),

THE BRITISH LION,

The proprietors having no further use for him. He would stuff well as a curiosity. His tail would be invaluable to a young Member who wishes to come out in the comic line, *à la* SIBTHORPE or D'ISRAELI, on account of its waggish propensities. For terms, apply at the Agricultural Protection Office, New Bond Street.

## THE VULGARITY OF RAGS.

AT the last meeting of the Ragged School Union Society, LORD ASHLEY said—

"Many persons objected to these schools, *on account of their name;* and one friend of his own had told him that *if the name were changed*, he would give a large sum towards their support."

LORD ASHLEY'S friend—whoever he may be, whether of the clergy or the laity—is a wise man; a man who knows the world, and all its learned double-meanings. Why—can there be a doubt of it?—if we begin to label things with their proper names,—if we call "rags" rags—dirt, dirt,—hypocrisy, hypocrisy,—there is an end of the great business of society. For, we contend that it is the work of one moiety of the world to put off certain pocket-pieces, as though they were sterling coin; and the other half to take them with a grave, smug face, as current gold; though occasionally each party puts his tongue in his cheek, to show that at all events *he* is too clever not to see the counterfeit that passes for sterling money. Now, many people, like LORD ASHLEY'S friend, do not choose to have their benevolence associated with raggedness—it is not respectable. Rags, to be sure, *are* the gowns of the pupils. They con their books in their "looped and windowed wretchedness;" But why say so? Why should the gentility of very genteel benevolence be turned from its purpose by the nasty poverty—the foul and tattered condition of the recipients? Why should not wretchedness be at least, nominally, laid in lavender? Why cannot we have pleasant destitution? Now rags—real working-day rags, fluttering about unwashed flesh—are too true. Therefore, although we see the tatters of the students—although we nose them, can we not, at the least, sink the foul, frowsy truth, in some sweet, conventional lie? Yes: we will not say "Ragged Schools." We will amend the sinful verity, and, laying down a counterfeit, will call them—"Academies for Youths of Limited Circumstances."

LORD ASHLEY'S friend,—you, who will not subscribe to the real thing; come, pull out your purse to the *name*:—

"LORD ASHLEY'S friend ——— one hundred guineas!"

And now, JOHN BULL—you lover of a lie—as the thing is made respectable—as there are no "rags,"—canvas your friends and acquaintance; and although you know that you ask for the "Ragged Schools," sink the vulgar name, and beg subscriptions for the "Youths of Limited Circumstances."

## ABD-EL-KADER'S DOG.

WE had no sooner learned from the *Nouvelliste de Marseille* the news of the capture of ABD-EL-KADER'S Dog, and the transmission of the creature to France, than we despatched the famous MR. JESSE to Paris, for the purpose of drawing up a report on the animal; and it is only due to the author of *The Anecdotes of Dogs* to state that the document is worthy of his exalted reputation, as an interpreter of canine intellect and canine sensibilities. Attention! please, for MR. JESSE.

"Your reporter has examined ABD-EL-KADER'S Dog, which, after minute inspection, he has discovered to be a greyhound. The Dog shows the strongest predilection for the Mahometan faith. Your reporter tried him with a copy of the *Koran* and a copy of *Mother Hubbard:* on the *Koran* your reporter placed a chicken; on *Mother Hubbard* a pork sausage. The Dog, turning his head to the east, began to eat the chicken, but, like a good Mahometan, showed an evident repugnance to the swine's flesh.

"When the Dog's mistress is about to leave the house, the Dog immediately brings her veil, nor can threats or entreaties induce him to cross the threshold until the lady has covered her face—another striking trait of his Mahometan origin. Nor should your reporter disguise that the Dog's notions of polygamy also partake of the same lamentable darkness.

"A Turk, who sells rhubarb, having attracted the Dog's notice, the Dog showed his sympathy for the Mussulman by sitting upon his hind legs, and swallowing, with unmoved countenance, three lumps, as big as walnuts, of the drug.

"The Dog touchingly vindicates his love of country, by licking every Frenchman he meets with his feet in morocco.

"The telegraph may be seen from the lady's windows. We always know when it communicates that 'ABD-EL-KADER is taken,' for the Dog, on the watch, never fails to utter '*Bow-wow-wow!*'

"A true report.

(Signed.) "E. JESSE."

DETERMINED SUICIDE.—SIR ROBERT PEEL intends to persevere in endeavouring to carry the Coercion Bill.

## EGYPTIAN IMPRESSIONS.

*(Being a Letter from* FUDDOOL EFFENDI, *in London, to his friend* KY-BOSH-EL-HADJ, *of Musr Cairo.)*

PREFACE.

E make no apology for publishing the first part of this interesting document. Its Orientalisms are no doubt familiar to our readers, from the works of MORIER, LANE, FRAZER, &c. We have retained many Arabic words, fearing to mar their effect by translating. However, in accordance with the practice of English writers of Oriental romances, we have always printed the English by the side of the Arabic. It may be thought that this is superfluous, or that the English might as well be given at once. Such criticisms, however, are not worth notice.

"*On the 8th day of the Month Show-wal, in the year* 1244.

"To the nephew of an excellent maternal uncle, to the learned of *El-Azhar* (the University of Cairo), to the master of *El-áhh-a-deés* (the traditions of the Prophet), to the doctor of *El-surf* (grammar) and *El-muntinck* (logic), to the expounder of *El-fickh* (the religious, moral, and civil law), *Kybosh-Ibn-Hum-boóg-ée El Hadj*, to whom be peace, in the name of the Prophet, greeting:

"By my head, O HADJ, the liver of thy friend hath crumbled, and his gall-bladder has burst, and he is filled with flatulence, by reason of the madness of our master, our Lord, the Bashà. May his digestion be improved, and his corpulence increased! Thou knowest, O HADJ, that I, FUDDOOL, thy friend, have often sat with thee at the table of the *moodám* (wine), and drunk thereof till I have fallen from off the *deewàn* (cushions) of the *mustabêh* (dining-room), and that I have been known among the faithful of *Musr* (Cairo) as *Fuddool Et-aebeed* (FUDDOOL, the wine-bibber); but never did I know, till I came among the *Giaours* (dogs, i.e., Christians), what was the utter confusion of the belly, and the contraction of the heart, from much eating and drinking. Our Lord, the Bashà, hath said that his mind is enlarged, and the girth of his soul tightened by the sights he sees in this city of the *Jinnee* (Evil Spirits), but my backbone hath become as water, and I have eaten much dirt.

"Verily, O HADJ, these eaters of the unclean beast received us at their Bàb (port) of Portsmouth, and said unto us, '*Salaam aleikoòm!* (Peace be with you!) Eat, O strangers!' And they took us to the *Aga* of the *Makemmhe* of the Bab (Port Admiral), and there came out to us a round-bellied man, a son of *yuk laée* (fat meat), and he laughed, and said to us, '*Bismillah* (in the name of the Prophet), *tafud-dal* (do me the favour to eat'). Whereupon the Bashà, to whom be honour, replied, with much blackness of face, '*Henée-an*' (may it benefit); for we had already eaten much *chàwoorkneh* (a sort of sea-pie), on board the ship, and our appetites were already satisfied. Nevertheless the Aga said, 'Is it not the hour of *el-ghuda* (dinner), and the *koórsee* (table) is ready? Eat, O my fathers.' And my heart, O HADJ, was broken into small pieces, and I said in my soul, 'Am I not *khosh* (full)?' And so said the Bashà, for, verily, we had already eaten, and the waters of *kteeraf* (indigestion) had flowed over our bellies, and we were sad; so we sat, and the son of fat meats, the Aga, laughed and ate much, and called on us to drink the *moodam* (wine), and *ámbéree* (liqueurs), and we were exceedingly mad; and I rose, after the fashion of a durwiesh of the *Owlád Noódh* (Order of young men), and danced till the clouds of darkness covered my face, and I fell down, and the son of fat meat laughed; and the Bashà, to whom be praise from ALLAH! rose and called, 'O slaves, bring the *kurbaj* (whip);' and it was brought, and thy friend was flogged until he implored the *hareem* of the son of fat meat (the common method of appeal from punishment in Egypt), and the wrath of the Bashà was softened, and my face was no longer black in his eyes.

"Then we went forth to see their cannon, and the great ships of the *Giaours*. I swear to thee, O HADJ! that everywhere we went there were sons of fat meat who said unto us, '*Bismillah*,—is it not covered? Will not my Lords sit and eat?' And the sons of burnt fathers constrained us. Then great was the confusion in the vitals of thy friend, O HADJ. We knew not the dishes of the *Giaours*: the mists of ignorance covered what we were eating. And when we thought it was *kebábs* (morsels of lamb), behold, it was *annáb* (sweetmeats)! and that which unto the eye was as *koonafèh* (pancakes), was in the mouth as *khigár* (cucumbers), and in the belly as fire.

"Then we, the servants of the Bashà, the fountain of light—to whom be glory! fell down and kissed his *keften* (robe), and said, 'O father, O prince of the faithful, O son of ALEE, we can eat no more; the *khóleh* (stopper) of satiety is put into the *dóruck* (bottle) of appetite. Let us go hence, or we shall die, and our places on the *deewàn* (cushion) shall be empty.' And the Bashà looked terribly upon us, and said, '*Allah kerim*' (Allah is merciful). Surely the *Giaours* cannot eat for ever. Sons of accursed mothers, let your faces be white unto the *Feringhees* (English). Eat all that is set before you, or, by the soul of HÓSSEYN, your back shall taste of the *kurbaj* (whip) and the *mikraáh* (rod.)' So we covered the blackness of our cheeks with the robe of patience, and did eat until our interiors were as the abode of the Jinnee, accursed of SULEYMAN.

"What further befel thy friend, O HADJ, I will write unto thee; but now I must seek to apply the bitter medicine of repentance unto the flatulence of excess.—Farewell."

## THE GOODWOOD CUP.

A FEAST there was at Goodwood spread,
With RICHMOND in the chair;
A Bishop graced the table's head,
A Member too was there:
And lower down the lab'rers sat,
The men who work'd so hard;
And all these gentry met, for that,
To give them some reward.

Our gracious QUEEN, these loyal men,
And Royal Family,
Drank first of all; the Bishop then
They gave with three times three!
"My Lord, the Bishop!" was the call,
"His health, boys! Do not slink;"
Alack! alack! the lab'rers all
Had drunk out all their drink.

So each poor fellow waved on high
His empty pot or cup,
And made pretence unto the eye
To drink the liquor up.
The Goodwood Cup so much renown'd,
And famed both far and near,—
This celebrated Cup,—is found,
THE CUP WITHOUT THE BEER!

## MAGNANIMITY OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

TERRIBLE is the wrath of kings! LOUIS-PHILIPPE has very properly punished the doctor-friend who aided LOUIS-NAPOLEON in his escape, by causing the said friend to be handcuffed. In this way ought ORESTES to be punished for his devotion to PYLADES. It is quite after the old heroic manner. Nevertheless, the KING OF THE FRENCH improves upon the vengeance of antiquity; for it will be remembered that LOUIS-NAPOLEON, in his formidable descent upon Boulogne, which did *not* yield to his battery of champagne corks, had with him an eagle that had been trained to perch upon the NAPOLEON beaver. Well, NAPOLEON was sent to Ham, and the eagle was forwarded to a slaughter-house, where, until the escape of the royal prisoner, it was permitted to take its daily fill of offal. No sooner, however, was it known that the captive had made off, than LOUIS-PHILIPPE caused the Prince's doctor to be handcuffed, and the Prince's eagle to be put on half-allowance of garbage. The vengeance shown in either case is equally magnanimous!

## VERY KIND.

*Lord John.* IF IT 'S TOO HOT THERE, SIR ROBERT, I 'LL CHANGE PLACES.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S NEW NURSERY.

Lord Brougham has, according to the *Times*, undertaken another character in addition to his already extensive *répertoire*, and has come forward in the capacity of dry-nurse to new-born Bills. We have made it our business to make some inquiries into this matter, and we find that his Lordship has a regular establishment enough of his own without incurring liabilities on account of the Parliamentary progeny of other people. Some of his legislative offspring have turned out so full of mischief, that if we were an M.P. we would rather see our pet legislative measure in its grave than hand it over to the nursing of Lord Brougham. It is evident that his system is a fatal one; for out of nine Bills placed under his charge from one quarter alone, he lost five of the poor things; while, out of the four that grew up, two or three have given a world of trouble to every one that has had anything to do with them. Such a young scapegrace as the Small Debts Bill we do not often meet with. He is the most extravagant young dog in the shape of an Act of Parliament, turning everything upside down, and producing the utmost confusion among the commercial interests. Brougham's system of nursing leads to the spoiling of the bantlings under his charge, which grow up ricketty if they grow up at all, and often prove a disgrace to their parents. Sometimes Brougham takes it into his head that a little Bill cannot be too little, and he uses every possible means to stop its growth, under the impression that "brevity is the soul of wit," and as wit is allied to wisdom the shortest measures must be the most sagacious. He crams in a great deal of what he calls the spirit of a Bill, in order to obtain brevity, as people give gin to lap-dogs to keep them little. Frequently, however, he gives an overdose, and instead of limiting the growth of the Bill he extinguishes it altogether.

Lord Campbell has also a nursing establishment for little Bills, but his Scotch Lordship has a fault, very common with nurses, of administering sleep-promoting cordials, which often have the effect of setting them to sleep for ever. He is very happy in lulling them off, and his voice is itself of so somniferous a nature as to induce a state of *coma* in the little Bills, even should they escape the ordinary casualties of infancy. It may, at all events, be said in recommendation of Lord Campbell, that he does his duty as a nurse in one respect, for he is a steady-going person without any followers, and is not always shifting about from one side to the other—a charge to which Nurse Brougham is fearfully liable.

It is really scandalous to watch the readiness shown by Nurse Brougham to be running after this, that, and the other—now flirting with the soldier Wellington, now coquetting with the policeman Peel, and occasionally acting the part of a young hoyden, on the edge of the woolsack. We have often been much shocked to see such conduct, and we are fearful that Nurse Brougham would just as soon drop fifty little Bills, to gad after some new object, as the nursemaid in the Park would abandon her little charges to fate and the cows, for the sake of a little *badinage* with one of the soldiery.

### THE APPEALS IN THE LORDS.

A foreigner would be very much struck by the air of calm decency that pervades the hearing of Appeals in the House of Lords. Three Peers are sufficient to form a House, and these three are not required to keep awake during the proceedings; so that the Chairman generally goes off first, into the arms of Somnus, and his example is speedily followed by his two supporters. Lord Brougham, who never will go to sleep under any circumstances, generally smuggles the last new novel under his papers, and amuses himself with a "quiet read;" or, while pretending to take notes, he is not unfrequently rattling off some "copy" for one of the numerous works that he always has in the hands of the printer. The Counsel go quietly on with their speeches, utterly regardless of the inattention they experience; and the whole affair has an aspect of sober quietude that is peculiarly imposing on all who witness it. We shall look in some day, and give a *verbatim* report of the proceedings.

### A GENTLEMAN OF THE LONG-ROBE.

The *Times* informs us, that at an inquest held the other day in Eastcheap, on the cross-examination of Mr. Waterworth, Surgeon,

Mr. Prendergast commenced calling out to him, "Come, Mr. Medical-man, what do you say to that?"

Whereupon the Coroner told Mr. Prendergast to behave like a gentleman, or else he would have him turned out of Court.

Come, Mr. Barrister, what do *you* say to *that?*

For the benefit of Mr. Prendergast we disinter an old advertisement, announcing—

"A new School at tuppunse a week; and them as larns manners pays tuppunse more."

If this scholastic institution is still in being, it will offer peculiar advantages to Mr. Prendergast; and if he will favour us with a call at our office, we shall be happy to supply him with the fourpence necessary to obtain them.

# THE GREEDY BOY,

WHO WOULDN'T LET MASTER HARDINGE AND MASTER GOUGH HAVE ANY OF THE NICE THINGS.

(*Vide the Minority in the Lords, June 5.*)

## IBRAHIM PACHA.

COURTEOUS *Punch* has, of course, exercised his wonted courtesy towards IBRAHIM—though the *Court Circular*, shabbily enough, says nothing about it—and has shown him certain sights, to the astonishment of the lion Mussulman. In the first place, we took him up in our own unostentatious way, namely, in a patent safety cab at MIVART'S, and drove to the centre of London Bridge. "There," said we, pointing to the forest of masts in the pool; "nothing of that sort at the golden horn, eh?" Then we pointed to the fleet of steamers whizzing, roaring away, and thronged with crowds—every other man, woman, and child reading *Punch*—bound for Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend; to twenty places—below bridge and above bridge—and IBRAHIM a hundred times said, "Allah Bismillah!" We then took boat, and went down to the pool, and still the old Egyptian stroked his beard and wondered. Having shown him Greenwich, we crossed to Blackwall, and took him into the Docks. We then drove westward, calling upon the Bank and the Exchange by the way. When we approached St. Paul's, IBRAHIM desired to enter it, but for the honour of our country we told a flam: "Light of the Universe," said we, "it is not permitted to a Mussulman to enter the Cathedral." We confess it; we thought it less dishonour to tell the falsehood than to suffer the old Egyptian to see the twopence we should have had to pay for him to behold the show.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

LIBERTY. We can scarcely trust ourselves to define the meaning of this magnificent word—which is derived from *Libertas*, freedom. It is the air we breathe, and the article for which melodramatic heroes sometimes rant till their breath is exhausted. Liberty is a very good thing when genuine, but like every other good thing, it is very bad when abused, and it is an article of which there is an enormous number of counterfeits. It is generally puffed up by political quacks, as a remedy for every disease known to the Constitution. Each quack has, however, almost always a model *recipe* of his own, according to which Liberty must be concocted; and one of the chief conditions attached to it is, that no one shall take the liberty of setting up an opposition article. When people dared not open their mouths during the French Revolution, when the prisons were full of victims, and the guillotine in constant use—it was all for the advancement of Liberty. Civil and Religious Liberty, according to the notion of many who cry out for it, is no civility at all to anybody, and an utter abolition of all religion. Political Liberty, in its largest sense is, that all should be engaged in the business of government; so that every one is commanding and no one obeying, like the regiment in which there were no men, but all officers. The declaration of American Independence assumes that all men are equal, and that they are all entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Among the results of this theory are Slavery, Lynch Law, and a disagreeable habit of making one another as uncomfortable as possible. Notwithstanding an occasional request from conventions sitting in public-house parlours, asking the people to throw off that invisible article, the yoke, and trample those very inaccessible folks, our tyrants, in the dust, we think we may say, without a clap-trap, that England is the land of Liberty, or at least of as much liberty as it is convenient to the generality that individuals should be allowed to exercise.

LIEN. From the French *lier*, to bind. It is the right of one man to retain the property of another till the demand of the former against the latter is satisfied. Thus, if I catch a pick-pocket taking my handkerchief, and I lay hold of his nose, I may remain seised of his nose, or rather he may remain seised of my finger and thumb till my demand is satisfied. Thus I have a lien which I should act unwisely in allowing to slip through my fingers. What is sufficient possession to create a lien, is a nice question; but the safest way is to keep a tight hand on the article, and thus, in the example we have given, we have tried to illustrate our meaning by taking hold of the most prominent feature. A lien may sometimes arise by pledge, as if A borrows half-a-crown and pledges his honour that he will return it, I have a lien upon his honour; which is probably not worth half-a-crown, when it is given in pledge for a mere trifle.

## THE "DOMINO NOIR" AT THE HAYMARKET.

IN accordance with a practice once very prevalent among critics, and still occasionally followed, we had prepared a notice of *Le Domino Noir*, at the Haymarket, before witnessing the performance. As it is in type, we cannot afford to throw it away, and we therefore subjoin it for the amusement of our readers. It will be seen that we were somewhat "out," but we had adopted the old conventional critical tone of abusing, which is always safer than laudation.

"The *Black Domino* was performed on Wednesday, at the Haymarket, the only theatre for the legitimate drama, and, as might be supposed, quite unsuited to lyrical purposes. FARREN made the most he could of the first tenor part; and STUART'S *basso* was exceedingly good for a tragedian. MR. BRINDAL'S vocal efforts were not of the first order; and MESSRS. GOUGH, CLARKE, and others, could not be expected to furnish a very efficient chorus."

We had done a good deal more in this strain, for the purpose of showing our musical knowledge and fastidiousness of taste, but unfortunately the whole article was upset, by the fact of our having recognised in the band and chorus a wonderful precision and correctness; so that any compliments to MADAME THILLON, on her charming singing and acting need not be qualified by cold water thrown upon the rest of the musical arrangements.

### ENCOURAGEMENT TO FIGHT.

THE State of Louisiana has passed an Act for the protection of all debtors who are willing to take arms against Mexico: thus offering a premium to those heroes who, at home, are not "worth powder and shot."

### "Standing on its Rights."

AMONG the wonderful cures that are being continually advertised in the papers, we are continually seeing "A Bad Leg of Thirty Years' Standing" alluded to. After all, the leg could not be so very bad, if it has been standing for thirty years; and there is something like ingratitude on the part of the owner of the leg, who permits it to be proclaimed to the world as an unworthy member. Every man ought, we think, to stand up for his own leg; particularly when that leg has been standing up for him during a period of more than a quarter of a century. We consider that this advertisement less creditable to the author's heart than to his understanding.

NEW STANDARD OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

### The Stable Statesman at Ascot.

BY the sporting intelligence of Thursday we find that at Ascot the few Stakes of 100 sovereigns were won by LORD G. BENTINCK'S Slander. His Lordship was, by a singular coincidence, running his slander very hard in the House of Commons, on the previous night, against Sir R. PEEL'S two year-old filly, Reputation. Though Slander won at Ascot, it failed at St. Stephen's, for its noble owner was not even placed—a result that must have been rather mortifying; for to get "placed" is believed to have been his only object.

### THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.

THE "sweets of office" are very often, like the sweets of the pillory, sweets gathered from dunghills and gutters, and flung in the face of the Minister. (N.B.—Thus thinks PEEL, when listening to BENTINCK.)

## A NEW VAUXHALL ERA.

In consequence of the fine weather, we have been disappointed of a number of jokes which we had prepared upon the opening of Vauxhall. We had expected that it would rain, as a matter of course, directly the doors were opened; but as the moon has taken the "royal property" this year under its protection, and is likely to prove a harvest-moon for the proprietors, our jokes must stand over till next season, unless any burlesque writer chooses to sue for them *in formâ pauperis*. We think, however, that some extraordinary triumph should commemorate the unparalleled event of Vauxhall having been opened so many successive nights without a single shower of rain; and we propose, in order to do the thing handsomely, that a grand transparency be got up, as large as life, in honour of Widdicomb, who has certainly succeeded that fine old pump, St. Swithin, as the tutelary genius of the Gardens. It will be only a graceful compliment to him for honouring the Gardens two seasons with the light of his countenance.

We are sure there is not a lamp on the premises—including the "20,000 additional,"—which would not burn with tenfold brilliancy, and boil over with enthusiasm in such a cause. We should not be surprised if, like the Vestal lamps, they determined never to go out, but burnt night and day, in order to celebrate one whose whole life has been a practical illustration of his motto, "Never say die!" When the transparency is inaugurated, the band should play appropriate tunes; such as, "Oh! there 's a light in his laughing eye;" whilst a poet should recite, at intervals, a new version of the poem of the "Last Man."

## SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

On Ibrahim Pacha's journey by the South-Western Railway to town, addresses from the servants of the Company were presented to him at the several stations. The following specimen of these courteous orations will serve as an example of the whole:—

"To His Highness Ibrahim Pacha. May it please your Highness, We, the Check-takers, Clerks, and Policemen, in the service of the South-Western Railway Company, beg respectfully to offer to your High——"

The speech was here invariably cut short by a whistle and the starting of the train, which prevented the Pacha from making that gracious reply which there is no doubt he would otherwise have given to it.

### THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S ORATORY.

The Marquis of Londonderry has accused the Duke of Richmond of "making spicy speeches" in favour of Protection. The Duke indignantly repels the imputation; and for ourselves, we think justly repels it. His speeches bear the same relation to spice, as the Yankee pedlar's nutmegs to the real thing; being found, upon trial, to come from nothing but hard wood.

## IBRAHIM PACHA'S VISITORS' BOOK.

Ibrahim had no sooner squatted comfortably down at Mivart's, than all the world rushed to write their names in his "book." Doubtless many of these affectionate Britons believed that Ibrahim would be in the deepest state of anxiety lest they should fail to leave their signatures, and therefore elbowed for pen-and-ink as though the eyes of all Egypt were upon them. Ibrahim drew a very long face, and gravely stroked his beard when he turned over the list. Of the five hundred who had written themselves down as inquiring friends, he had never heard the names of above half-a-dozen. He thereupon questioned his Secretary and Interpreter, a man previously sworn to know everything about the droppers-in.

*Ibrahim.* By the head of my father, here 's a host of infidel dogs! But no; not a handful of pilau—not a whiff of hookah get they of Ibrahim! (*Reads.*) "Lord Palmerston." Humph! I 've heard of Palmerston—Yes, certainly heard of him. "Sir Charles Napier!" The Giaour that blew us up at Acre: heard of him, too. "B. Disraeli, M.P." Never heard of him; who is he?

*Interpreter.* Light of the world, your dog will interpret. Disraeli is a Caucasian; and among the infidels, a dancing dervish.

*Ibrahim.* A dancing dervish! Have the dogs their dervishes? *Allah Bismillah!*

*Interpreter.* At certain moons, the dervish Disraeli danceth and spinneth to the delectation of the great Divan, or Parliament. Sometimes, too, he playeth with snakes—like our charmers; at other seasons, like *Bacarac*, the hunchback, he telleth stories—marvellous stories.

*Ibrahim.* For how many purses?

*Interpreter.* For none yet paid—but all for hope.

*Ibrahim.* A dervish that turns and turns for nothing! A snake-charmer that danceth his vipers upon credit! *Allah Bismillah!* Wonderful is Disraeli, the Caucasian! Ibrahim will see the dervish; he shall twirl before the window, and dance his snakes in the fore-court! (*Ibrahim proceeds with the list.*) Speak—interpret. Who is "Marquis of Londonderry?"

*Interpreter.* A mighty traveller: one who journeyeth to all corners of the earth with a pocket kitchen. From the brightness and glory of his head, he is also known among the infidels as "goldstick." He hath also written a book, upon the Mountain of Light, the Sultan—Stamboul—the Harem—the——

(But here the Interpreter, seeing that Ibrahim was lapsing into profoundest sleep—the very mention of the book had had its wonted effect—was silent. However, the Pacha on waking, again addressed himself to his Visitors' List; but flung it down in despair when he came to the fiftieth "Smith.")

## AN ODD STEP AT THE POLISH BALL.

There is an important circumstance in connection with the late Polish Ball, which we feel imperatively called to make a remark upon. According to the papers a cord was drawn across the room, separating one part of the company from the other. Accustomed, too, to associate the ropes with the ring, we must say that such an arrangement savours more of the Fancy than of the Fancy Ball. The cord, of course, was intended to divide the Snobs from the gentlefolks; but the question is, which were the gentlefolks, and which the Snobs? and on this point we fear we differ from those who drew the line.

While on the subject, we may notice the costume of Count Kask-a-wiski, which, Jenkins tells us, was "the object of special admiration." It is difficult to conceive the Kask-a-wiski without the hoop, which is less appropriate to a Count than to a Countess. As Kask-a-wiski was present at the Polish Ball, probably Flask-ov-ollands and Kagg-o-brandi were there too; and, no doubt, between them, they made the affair go off with spirit.

### A Warning to Parents.

The Midsummer Holidays having commenced, *Punch*—with an almost paternal love for the rising generation—advises parents and guardians who do not wish their children to listen to bad language, to avoid a certain House, the House of Commons;—Master Bentinck not leaving for the vacation.

### ANOTHER BLOW TO THE DRAMA.

Mr. Charles Kean's return to this country is postponed until next year.—*Standard.* [Nevertheless, London managers have resolved to keep their theatres open, and try to struggle on.]

## A NON SEQUITUR.

We are not in the habit of requiring very strict logic from the manager of a theatre; but the Drury-Lane Play-bill of the other day presented such a very odd specimen of reasoning that we cannot allow it to pass without notice. That there may be no mistake as to the terms of the notice, we will give the paragraph, and then add a word or two by way of comment:—

"*Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*—In consequence of Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi having expressed a desire to give the assistance of her brilliant talents to the entertainments of Friday next, she will not perform to-morrow, but will repeat her celebrated character of *Paquita* the day after. There will, consequently, be no performance this evening, or to-morrow."

We can understand Carlotta Grisi expressing a desire to dance on any particular evening, but we cannot comprehend why that should prevent her from making her appearance on the two preceding nights; and we are still further at a loss to make out why there should "consequently be no performance this evening or to-morrow." Did Carlotta Grisi's expressing a desire to dance on Friday preclude every one else from dancing or singing, or doing anything, in short, to keep the theatre open on Wednesday and Thursday? Perhaps the enormous hit made by *Stradella* had too much exhausted the energies of the performers to allow of their appearing again until after an interval of at least two evenings.

It is to be hoped Carlotta Grisi will not too frequently express a desire to dance on a given night that has not yet arrived, for it seems that when she has said she will dance nothing can be done in the theatre till the event has come off in due course, and the performers consequently lose half their salaries.

Considering the uses to which Drury Lane has now for some long time been devoted, we recommend an alteration in the style and costume of the statue of Shakespeare. The position suggested in the present sketch would be more in accordance with the present attitude of the drama.

## A BIT OF MUZZLING.

The annual proclamation about mad dogs has just made its appearance, in which muzzling is, as usual, strongly recommended. As honourable Members, however, have lately displayed, in the heat of debate, undoubted signs of party madness, we think some similar precaution would not be amiss in the House of Commons. The way in which some of the most rabid Protectionists have been showing their teeth to Sir Robert makes this precaution doubly necessary. Who knows the Premier might be bit some day by a "stable mind?" At all events, the muzzling would have the great advantage of keeping Members' mouths shut, and ought to be adopted, if it is only to prevent them saying the same thing six times over.

## COMING EVENTS.

We were looking over a file of this year's newspapers at the American Coffee House, and were painfully struck with the following announcement:—

"*In a few days will be out,*

THE PRIME MINISTER."

As no date, however, was specified, let us hope the publication has been deferred.

### A PETITION FROM HAM.

It is said that the citizens of Ham have "demanded steps to be taken with the English Government to reinstate Prince Louis-Napoleon in his prison," he was such a profitable commodity to the place. Thus, the Prince, bringing bread well buttered to the city, made of Ham a sandwich!

## IBRAHIM IN TOWN.

Early every one acknowledges that there is something almost terrific in the idea of Ibrahim Pacha being actually in London. We have been so in the habit of reading about his impetuosity and all that kind of thing, that we cannot conceive his putting up quietly at Mivart's Hotel, and going down to Ascot on the day of the races. We used to hear that Ibrahim, at the head of his mountain horde, was doing this, that, and the other; routing somebody on one side, ravaging coasts, and carrying his furious arms in all directions; and we are therefore unprepared for finding his name every morning in our newspapers among the fashionable movements of the season. Considering the military impetuosity of his character, we should suggest that a Court Circular should be specially written to record his acts during his visit to London, in language similar to that in which we have been in the habit of hearing him spoken of. We submit a few specimens:—

"The impetuous Ibrahim left his lair at Mivart's, at an early hour, and made a descent upon the breakfast-room. He ravaged a plate of ham, and spread desolation among the French—rolls that were placed before him. The energetic heir of Mehemet Ali then planted his yatagan in the bosom of a fowl, and made a desperate attack upon it, exclaiming, in his strong Egyptian accent, "Thus will I cut off both wings of the army of my enemy!" Having finished a hearty meal, he rushed into the fastness of a carriage, and scoured the country until he arrived at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway. The haughty Ibrahim was met by Mr. Russell, M.P., and the impetuous Pacha, having exchanged a few signs of courtesy, precipitated himself upon the ottoman in the saloon carriage.

"With his usual rapidity of movement he reached the race-course, and came to a stand in a position commanding a view of all that was passing round him. Wine was offered to the wily Egyptian, who did honour to his old friend, the Porte, by finishing an entire bottle."

The above are only a few of the incidents occurring on one of the days of Ibrahim's sojourn in this country. The narration of events should be continued in the same spirit, when a very interesting record of his visit would be furnished to the public, written in a style appropriate to the habits and character of the illustrious person, whose proceedings cannot be faithfully chronicled in the mere every-day language of a *Court Circular*.

## Ball-Room Costumes.

Our old friend Jenkins has given us a very elaborate description of the dresses of some of the ladies at the recent Polish Ball. Some of them represented the Months, and others the Seasons, though the representation could scarcely be considered very accurate; for, as one swallow does not make a summer, so one polyanthus does not make an April, nor one rose a June. The young ladies alluded to were, however, satisfied with this species of arrangement, and were not more elaborate in their costume, according to Jenkins, than to stick in their respective dresses a flower appropriate to the particular period of which they were supposed to be the emblems. If this sort of thing can be so easily accomplished, we should recommend a novelty in the shape of a Public Building Quadrille, in which the fair dancers might represent such places as the Horse Guards, St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey. The Horse Guards could be typified by a little jack-boot in gold, suspended to the girdle; St. Paul's could be shown by a little cross round the neck, and Westminster Abbey by the number 3 worked on the corsage, as indicative of the threepence paid for admission to that magnificent exhibition.

We really think more might have been done with the costume of the young ladies representing the Months, on the occasion of the Polish Ball. We would have made up June with a robe of white lace, trimmed *en biais* with a bundle of asparagus, with little *pompons* of new potatoes round the edge, finishing in the centre with a broad bean. A corsage of green lettuce-leaves, laid on in plaits, and terminating at the point with a small spring onion, would have had a very graceful effect; and the earrings, bracelets, &c. might have consisted of small rows of peas *en marrowfat*, with a hautboy accompaniment of strawberries as a *fichu* for the neck.

We hope that on any similar occasion of appearing in costume to represent Months and Seasons, we shall be apprised in time, so that we may have the pleasure of suggesting a few dresses, of a bolder and richer design than those which appear to have figured at the Polish Ball.

## PUNCH'S PARLIAMENT.

DESIGNS FOR THE DWARF HOUSES.

We do not like to cavil at our daily contemporaries: nevertheless, we wish they would report the proceedings in Parliament a little more faithfully. They have, during the past week, omitted a very important debate, which, as conscientious journalists, we feel bound to publish; though, certainly, such task is not within our ordinary duties.

Sir Robert Peel moved for leave to bring in a Bill to grant a certain sum of money (to be defined in Committee) to be expended in the erection of what he would venture to call "The Royal Lilliput Quadrangle;" namely, a number of habitations for dwarfs of all countries. We have (said the Right Hon. Baronet) an Hospital for sailors of all countries; wherefore, then, should not England—the home of the world's outcasts and wanderers—offer asylums to the smallest of the family of man? (*Cheers from* Colonel Sibthorp.) It has been said—and too long said—*de minimis non curat lex*. Let this ignorant, this inhuman axiom, no longer detract from the beauty of our jurisprudence. No; the vote of to-night will, I trust, prove to the world that the care, the benevolence of England toward human creatures, will be in a direct ratio with their littleness. Modern science has vindicated its triumphs (said the Right Hon. Baronet) by abridging labour; by crowding the achievements of days into the work of minutes. In the like way, Nature, reforming her customary doings, is condensing her rough materials into essences; and where before she would have made a life-guardsman Shaw, she now—better instructed—creates a Tom Thumb. That illustrious individual (*hear, hear,*)—illustrious by inches rather than by courtesy—has received the homage so justly due to his smallness, from the highest and the noblest of the land. (*Cheers.*) He has, by his ready wit, his songs, and hornpipes, smoothed the wrinkled brow of state, and won away the smiles of anxious royalty. He has been the delight of a proud aristocracy—I use the term proud in its classic sense—and in a troublous time, a time of great commercial transition, has afforded to agricultural Dukes and Lords a pleasure denied to them by the Corn Bill. And more than this—the victories of General Tom Thumb—victories over the stubborn prejudices of Englishmen—are imperishable. It has been the pride of my position, this session, to call for rewards for a Hardinge and a Gough; and I cannot but feel that I reach the climax of satisfaction as a Minister of this country, in demanding of it a significant and a sufficient reward for a Thumb. For his successes—successes stamped in imperishable gold—have called forth dwarfs from every nook and corner of the earth. England has taught human nature the exceeding advantage of being little. Hence, we have had German dwarfs—Spanish dwarfs—and, very recently, dwarfs from the Highlands; dwarfs who have danced their national lilts at the Palace (*Hear, hear*) to the eternal glory of the Land of Cakes. Feeling, then, that we shall have a monopoly of pigmies,—that Britannia will, very shortly, be the wet and dry nurse of all the dwarfs of all the world,—I think that we only consult our national character for a generous simplicity, in providing a proper establishment for the accommodation of the illustrious strangers. It is with this feeling, sir, that I move for leave to bring in a Bill for a Grant of Money for the erection of a building to be called—"The Royal Lilliput Quadrangle; or, Pigmies' Home." (*Cheers.*)

Sir J. Graham had exceeding pleasure in seconding the motion. His official position had induced him to give great attention to the subject. It was his belief that, in time, dwarfs would work a great benefit to the country. As the fleshly tenement of man was his viler part, the less flesh he had, the less vile would he be. (*Ironical cheers from the Opposition.*) Now, when he considered these two facts,—namely, that the population of England was continually increasing, and the extent of the island was, on the contrary, fixed, he acknowledged a mysterious, but a most beneficial natural phenomenon in this glut of dwarfs. For instance: suppose that, in the next fifty years, the people of England were all of them no bigger than Tom Thumb—suppose that Tom Thumb's inches were the standard height of the whole population—should we then need to emigrate? No; there would be ample room in the square miles of Britain for a quadrupled population; and where a Union now lodged two hundred, it would very conveniently accommodate eight or ten. (*Hear!*) He might be told he was too sanguine in his expectations. By no means. Was it not a physical truth that deformity was transmissible from generation to generation? We had only to secure a competent supply of dwarfs to insure a littleness to posterity. He would not take up the time of the House (*hear*), or he might show the influence of the imagination on animal structure. It was, however, only necessary for people to have a sufficient number of dwarfs continually before their eyes, to become the progenitors of pigmies. (Here the Right Hon. Baronet read several extracts from Pritchard's *Natural History of Man*, proving that it is the tendency of animal life, after a time, to reproduce artificial peculiarities; that certain horses have a certain kind of amble; sheep a certain kind of crooked leg; goats a certain kind of hair, and so forth.) These instances (said the Right Hon. Baronet) were, he thought, sufficient to prove that if a due encouragement were given to dwarfs, not one of our descendants would, in half a century, stand, in his, or her stockings, more than four-and-twenty inches. (*Cheers.*)

Leave was then given to bring in the Bill, which was read a first time.

### Reform of the Law.

Chancellors, ex-Chancellors, and Queen's Counsel, are members of a Society for the reform of the law. They meet and denounce the wickedness of costs, and then hie away to practice. This reminds us of a passage in Borrow's *Gipsies of Spain*:—"And now, my dears," says the head of the family to the younger branches—"now you have said your prayers, go out and steal."

Happy Land.—The Pacha of Egypt has reduced the legal rate of interest to one per cent. An hour after this edict, there was scarcely a Jew left in Egypt.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 20, 1846.

## THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

### CHAP. XVII.—ON LITERARY SNOBS.

*In a Letter from "One of Themselves" to* MR. SMITH, *the celebrated Penny-a-Liner.*

"MY DEAR SMITH,

OF the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters whom they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. 'Have you read poor THEODORE CROOK'S Life, as given in the *Quarterly*,' asks one; 'and does any one merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?' 'What do you say to MRS. CRUOR'S novels, and MRS. WALLOP'S works of fashionable fiction?' writes some misogynist. 'Was not TOM MACAU a Snob, when he dated from Windsor Castle?' asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from TOM FUSTIAN since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. 'What do you say to CRAWLEY SPOKER, the man who doesn't know where Bloomsbury Square is—the MARQUIS OF BORGIA'S friend?' writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell Street post-mark. 'What do you say to BENDIGO DE MINORIES?' demands another curious inquirer.

"I think poor CROOK'S Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashionables in the papers?—LORD HOOKHAM, LORD CHARLES SNIVEY, MR. SMITH.

"MRS. CRUOR'S works and MRS. WOLLOP'S novels are also wholesome, if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

"As for the RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. MACAU—I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman's audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle, and think—that he was a Snob for putting such an address to his letter?—no; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it,—the Public—that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

"In the first place, MR. MACAU was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the Royal ALBERT himself. HER MAJESTY (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august housekeeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that MR. MACAU had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street; and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

"As for honest TOM FUSTIAN, who has cut 'LIBERTAS'—'LIBERTAS' must suffer under the calamity—until TOM publishes another novel; about a month before which time, LIBERTAS, as critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time MRS. FUSTIAN will call upon MRS. LIBERTAS (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but LIBERTAS should understand his place in the world; an author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions, and FUSTIAN belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

"All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as the MARQUIS OF BORGIA, SPOKER'S friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron if not of letters, at least of literary men. My Lord left SPOKER almost as much money as he left to CENTSUISSE, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear SMITH, that SPOKER knows; though he *doesn't* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

"And, finally, concerning young BEN DE MINORIES. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the Great Britannic Literary Snob? MR. DE MINORIES is not only a man of genius, (as you are, my dear SMITH, though your washerwoman duns you for her little bill,) but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not, and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of 'an English gentleman?' Of all England, DE MINORIES was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British aristocracy. I know it's true. I saw it in the papers: and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

"And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected*. For what do we admire SHAKSPEARE so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes: *Falstaff*, *Miranda*, *Caliban*, *Marc Antony*, *Ophelia*, *Justice Shallow*—and so I say DE MINORIES must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life JOSEPH and DANIEL were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his godfathers, and to modify the opinions advanced in the generosity of his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would PEEL be now had he known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Romans when CORIOLANUS encamped before the Porta del Popolo, and the mortification of FRANCIS THE FIRST when he saw the CONSTABLE BOURBON opposite to him at Pavia. *Raro antecedentem, &c. descruit pede Pœna claudo* (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than PEEL, at the catastrophe of a sinister career,—PEEL writhing in torture, with NEMESIS DE MINORIES down upon him!

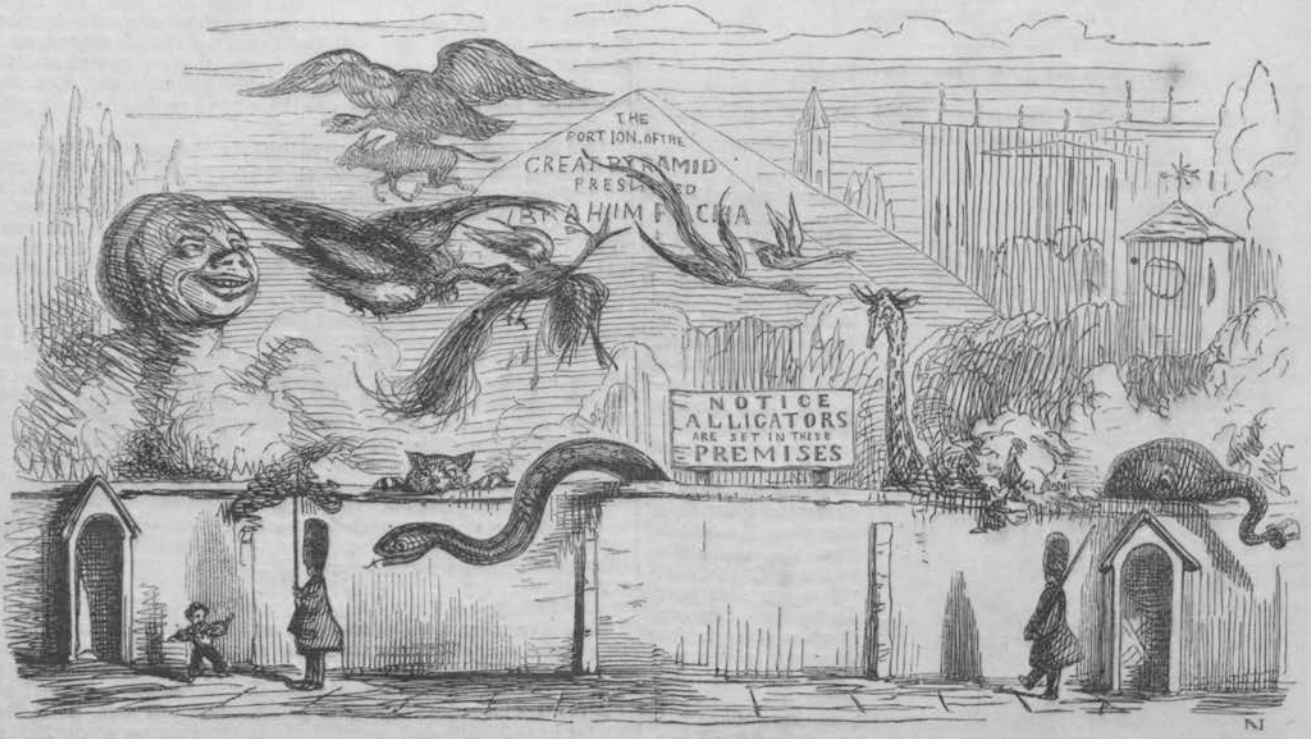
"I know nothing in LEMPRIERE'S Dictionary itself, more terrific than that picture of Godlike vengeance. What! PEEL thought to murder CANNING, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! PEEL thought to repeal the Corn-laws, did he? In the first place, before Cornbills or Irish bills are settled, let us know who was it that killed LORD GEORGE BENTINCK'S 'relative.' Let PEEL answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent LORD GEORGE, and to NEMESIS DE MINORIES, his champion.

"I call his interference real chivalry. I regard LORD GEORGE'S affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman—and I am proud, dear SMITH, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; that if LORD GEORGE is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country! to have such a pair of saviours. Happy LORD GEORGE! to have such a friend and patron—happy men of letters! to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation."

### A Reflection on Moon.

WE are requested to state, that MR. MOON was not purposely absent from the Waterloo Banquet this year. His absence was entirely owing to circumstances over which this celebrated veteran had no control. The fact is, MR. MOON did not receive an invitation. He was dressed for the banquet, and did not dine till twelve, in the full expectation of being summoned every minute to Apsley House. What makes this matter still more singular, is, that MR. MOON has not received the smallest apology from the Duke for this evident neglect.

## THE PIMLICO MENAGERIE.




FOREIGN Powers have got into a very inconvenient habit of sending wild beasts as a present to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA, who not knowing what to do with the brutes, has been in the habit of packing them off at once to the Surrey Zoological. The Parcels Delivery seldom passes the Palace door without leaving something directed to the British Sovereign; and frequently when the hamper, or whatever it may be, is opened in the hall, a cassowary, a coatimundi, or some animal with a name that no one can pronounce, crawls or springs out among the spectators assembled round the basket. Hitherto the QUEEN has found in MR. TYLER a ready recipient of every living creature that has been forwarded as a present to Buckingham Palace, but the obliging and enterprising proprietor of the Gardens has been compelled to announce most respectfully, that his establishment is full, and that there are really no more vacancies.

It is no joke to get an extra cassowary coming down upon the allowance of the animals every afternoon at feeding time, or a fine polar or other bear, looking out for his daily grub at the hands of the keepers of the Surrey Zoological. The result will be that Her Majesty will be compelled either to reject the presents sent her from abroad, or start a menagerie in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The question "Is it alive?" will have to be asked of every one coming with a parcel to the Palace; and word will have to be left with the sentinel on duty, that "the nasty live thing is to go back again."

We suggest, therefore, that Buckingham Palace should be fitted up with a menagerie and wild beast ground, together with spots apportioned to the giraffes for air and exercise. The effect would be pleasing to such of the public as cannot afford to pay to see a collection of wild beasts, for most of the animals are on a sufficiently large scale to be visible over the top of the wall to persons walking on the outside of the gardens.

### METROPOLITAN SPORTING.

THE sportsmen in the neighbourhood of Lambeth had an opportunity of gratifying their taste for the chase by the escape of a fox from an adjacent menagerie. Reynard went away in fine style over the wall of a back yard, and was soon joined by a miscellaneous party of hounds, who went after him as far as the Borough Road, while the view halloo was given by a milkman, who was the first to catch a glimpse of the enterprising animal. In a few minutes Lambeth became the field of a vigorous fox-hunt, the pack being supported by voluntary contributions from any stray dog who chose to join in the exciting pastime. As evening drew in, the dogs fell off one by one from the pursuit, and Reynard took up his quarters for the night in a water butt. Our sporting correspondent has not sent us any particulars of the fox-hunt having been resumed, and we must therefore presume that the "varmint" is still concealed in the place he so cunningly selected for shelter from the vigilance of his pursuers.

### Curious Sights.

THERE are many curious sights yet in store for IBRAHIM PACHA. If he stops a little longer in England, he may see how a minister goes out of office, and in how short time a Cabinet can be constructed. Should he protract his stay a day or two after this, he may also have an opportunity of seeing how very quickly that Cabinet can be taken to pieces again, and constructed as it was before.

### MRS. GAMP SUGGESTS SUICIDE.

MRS. GAMP, of Shoe Lane, mumbles as follows in the *Herald* of the 17th inst.:—

"What can possess him [SIR ROBERT PEEL] to persist in the endeavour to clear up the *doubtful* passages of 1827, 1828, and 1829? Has he no friend to remind him of a very old proverb ('The more you stir it,' &c.), or *to drag him away* from an investigation which, if his heart were *like those of other men, would assuredly end in a coroner's inquest?*"

Thus, according to *Mrs. Gamp*, the Prime Minister would best vindicate his common humanity by killing himself. Under the same circumstances, *Mrs. Gamp* would try to blow out *her* brains—that she would. However, it is a great thought, this suicide—a noble suggestion. The *Herald* cannot make too much of it; therefore, we would suggest that it should immediately cause to be inscribed over the office-door the lines of *Romeo*:—

> "And if a PEEL have need of poison now,
> Here lives a caitiff wretch will sell it him."

The poison would, no doubt, be *Mrs. Gamp's* "own extract of leaders," which, taken in a very moderate dose, would act like the subtlest laudanum.

### INTENSITY OF THE HEAT.

A LIMERICK correspondent assures us that so sweltering is the heat, that the Shannon, after simmering for some weeks, has begun to boil, and that all the salmon fished out about dinner time can be immediately dished up, ready boiled.

## THE POWDER TAX.

(TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.)

RIEND HUME,

When IBRAHIM PACHA landed the other day at Portsmouth, he was welcomed by the lips of cannon. A royal salute was fired in honour of his arrival; a similar civility was paid to the ARCHDUKE CONSTANTINE; and this, it seems, is the national mode of asking any distinguished foreigner how he is, and telling him we are glad to see him. We also avail ourselves of artillery to cry "Hurrah!" when a prince is born, an enemy conquered, or any other piece of luck befals us. Now, dear HUME, has it not occurred to you—it has to me often—how much good gunpowder is wasted on these occasions? Only think what a number of tierces of pork might have been salted with the saltpetre that we have thus thrown away!

I wish you would move for returns of the money that has been burnt up in this manner during the last three years; how much on account of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, and of the KING OF SAXONY respectively; and so on down to our last royal guest. I wish, also, you would propose that some plan should be adopted for making these demonstrations more cheaply. The same noise might be made at much less expense. The contrivance by which thunder is produced at the theatres, enlarged and improved, would answer the purpose admirably. Let a monster apparatus of this kind be established in all our dock-yards, on board our men of war, and at the Tower. We might thus effect a considerable saving, and at the same time pay as handsome a compliment as one which, at present, only ends in smoke.

Your friend and admirer,

PUNCH.

## RELICS FOR THE SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY.

1. Two of *Caliban's* sticks.
2. The bare bodkin with which we might make our *quietus*.
3. *All Macduff's* little chickens and their dam (stuffed).
4. The bladders with which *Wolsey* swam in a sea of glory.
5. Button from the leathern coat the *Jaques'* stag stretched almost to bursting.
6. Title page (very old) of one of the Books found in the running brooks.
7. Sheath of the dagger which *Macbeth* thought he saw before him.
8. Hair from the tail of the Ass that *Dogberry* wished himself to be written down.

## RAILWAY INSURANCE OFFICE.

WE are gratified to see that an old notion of ours has been carried into execution. A Company has been actually started at Paris, to insure persons against Railway risks and accidents. The Directors promise to give so much for the loss of an arm, a leg,—and even the value of a burn is calculated to a nicety. They offer annuities, also, to surviving relations, and undertake, free of expense, to bury any one who has been killed. A similar Company in London would be very desirable; and we should not wonder if MR. SHILLIBEER, or some *Maison de Deuil*, takes the hint and starts one. We are only afraid that so many railways would be rated "Doubly Hazardous;" and that a person travelling by them, would be charged at the same rate as a Medical Insurance Office would charge a person who is on the point of sailing for Sierra Leone.

### Erratum.

"MR. PUNCH,—You will oblige me by correcting an error that has appeared in all the reports of my admirable, PEEL-destroying speech of the 13th. I am reported to have said, in allusion to my friend, LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, 'his *racy* eloquence.' This is evidently wrong. I meant "racing eloquence;" a kind of eloquence to be commonly enjoyed in the stables, and sometimes to be heard in the vicinity of a hackney-coach stand.

"I am, dear MR. PUNCH,
"Your constant reader,
"B. DISRAELI."

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS FOR THE RACES, 1846.

## TO A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

WE are about to advertise Rosherville Gardens, the Gravesend paradise, in which only "military and quadrille" musicians play the serpent. The BARON NATHAN—*exultans suis viribus*—is the M.C. The Baron still looks very fresh. There is the same delicate decision on his brow; and his locks—like MEDUSA's, when they had just cast their skins—MEDUSA, it is well known, always curling her snakes in scouring-paper, to assist the operation—are as ever killing. But NATHAN, reversing the fate of *Orson*, will be destroyed by a Bear. Had NATHAN been merely pitted against the animal in a *pas de deux*, we would have given odds upon the Baron. He would have danced with the Bear, and, no doubt, like other dancing masters in the like circumstances, have beaten him. But NATHAN, like the Bear, has not been purchased by Messrs. ——— (no, murderous barbers, no; we will not advertise your grease pots),—and, therefore, will not submit to be shot at Rosherville for the amusement and instruction of the visitors.

"Messrs. ——— [no varlets, no; we will not name you]—having purchased the two young bears bred in the gardens, it is their intention *to shoot one on this day.*"

Thus, in addition to fireworks, and music, and rope-dancing; archery, the warbling of birds, the smell of flowers, and "HER MAJESTY standing on a raised dais," the enlightened public may see—not a pig killed—but a bear shot. There is, however, an omission. Every visitor ought to be allowed, on such occasions (for there are two bears to be shot), to bring his gun; pocket pistols being provided for young ladies. Why, too, do not Messrs. the Barbers advertise that "Persons bringing their own pots" may take away the grease at a reduced charge?

Of the humanising, graceful efforts of the proprietors of Rosherville there can be no doubt. If successful with both bears, they intend to carry out killing on an enlarged and various scale. A slaughter-house will be erected, and the company (for no additional charge) will enjoy the slaughtering of oxen and sheep in every variety of killing. It is also the intention of the proprietors to advertise a juvenile *fete*, when frogs in a pond, with a plentiful supply of stones, and pins and live cockchafers, will be provided for the youthful visitors.

### The Bishop of Norwich "shocked."

AT a recent public meeting, the Bishop of Norwich said that he had lately visited Westminster Abbey, and was "shocked to see Neptune and Minerva, and Fame blowing her trumpet!" Now, the fact is, as Bishops are apt to leave their churches to bless the military colours that lead to Fame, why should not Fame return the attention, and "blow her trumpet" in the Bishop's sanctuary?—'Tis only blow for blow.

### AN EVIL OMEN.

IT is stated to be a sign of the expected resignation of the present Ministry, that Sir JAMES GRAHAM is about to be raised to the Peerage, by the title of LORD PRESTON. We presume that the elevation of a Cabinet Minister is considered a sign of its being all up with the Government. We know that throwing up any insignificant object will frequently show which way the wind blows.

## A BOAT FOR AN HOUR.

*Stout Gentleman.* "WHAT! IS THAT THE ONLY BOAT YOU HAVE IN?"

## A MAYOR AT CHURCH!

A COPY of *The Western Times*, May 30, published in Exeter, has been forwarded to us. Being nearly a month old, we should have thought it a little too stale for notice, did not certain paragraphs, like spices, embalm bodies of news for all time. The subjoined (printed in the way of advertisement) is surely one of these conservative peppercorns:

**THE MAYOR**

PURPOSES to attend Divine Service, at the CATHEDRAL, on SUNDAY next, at a quarter before Ten o'clock in the Forenoon precisely, and to Communicate.

Guildhall, 25th May, 1846.

What are we—humble folks as we are—to gather from these tidings? There is a "mingled yarn" of joy and fear running throughout the announcement. Our first emotion is that of gladness, to know that the Mayor attends Divine Service on the 25th of May; and then, a chilliness, a faintness comes over us, with the thought that the Mayor is, ordinarily, not a Church-goer. Otherwise, why should he tax the corporation funds, at least three-and-sixpence, for an advertisement to inform the citizens of Exeter that, at a certain time, and in a certain pew, they may behold their Mayor—their own Mayor—at his devotions? We know that after such public fashion MR. TYLER, of the Zoological Gardens, advertises the exhibition of some new baboon, or rarest goose,—but why should Mr. Mayor seek to make a show of his religion? Why should he offer himself to church-goers, as an especial treat on the 25th of May? Is Divine Service, as performed in Exeter Cathedral, so unattractive, that a "star"—a Corporation star—is necessary to obtain a sufficient congregation? Are the folks of Exeter so stiff-necked, so darkened, so utterly careless of their preacher, one of the "fishers of men," that they are not to be caught in the Cathedral, unless he baits his apostolic hook with a Mayor?

"The Mayor purposes to communicate!" In a word, the Mayor benevolently intends to give a fashion to the communion-table. The divine elements are, in truth, "patronised" by the Mayor, and so, with certain spa-waters and tonics, are the better recommended to the use of the vulgar. Blessed City of Exeter! blessed with such a Mayor, who, by his spirited attendance at Divine Service, attracts meaner men to church, and so imparts a popularity to religion!

And yet, there is something not altogether healthy in this curiosity, if we carefully analyse it. On the face of the action it seemed kind in MR. SHANDY to give the ass a macaroon. But, even while the ass was munching the cate, what was the remorse of the philosopher? "My heart smites me that there was more of pleasure in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one,—which presided in the act."

Think, ponder on it, MR. MAYOR. For what—(your advertisement makes it pretty nearly a parallel case)—what if your fellow-citizens should say, or what is all the same, think—"Our hearts smite us that there was more of pleasure in seeing *how* MR. MAYOR would communicate, than of true religion in the purpose that took us to the cathedral?" Say your prayers, by all means, MR. MAYOR—go to church—communicate—perform all Christian observances—but they cease to be Christian when you "blow the horn"—when you advertise them, MR. MAYOR.

## CORN-LAW AMENITIES.

"To swear like a lord" is an old phrase; "to scold like a lord" may, since the Corn-Law Debate in the Peers, be added to it. LORD ASHBURTON, for instance, spoke of "*some* half-clergyman, or *some* low person—half dissenter, or some one of *that sort*." Thus, with his lordship, not to be of high church is to be of low standing: excellent orthodoxy! The EARL OF WARWICK, with his notions of Christianity, called the agitation of the League "blasphemous!" the Corn Laws (there is, of course, divine authority for the fact) being the especial work of Heaven, for the benefit of the landlords. What a sharp and dangerous weapon is the word "blasphemy!" and how many foolish folk have cut their fingers by flourishing it. EARL STANHOPE boldly denominated the Commons' majority as "base sycophants, who, like filthy reptiles," &c. During the present session we have frequently thought it a pity that a clause in the Police Act, that punishes by a fine abusive language, might be applied to costermongers, but not to Peers and Members of Parliament.

### GRAVESEND DONKEYS.

FROM late proceedings of the Commissioners of Gravesend, we learn that it has been proposed by one of their body to limit the number of asses at present abounding in that town. It is evident that the proposition originated, on the part of the mover, in the grossest spirit of self-love and monopoly.

## "TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."

CIRCULARS have been sent to us—of which the subjoined is a true copy—from the Gretna Green Boniface. As runaway young ladies—even of age—may not henceforth feel disposed to trust an English parson, fearing lest the good man should privately send the clerk to their aristocratic papas, and so break off in the middle of the ceremony, leaving the little flutterers only half-rivetted, *Punch* publishes the announcement of MR. JOHN LINTON; he being evidently a man not to be talked from his Hymeneal duty, by Earl, Marquis, or even Duke:—

"JOHN LINTON, Gretna Hall Inn, Gretna Green, begs to return his most sincere thanks to those Friends who have so kindly favoured him *with their Support for upwards of Twenty Years*, and respectfully informs *them* and the Public, that he transacts Business at Gretna Hall, *as usual*, and will be most happy *to see his Customers at all times*. He also begs to caution them against the tricks of MR. HALL, of the Coffee House, and his Post Boys, who occasionally mislead strangers, by driving them through Gretna Green, to the village of Springfield, a small poor village half a mile from Gretna, for the object perhaps of obtaining the greater part of the Fees paid by the Parties on MATRIMONIAL EXCURSIONS. *A discerning Public* will at once appreciate the Creditableness of such proceedings, and take their conveyance from the Bush, or the Royal Hotel, to avoid being carried perforce elsewhere."

It thus appears that MR. LINTON'S "customers" are so fond of the ceremony, that they have continued to give him their support "for upwards of twenty years." And in the hope that they will still go on marrying and marrying, he "will be most happy to see his customers at all times." We think it necessary to put our too-confiding countrywomen on their guard; for it is but too plain from the above, that certain unprincipled individuals regularly visit Gretna as they visit Margate; and for no other purpose than to take a new *duck* every season.

# THE MAID OF ALL WORK IN TROUBLE.

"WELL, RICHARD COBDEN! THEY'VE BEEN AND GIVEN ME WARNING, AND I SHALL LOSE MY PLACE THRO' TALKING TO YOU!"

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LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018